

Whatever Happened To Timothy Leary?

by John Bryan

. . . an unauthorized history.



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Foreword . . .

Timothy Leary is a fascinating and complex human being. "He," like the 1960's, was just as unforgettable and full of contradictions as his famous "High Priests of LSD."

Dedicated to John E. Bryan, who got me hooked on the written word.

and to

Allane Chaffee, who provided the eyes to see it.

I've never, in any stage of the work, been one of Tim's "followers." After two decades as an underground and counter-culture historian, one gets a bit skeptical about human people who talk a good line but whose actions seldom match their fascinating words. Yet I like Tim and am delighted by many of his wildest ideas. There he's not less human than any of the rest of us. I've never expected the surprising he can't disappoint or defy and nothing he's done is any terrible surprise.

This book is decidedly an "unauthorized history" and Tim would not like it. But, then again, he may be capable of that.

It's been a hard task to write but this length volume attempts to provide a fair and balanced view of both the man and his time.

That's not to say it's a truly "impartial" or really "objective" work about an historic being and work about another who got his own production, dreams and distortions showing through.

But, as it stands, *Whoever Hopped in Timothy Leary?* is as accurate as I can make it and I assure the reader it's clear enough to spot predictable bias and make his own judgments.

A final word of thanks to the late Terry Godwin, Harcourt Brace editor who helped initiate this project but died before its completion. Much of his thinking and many of his well considered criticisms are reflected here.

-- John Bryan, San Francisco, 1989

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Like many other "60s Vets," I was amused, instructed and occasionally confused by Tim's life and teachings. I watched his rise to fame from its beginning, went to his lectures, read his books, interviewed the man, smoked a few joints with him, grinned at his Irish blarney and bravado, wept when he paid such a terrible price for violating certain antiquated and unjust laws against marijuana. I helped raise defense funds, published his writing, did what I could to get him out of jail and was saddened by the manner in which he finally secured freedom.

I've never, in any sense of the word, been one of Tim's "followers." After two decades as a newspaperman and contemporary historian, one gets a bit skeptical about famous people who talk a good line but whose actions seldom match their fascinating words. Yet I like Tim and am delighted by many of his brilliant ideas. Since he's no less human than any of the rest of us, I've never expected the impossible; he can't disappoint or disillusion and nothing he's done is any terrible surprise.

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To get him out of jail and was sentenced to the manner in which he finally secured freedom.

I've never in any sense of the word been one of Tim's "followers." After two decades as a newspaperman and contemporary historian, one gets a bit skeptical about famous people who are a good deal more than they seem. I've never expected the impossible or any disappointment or disillusion and nothing he's done is any terrible surprise.

This book is decidedly an "unauthorized history" and Tim might not like it. But then again, he may be a capsule of that.

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—John Brock, San Francisco, 1990

Chapter One

— It is early afternoon in Golden Gate Park, an unseasonably warm Saturday in mid-January, 1967. The sun breaks through before noon. It's shirtsleeve weather if you stay out of the shadows but a chill sea breeze blows in from the beach and experienced San Franciscans have brought extra sweaters for those hours near sunset when temperatures can drop abruptly.

The world's first "Human Be- In" will start at 1 p.m. and participants have been arriving since morning. They spread blankets on the grass near a large flatbed truck parked at the end of a meadow-like Polo Field — a many-wheeled platform laden with microphones, flowers, drumsets, pictures of Indian saints, electric guitars and amplifiers, banks of huge speakers to project manifestos, poems, incantations, a steady torrent of irresistible rock 'n' roll to inundate the manic multitude.

Twenty-thousand celebrants will crowd this free public picnic, "Pow-Wow and Gathering of the Tribes," 20,000 zonked-out, exultantly-hallucinating, madly-pleasured North American malcontents looking for a memorably massive orgy and nearly finding it.

Most are young Utopian acid heads who live in the next-door Haight-Ashbury District. They've organized publicity, gotten permits, called in fine bands like Jefferson Airplane and the Grateful Dead, set up Maypoles and pantheistic little altars to favorite Eastern gods, scattered LSD, pot and sticks of perfumed incense out among the many "tribes."

Yet despite the clear dominance of youth, such trifles as age, politics and economics are not true barriers today. This show's for anyone who simply wants to BE.

Haight's favorite psychedelic newspaper (the *San Francisco Oracle*) has proclaimed the gathering's higher philosophic purposes in a multi-colored editorial which hit the streets just yesterday.

"Now in the evolving generation of America's young, the humanization of the American man and woman can begin in joy and embrace without fear or dogma, suspicion or dialectical righteousness," proclaims the *Oracle*. "A new concept of human relations being developed within the youthful underground must emerge, become conscious and be shared so that a revolution of form can be filled with a Renaissance of compassion, awareness, and love in

the Revelation of the unity of all mankind. The Human Be-In is the joyful, face-to-face beginning of the new epoch . . .”

Nearly as windy as the sea breeze but utterly sincere, a clear reflection of that growing gust of energy and purpose which so many of us feel this year, that sunbeam of multi-colored willingness projected by thousands of American non-conformists both old and young, dissidents accidentally creating a separate, anti-materialistic “counter-culture” deep in the belly of the greater national non-culture.

These gentle revolutionists are hard to label. They represent a hundred points of view, every lifestyle, most life experiences. (That new term “hippie” is but a deadly dull denigration dreamed up in Des Moines by some hick copyreader.)

These malcontents know what they *don't* like about the country — its violence, cynicism, insane foreign policy (Vietnam has been building into an all-consuming nightmare). They know what they are *against* yet have no solid program to replace it. They only know their New World must be warmer, more human, more poetic, more concerned with love than war, determined to have peace, willing to experiment with untried forms of personal and social freedom.

And so this non-specific gathering of January 14th, 1967 has just one clear purpose . . . to get us all *together*. To get us sharing time and space, learning what we have in common, what's worth working toward together. A celebration for its own sake. And — as far as *that* goes — one hell of a good idea.

Divisive politics will be put aside today. Political activists who lately have been fighting the war with its own weapons will join the disaffiliated acid heads who reject all social action and seek solutions deep within themselves. They'll drink and smoke, dance and dream, join and share. Can the arguments. Let whatever happens *be*.

Like many hip gatherings an amazed San Francisco has witnessed over the past year, this Be-In becomes an hallucinatory costume ball. The clothing of the early arrivals is as exotic as their unlimited imagination, unlikely as their old beginnings and imaginative as their unsuspected ends.

Gorgeous girls drift by with waist-length, golden hair, garbed in brilliant madras gowns, glisten with Woolworth trinkets, hand-made beads, wear leis of fresh-cut flowers glowing like their painted faces, erotic as their open lips, deepfucked as their eyes.

A 12-year-old minibopper dressed in World War II Army

surplus jacket, a tanker's helmet, combat boots marches through hefting a plastic submachinegun and placard reading "Romeo the Boy." Another stoned-out kid plays cardboard-armor-covered "Peace Warrior" but, instead of medals, displays rosebud garlands, sprays of daisies and daffodils.

A full-bellied, absent-minded old gentleman of indeterminate age carries an open umbrella made of salvaged neckties high above his head like a parasol. He wears a bushy white wig, a Salvation Army corduroy coat colored purple, chartreuse velvet pants and dances through the Be-In like some misdirected psychedelic penguin. He grabs a willing girl and heads for nearby grove of trees which grows beside the meadow.

There's a middle-aged Uncle Sam type — tally-greying, sharp-pointed beard. He's donned a great-great-grandfather's wedding day tuxedo and the remains of high beaver hat. He dances with a lushly Levantine little sorceress who's transformed a discarded diaphanous nightgown into billowing Harem dress. Her full-nippled breasts and curly pubic triangle beckon toward warmth and darkness.

Gay young things in sequins, eyeshadow, dark red lipstick slowly cruise the wilder action. Seven-foot-queen in skyscraper heels totters — high above us like a clown on stilts.

There's a dark-haired jungle goddess with orchids and gardenias in her pungent hair. Hells Angels arrive to "police" the stage and half a mile of electrical cable which runs to the power source up by the road. They bring their gang-bang mamas, insolent fat ladies in cruddy jens, bulging biceps covered by red and blue tattoos.

We see earnest Marxist pamphleteers peddling hard-line revolution but oblivious to the real uprising all around them. They frighten gaggle of disapproving, purse-lipped parents and timid pacifists ready to bolt for home the moment things get *really* out of hand. There are street gypsies just in from the Bronx, Chicago, Miami Beach casing all that's not bolted down. Downtown High Society poses for the cool blue lens of a famous fashion photog. Superrich mix freely with the rootless poor.

Sam the Weird Dope Pipes Man hustles his new creations, odd contraptions jammed together from anything that's hollow and will hold a stem. "Weird Dope Pipes for Sale!" yells Sam. "Try 'em out! Share a little dope! We'll *all* get high!"

The Haight's notorious hangers-on are sure to make this scene. We see the Diggers, Streetpunks, Wisemen, Poets, Orators,

that cast which usually performs over on Hippie Hill.

There's Ashleigh Brilliant, Soapboxing of endless psychedelic monologue, author of two-bit "Unpoems" created and sold on the spot.

He raps with Super Spade the Midnight Dope Dealer and Teddy Bear. There's Gypsy, Big Tiny, Hutch and Apache, Cowboy and Iron Man, Spider and White Rabbit.

The rich, sweet smell of marijuana hangs over the meadow like incense rising from bronze censers in a dusty Byzantine cathedral. Augustus Owsley Stanley (first boy-millionaire-acid-maker) has seeded Haight for weeks with samples of his latest, potent product. There's free LSD available for all who want to make the trip.

Equally generous partygoers are passing round quickdraining jugs of Ripple, Gallo's cheapest muscatel and port, Red Mountain burgandy, sweethick purple Mogen David.

A late arrival does the day's best turn. He drops from an airplane, floats down to the meadow on a paisley-colored parachute singing mantras. On landing he hands out a thousand hits of acid then disappears into the crowd and awe-struck legend.

The acid-dropping mob begins to writhe in near-orgasmic splendor. It sees the world through wide-dilated eyes, hears strange and not-too-heavenly laughter, sinks deeper into stand-up dreams, walking fantasies.

The bands play loud and long; dancing dreamers weave their webs. Suddenly the music ends and a calm, clear microphonic voice yells, "Welcome. Welcome to the first manifestation of the Brave New World."

(It's something of a shock to those who've read Huxley's terrifying prophesy of hedonism gone sour but the owner of this voice has not read it, few others here have bothered.)

John Wilcock, pioneer founder of several early "Underground" journals, hears the weird announcement, looks out across the writhing meadow and has a vision of his own:

"A kind of collective sigh came from the audience," he'll later write. "Could this be true? Could it really be true? Here were 20,000 blown minds together — gathered for nothing more than love and joy, to celebrate our oneness in a lovely park on a sunny day, along with people who looked like us, thought like us, shared our hopes and our idols. Whose one wish was to be left alone to dig life."

He sees that the main force holding them all together is dope and wonders whether this will lead to a longer lasting, deeper unity.

His hope is shared by hundreds of political activists who'd be out demonstrating today if they were not here grooving in the sun (the kind of dedicated people who have already devoted years to the civil rights and peace movements, people who believe in direct action, who speak the word "revolution" without fear or discomfort, people who generally spend more time in student-dominated Berkeley just 15 miles to the east than on this less-militant side of the bay).

Wilcock surveys this strange melding of political and spiritual forces, this first attempt at unification. "What a potent force sits here waiting for direction," he says. "Who will get hold of it?"

"It might be the people who say, 'I'm alright, man. I know where my head is at and I don't want anything to do with that politics shit. War and protest isn't my bag.'

"It might be those who say, 'I'm turned on, too, man. I dig life and love and want everyone to have a share of it. It isn't enough to straighten out my mind as long as my country continues on its murderous course.'"

(This conflict is long and deep; it will not be settled here today.)

Now it's time for the big-name speakers to make long-awaited appearances up on the truck-wheeled platform. None will be allowed to talk for more than seven minutes and they've been loosely divided — into two groups: "poets" and "priests."

A third, more potent category, that of "prophet," was also suggested and only one candidate put forward: Dr. Timothy Leary, High Priest of LSD, the Stoned Messiah, the Grass Guru to this great crowd and thousands like them throughout the world.

"Let everyone else get seven minutes," Leary's friends tell the group which organized the Be-In. "Give Tim a full half hour."

The matter was debated through an entire evening with great earnestness, but wiser — less reverent — heads prevailed and the democratic time limit was applied to Tim as well as the other generational heroes gathered here today, to Allen Ginsberg, Gary Snyder, Mike McClure, Lawrence Ferlinghetti, Lenore Kandel, Richard Alpert, Jerry Rubin and Robert Baker.

First the crowd quiets itself down to hear Ginsberg — shaggy-bearded, increasingly-bald old beatnik poet turned Hindu scholar and leader of countless demonstrations for peace and equality. Allen likes the hypnotic cadence of certain Hindu mantras and sings them as the crowd joins in. He ends his appearance with a long, resonant "OMMMMMMMMMmmmmmmmm."

Tim Leary's next and a great wall of his friends and old disciples closes in around the platform to hear the ex-psychologist's latest vision and revision.

— The would-be "prophet" strides up to the mike and proves there was no reason to fear an extended sermon for his message is brief and to-the-point:

"The only way out is in," says Dr. Leary. "Turn On. Tune In and Drop Out! Of high school, junior executive, senior executive. And follow me! The hard way." That's the core of it.

His laconic manifesto is the hit of the day. For many of these thousands Tim's appearance by itself was enough to have come here for. They've hung on every word he's uttered in the last six astounding years. There's no doubt that he's the most popular *leader* in this particular time and place.

And Tim knows it, exudes it, feels a certain power all about him.

Timothy Leary is a handsome, charismatic, six-foot-tall 46-year-old. He's starkly thin and priestly, has an Irish leperchaun's merry smile (only showing just the top row of sparkling whiteteeth), high cheekbones, a sharp bird's nose, short grey hair to match the misty color of his eyes.

Today he wears a pair of white pajamas like an Indian holy-man — or is it a hospital intern's white coat and pants minus the starched collar and the stethoscope? That would not be too unlikely since Tim's equally at home in such a clinical costume.

— Leary carries a daffodil in his right hand. Little bunches of bright yellow flowers are carefully tucked behind each ear (neatly hiding his hearing aid from public view . . . Tim hates to show any evidence of age, hates to mar that marvellous first impression, hates to be seen wearing glasses or the hearing aid or acknowledge the fact that his brilliant smile is made possible by the finest dentures money can buy. Tim seldom impresses anyone as "old." His current mistress is a generation younger. Future lovers will be closer to his daughter's age.)

Of course, Tim's stoned. But he's the World's Champion Acid-Tripper (300 hits to date) and his high barely shows. Few of us maintain as well as Tim Leary behind 300 mikes of Dr. Hoffman's finest product.

Finished with the short address, Tim settles down on the platform in folded-legs position next to his old friend, Ginsberg. They

sit conversing quietly and Allen calls it an epochal event. Yet he wonders if all this acid, faith and hoopla will really *change* that greater world beyond the meadow.

— “What if we’re wrong?” asks Allen with stunning foresight. “What if 20 years from now we’re just a bunch of toothless, syphillitic old men staggering around and nothing has really been changed? What if we’re all wrong?”

Tim just smiles and winks, his answer to all imponderables. He hasn’t time for futurevision. He’s busy watching the adoring crowd, digging the prettiest chicks. He winks and smiles, smiles and winks. It’s good PR and hard to penetrate.

Up at the mike, Lenore Kandel reads her famous (and recently busted) *Love Book* poems and Mike McClure gets off several blood-red rounds of his “meat poetry.” Robert Baker does a dope-laced parody on *The Night Before Christmas* and the crowd applauds with knowing enthusiasm.

Even political activist Jerry Rubin (recently a candidate for Mayor of Berkeley) takes a turn and makes a strong pitch for more anti-war demonstrations but he gets little response.

“*He seemed to be out of place,*” Leary will recall some 12 months later. “*Young, driving, radical, shouting activist slogans at the Kumba Mela meadow of smiling, stoned saints.*”

(On a playing field two hundred yards away, two rugby teams fight out a long-scheduled match as though nothing unusual is happening just over the hill. The Olympic Club beats Oregon State by a score of 23 to 3.)

The sun begins to sink and a chill wind sends shivers through the throng. The picnic finally hits its dazed, ecstatic end. Ginsberg (with his usual fine sense of timing) chants a Hindu “Om Sri Maitreya To The Dying Sun” and then admonishes his followers to “look down at your feet and practice a little kitchen yoga. Pick up any refuse you see about you.”

Popular Ecology is born at this moment. Everyone complies with amazing promptness and cleanupmen find it hard to believe that 20,000 restless people spent a whole afternoon here. The place is nearly spotless.

It’s twilight. The crowd has dispersed and the Be-In’s leaders have walked over to Haight Street for a tour of inspection.

Leary and four friends walk down the six-block stretch between Masonic and Stanyan Streets which is the district’s main core of

business (and of outlandish hippie freakdom). The place is alive with thousands of residents and twice as many gaping tourists.

This is the year in which Haight Street has become a day-glo carnival which never seems to close. Long-vacant storefronts are suddenly filled by Gold Rush concessionaires hustling sleezy bucks from Loveburgers, Hippiedogs, plastic "jeweled" roach clips, beads and bangles, flourescent posters and other cheaply printed hippiesmut.

Selling dope has become the district's favorite cottage industry. The cops are wise and soon there will be a hassle but for now dope can be bought in the open on any Haight Streetcorner. The energy is still UP. Poets and dreamers are in command.

The hippie answer to the Salvation Army (the Diggers) are busy proclaiming that materialism is dead. "No One Needs to Work," they say. Machines Will Do It All. It's Time for Beatific Recreation. They provide free food, free crash pads. At first there's a lot of free dope available. Clothing is abundant at the free store. "It's free because it's yours!" proclaim the Diggers.

Tim Leary strides down the street with total confidence. He's right at home, calls this new "Youth Ghetto" an "intentional community," sees it as a direct product of his famed "Drop Out" philosophy, a logical result of free use of his favorite sacrament, LSD. He walks down Haight like visiting royalty and finds he's recognized by nearly everyone. An old friend from Berkeley strides rapidly along at his side and later will recall this evening well:

"They would almost kiss his feet like the Pope," recalls this bearded journalist. "It almost happened. He's stoned out of his mind on acid, of course. He's just *loaded*. But he can still walk and even drive a car if he has to and he can talk to people. You can't even tell how stoned he is. They love his voice. They love Tim's voice."

("Leary's voice was his favorite instrument," explains an even older friend, one Arthur Kleps. "He played it beautifully. He never raised it — even when angry or malicious, the voice stayed within the limits of its charm. It did not, like most voices, carry Tim's thoughts like a load in a cart; it often spoofed and laughed at what it was required to support, thereby anticipating and disarming the critical reactions of his audience. All of Tim's vaunted 'sense of humor,' as distinguished from his destructive wit, consisted in these disarming vocal nuances; it did not come through in his written words . . . Tim's playfullness had no consistency, no foundation in

logical analysis or a stable set of values. It was simply employed to take the edge off.”)

Leary stops to light a Bel Air cigarette, then resumes his walking, talking, winking, soothing, autographing tour of Hippie-land. His brilliant smile seldom fades (people wonder if the muscles of his face ever get *tired*).

Leary's conversation is energetic and amusing. He speaks the current argot of the streets — a fascinating blend of old-time hipsterisms, ghetto semaphore and high school anti-language. He does it well yet some listeners note that there's something false in his tone and manner. It's a bit too careful. Echos of his academic roots are lurking there. You never quite forget that Leary was once a big leaguer in the world of government-financed psychological research, a renowned theorist, top performer in Harvard lecture halls, noted bon vivant who's quite at home in the most exclusive circles of Manhattan high society. Yet most admirers are willing to overlook this vaguely disturbing dichotomy.

The soothing voice, the brilliant smile, the *way* this man has about him make you quickly forget initial contradictions. He has this wonderful ability to make you feel good and it takes more than acid and charisma to accomplish that trick. It takes a mind well trained by psychologic study; it takes a man who genuinely likes people and knows the quickest way to their hearts.

So the level of enthusiasm that Tim Leary generates — at home or out on Haight Street — is wonderful to watch. Of course, you're aware he's something of a phenomenon. Once the leader of a self-consciously intellectual circle of collegiate non-conformists, Leary has recently become an idol to mobs of manic teen-agers, a saint beloved by screaming hordes of doped-out kids whose natural anarchistic impulse is to utterly destroy every restraint their trembling elders have sought to place upon them.

In the process, he's become one of the most famous — and controversial — figures of the decade.

Published portraits of Tim Leary are as intense as the love and hatred he often generates.

Time Magazine, for instance, says that “If one man can be singled out as the father of the current epidemic of psychotic illness resulting from misuse of hallucinatory drugs, that man is Dr. Timothy Leary.”

“During the past several years,” says *Publisher's Weekly*,

Leary has influenced a generation of young people more profoundly than has the President of the United States."

Other Scenes (an undergrounder) calls him one of the new "spiritual leaders of America, a figure of such skill, intelligence and charisma that he is a born leader who will increasingly become a symbol of a movement that cannot help but accelerate. If we have a single hero, it is Tim Leary, a man who has probably blown more minds than anybody else in this decade."

Timothy himself (a creative genius in the art of exaggeration) has claimed that "there are millions of people all over the world who think I'm the greatest philosopher of the 20th Century."

Despite the obvious bias, there's quite a bit of truth in this. Tim's been quite busy lately and he's turned a lot of heads. He's written half a dozen popular books, appeared on TV and in films, run controversial "psychedelic/religious celebrations" in large halls on both the East and West Coasts, founded his own "religion," (the League for Spiritual Discovery), organized the Castalia Foundation headquartered in a huge, decaying mansion at Millbrook, New York (64 rooms in the middle of 2,500 acres).

— He's been arrested three times and is currently fighting in court to overturn a pot possession sentence (a barbaric 20 years for holding half an ounce) and to throw out federal laws which violate his "religious freedom" to use dope. He supports an extended family consisting of "40 adults, 20 children, 12 dogs, 11 cats and 10 lawyers."

Although Leary tells others to "Turn On, Tune In, Drop Out," he's about as far from truly "Dropping Out" himself as a man can get.

— This is the Visiting Prophet who strolls through Haight-Ashbury this chilly January night in 1967. Tim quickens his pace. He leads the march as usual and decides to take a side street and get off Haight itself. The adoring multitude thins down as Leary heads in the direction of artist Michael Bowen's house where leaders of the Be-In will hold a meatless dinner and talk current problems and future dreams.

To combat the growing cold, Tim has pulled a red sweater on over his white holyman outfit. He continues an intense conversation with two of his friends.

Suddenly, behind them, the group hears a commotion. Sirens. Squad Cars. Rotating Red Lights. One of Tim's buddies runs back to Haight Street to find out what's going down.

It seems that someone on The Street has slugged a cop, or worse, has jammed a flower into the flatfoot's face. He's arrested and other kids on the street begin to protest. By the time it's over, 30 of them are busted, half a dozen heads get cracked and Haight-Ashbury experiences its very first "Police Riot."

Leary's quite upset about it and almost runs to Bowen's house to discuss this dangerous new wrinkle which his favorite intentional community must now iron out.

The Hippie Heavies smoke some joints, drop some pills, talk it out.

A smiling, beatific writer for the *Oracle* thinks he has the solution. The problem, says he, is not one of two irreconcilable mobs, of two clearly opposing ways of life on collision course. It's simply a matter of a "semantic misunderstanding." It could be solved if only the cops will learn "new signals" which the hippies understand.

Instead of yelling, "OK, you punks, break it up! Move along, or I'll bust yer ass!" the Law Enforcement Officers should learn to sing a "Dispersal Mantra."

The saintly journalist demonstrates:

"Ikimasho, Ikimasho, Ikimasho, Go, Go, Go," he croons while another *Oracle* regular improvises the tune on a steel guitar. "That will do it!" he proclaims. "Hippies understand *that* kind of language."

A brilliant idea! Leary and the other leaders are in full accord. Just what The Community needs: loving, saintly, not in the least political. Leary says he'll go down the next day and recommend this course of action to the Mayor and the Police Chief. Certainly they'll understand. Certainly they'll agree.

Chapter Two

Those who watched the amazing progress of Timothy Leary through the late 1960s with something less than uncritical adoration became understandably curious about the man's background. It was generally known that he'd once been a prominent clinical psychologist, had taught briefly at Harvard University, had experimented extensively with such psychedelics as psilocybin, mescaline and LSD, had been kicked out of Harvard, arrested, became — as a result — something of a youth idol in the turbulent years which closed down the Sixties.

Those who sought more extensive data about Tim's earlier, pre-drug years ran into a nearly blank wall. He seldom spoke of the four decades he'd experienced before psychedelics brought about something of a "religious transformation" in 1960. It would be fair to say that he became downright elusive when confronted with direct questions about his past.

Nevertheless, careful study of Leary's writings, interviews friends, general digging has unearthed the following basic facts:

SPRINGFIELD, MASS., OCTOBER 22, 1920

TIMOTHY FRANCIS LEARY IS BORN

Things are tough this fall in Springfield's hard-drinking Irish community for prohibition has begun earlier in the year and Catholic "foreigners" are still living under a cloud of suspicion generated by the "anti-subversive" Palmer Raids of 1919-1920. (Raids which preceded the arrest of Italian anarchists Sacco and Vanzetti in Boston.) Massachusetts has elected the super-conservative law-and-order champion Calvin Coolidge governor. He's suppressed any sign of dissidence, put down labor agitation (even among the police of Boston), will be rewarded for his single-minded obduracy by election as Vice President just two weeks after Leary is born. Papist Micks are far from popular this year in Calvinist Springfield.

Tim's father is John Leary (former West Point captain and an Army dentist who thinks his son should grow up to be a soldier.) John is popular among high ranking officers. Dwight David Eisenhower is an old friend.

Tim's father is a true Hibernian: he hates middle class morality, prudish pettiness, the Church and all its mumbling clerics. For recreation, he plays golf (well), the stock market (disastrously), bickers with his wife on drunken Saturdays whenever he's home (and that's seldom).

John Leary's dad — Tim's paternal grandfather — has long been in Springfield, is "a watchmaker who lived in a nervous house with about 40 people . . . He stayed alone up on the third floor in a room filled with books."

Tim's mother, Abigail (née Ferris), comes from another old local family, residents of the wealthy Indian Grove District.

John and Abigail are moderately prosperous at the time of their only child's birth but frequent break-ups force Abigail to continue teaching English in a Springfield public school. She brings in her sister, May, to help raise the boy.

("Abigail is at least 1,000 per cent Catholic," her parents say. "May's twice that.")

Little Tim is lonely, often sad.

"He didn't like to talk about his childhood," recalls Tim's son, Jack. "He didn't have the family life most kids do. He didn't really have a father and all that kind of thing. He had a 'secret friend' and made his mother set an extra place at table so he could talk to him. Real people weren't half as interesting."

The Learys lived in a series of dreary rented houses mostly near the center of the old industrial city on the Connecticut River.

— Much of Tim's early life was spent in a house on Terrance Street literally in the shadow of Arsenal Hill whose forboding old brick buildings looked more like a prison than a gun factory. (It was here the famous Springfield Rifle was produced for many decades followed by the Garand M-1.)

A montage of Leary's early childhood would have a brooding, Gothic quality dominated by cold Massachusetts winters, the 19th Century brick/frame industrial town, the overwhelming presence of the Catholic Church.

Timothy had been named after Saint Timotheus — "One Who Fears God." Mother Abigail and Aunt May sought to instill both fear and obedience to God from the very beginning. Tim attended mass, went to confession early, learned his Catechism backwards. He became an altar boy, attended St. Michael's Parochial Grammar School, nodded gravely when Mother said he'd grow up to be a priest.

In 1934, worst year of the Great Depression, clean-scrubbed young Leary entered Springfield's public Classical High School. Tim was a long, thin, athletic kind of kid who'd successfully overcome earlier tendencies towards introspective morbidity. His grades were high; no one doubted he was bright.

His warm, effusive, slightly-roguish personality made him popular among the boys; girls thought him cute and daring. High school politics proved a cinch and Tim made Student Senate and top class offices. He was good at golf, baseball and, most especially, basketball (a wise choice since the game was extremely popular in Springfield and had, in fact, been invented there some 50 years before).

On June 4, 1937, the school paper announced that Tim would be editor during the following fall semester. He was, they said, "interested in journalism as a career" and had proved himself during the past year as a sports editor who did "a number of sparkling hockey, basketball, baseball and intramural write-ups . . . He also has to his credit several lead news articles and a number of the best editorials of the year. Of almost equal importance is the fact that he has made himself conspicuous for consistent punctuality and legibility of copy."

The 1938 edition of the Classical High *Blue and White Yearbook* featured Leary's name and face in nearly every section.

He's photographed with the *Recorder* staff and with several other organizations. He's shown as "The Cutest Boy in the Class of '38" dancing with "The Prettiest Girl."

Near the back of the book, in the Class Forecasts, it's prophesied that Leary will end up a small town newspaper editor. (The staff cartoonist has drawn him seated behind his desk at the *Elmira Weekly Chronicle*.)

Tim's witticisms provide the core of the entire "Forecasts" section. His own "Farewell Message" to his former classmates is insinuatingly brief:

"Sigh No More, Ladies, Sigh No More." Big Man on Campus. (But not big enough to escape the wrath of the school principal who caught him cold in the middle of some forbidden prank. Shortly before graduation in June of 1938, Leary was hauled into the furious administrator's office and threatened with expulsion.

"Never let me see you here again," the principal screamed. Never talk to me again! Don't come near this office door." Tim

never revealed what he did to kick up such a storm but admitted (tongue deeply-in-cheek) that “if it were repeated by all the students of Classical High, it would destroy society as we know it.”

Despite the final hassle, Tim managed to graduate and was accepted the following fall at a prestigious Jesuit college (Holy Name in nearby Worcester, Mass.). His mother still hoped he'd become a priest — Holy Name turned 'em out by the dozens. His father still wanted him to enter the Army and apparently helped Tim obtain the necessary Congressional appointment.

Leary dropped out of Holy Name at the end of his second year and was accepted as a West Point cadet in 1940.

In his first year he qualified as a sharpshooter with the M-1 rifle. He did well in small arms and musketry. But Tim remained a prankster and a ladies man at heart and got into a number of chicken-shit hassles, winning demerits for unshined shoes, spots on his dress coat, dusty bookshelves and dirty rifle sights. He even got one for “wearing hop shoes home from dancing class.” Most of this could be expected from the average, energetic plebe. But early in 1941, he got into real trouble.

He later told his friend Richard Alpert that he'd “gone over the wall and went out drinking . . . I don't know if he had a girl or what. But he had somehow broken the honor of the Corps and they wanted him to resign. But he wouldn't so then they sort of ostracized him — gave him the famous West Point silent treatment — for the next six months. Nobody would talk to him. He ended up making a deal with them that if they would make an announcement at the major mess hall or whatever it was that there were no charges against him, then he'd resign.”

On August 18, 1941, Leary handed in his resignation.

“I am ill-adapted to a military career,” he wrote. “I am not satisfied in my present environment and I feel that it would be to the best interest of both myself and the government if I were permitted to resign and pursue another career . . .”

Good timing. He left West Point four months before Pearl Harbor.

By the following September, Tim had managed to “uplevel this defeat” (his own term) by enrolling in the psychology department at the University of Alabama at Tuscaloosa. He'd now decided to become a headshrink.

As usual, there was lots of party time for young Leary. He joined Theta Chi Fraternity and was active socially. Soon he had the pleasure of watching his frat brothers march off to war while Tim stayed behind to comfort all those lonely little Southern belles.

But the university soon discovered this Carpetbagging Yankee playing Rhet Butler in the girls dorm and booted him out. Tim joined the Army as an enlisted man in 1942.

An accident on the rifle range partially deafened him (making Tim unfit for combat and shunting him off to clerical work in an Army hospital). It would cause him partial deafness most of his adult life and necessitate the frequent use of a hearing aid.

After several years of work as an assistant in Army mental wards Tim was discharged. (He joined the American Veterans Committee, the only patently "left" group he'd ever belong to. Here he joined with black veterans in the fight against racism. It was his first extended personal contact with blacks.)

Leary returned to Tuscaloosa to finish up work on his bachelors degree in psychology. He received it in 1945. The following year, he moved on to the University of Washington where he quickly knocked off his master's in psych. That same year, Tim met and married pretty, dark-haired Marienne Busch, daughter of an Oregon City furniture store owner of German descent.

"He told me once how he met my mother," says Jackie Leary. "He met her when they were riding in sort of a car pool. They rode in the same car to work or school or something, I'm not sure which. He never told me anything else about her; that was the only thing."

In 1947, the Learys moved down to California's San Francisco bay area. On September 25, their first child, Susan, was born. On October 19, 1949, Jackie (John Busch Leary) arrived.

Within a few months, Marienne went back to work as an English teacher in the public schools of Berkeley. Tim was working towards his Ph.D. in psychology at the University of California, Berkeley.

In 1950, that long-sought professional degree was awarded after Leary had written a thesis called "The Social Dimensions of Personality, Group Structure and Process."

He'd also been busy making friends and influencing people, skills Timothy developed to a high degree of refinement. As an extremely bright young apprentice psychologist loose in one of the

major centers of his trade, Leary got his inquisitive nose into all sorts of activities.

Soon he was working as an instructor at the University of California's rambling Medical Center in San Francisco. He also worked in that city's Public Health Clinic and at several Veterans Administration hospitals in the area.

When UC awarded Tim the crucial Ph.D. and made him a full-fledged psychologist, he received a Phi Beta Kappa key and membership in the Sigma Xi scientific fraternity.

His thesis was well received; he was already working with a small but influential circle of innovative theorists eager to move the study of human personality in new directions.

Doctor Timothy Leary would become the best known of their disciples.

Chapter Three

The 1950s would prove a Golden Age for an ambitious young clinical psychologist with the right connections. Timothy Leary could not help but see the opportunities. They opened to him like the lovesick legs of a compulsive nymphomaniac.

The Fifties were conformist years dominated by the good, grey, slightly-befuddled visage of General Dwight D. Eisenhower. (The shifty-eyed, weaselsnout of Richard M. Nixon popped up occasionally as an anti-communist "Cold War Warrior," but he would not star in his own corrupt re-run of the dim-witted Fifties until late in the next decade.)

It was a pabulum time of naive acceptance. Few Americans even privately doubted the self-confident, world-straddling Fifties American Dream as projected by Mr. Clean. If you didn't like the System, buddy, *you* were the one out of step. *You* were the Commie Creep, the Oddball Schmuck.

For most Americans, outright defiance was absolutely unthinkable in the Fifties. Adaptation was in.

So it was the job of safe, respectable professionals like Dr. Timothy F. Leary to bring deviants back into the fold, *not* to change or even question the Prevailing Order of Things, just to comb out the nuts, straighten 'em out, lock 'em up and lobotomize 'em if necessary.

The more liberal social scientists worked quietly for gradual change entirely within the System. But even "liberals" of standing absorbed certain essentially conservative attitudes of the day. Attitudes which deeply affected Tim Leary. Attitudes which never completely washed off.

Tim's education provided another set of intellectual blinders which never really came off. Psychologists like Leary were taught to concentrate on the particular rather than on the general — on the single patient dealt with day by day, not on the sickness of an entire society, the terminal malaise of an entire civilization.

Neurosis and psychosis (the inability to adapt, unwillingness to play the accepted games to win) were the true enemies which he and his patients must battle. Not entrenched lethargy and greed. Not antiquated economics or corrupt, cynical, short-sighted politics.

Leary's clearly-defined job was to "adapt" his patients one-by-

one so all might end up “winners.” He sought out the fatal flaw in their social identity. He showed them how to patch things up, re-adjust, get a new hand in the game, come out ahead no matter what the circumstances.

Under such conditions, psychologists became the sanctified social fixers of the era — pacifiers, oilers of a cranky civilization. (Playing much the same role once assigned to priests in the days when anybody still believed in mountain-high, vengeful, long-bearded Jehovah.)

American psychology entered the Fifties high on a wave of economic prosperity and unquenchable professional optimism. Therapy had become fashionable. Those who sought it out were generally well-padded and cooperative. Lots of customers — Not enough shrinks. A profitable equation which seemed built into the times.

Timothy Leary proved to be one of the most buoyant and irrepressible optimists of them all.

He was convinced that “mental illness can be cured . . . that drastic limitations of human intellectual and emotional functions were caused by inflexible states of mind.” He firmly believed that he could rewire such psychic obduracy better than his colleagues. To do it, he decided he must construct a new theoretical framework, a craftily reconditioned “Science of Human Nature.”

Leary was no fool; he was not about to take such a daring intellectual leap from thin air. He was well read and sensible enough to plant his theoretical feet firmly upon the thinking of the great innovators in his trade.

Who were they? What did Tim believe in at this point in his charismatic career?

In 1950, Leary called himself a “behaviorist,” a perfectly safe label since the disciples of J.B. Watson were firmly in control throughout the clinical establishment as well as in the universities where young shrinks were taught their craft.

Psychology during this period was sometimes called “sturdy, statistical, militarily drab.” Behaviorists believed that human mental processes could be observed, recorded, scientifically defined in the same way they pinned down the mental processes of laboratory animals — through careful observation of physical activities and interactions.

Consciousness (theologians once called it “soul”) had proved impossible to chart or statistically predict, so it was shoved aside,

relegated to an intellectual limbo, called "imprecise" and "unscientific" like intuition, racial wisdom and extrasensory perception.

Psychologists viewed the brain as a mechanical and electrical network they could deal with. Brain was in; mind was out (although psychology, by definition, is the "science of mind").

It was an era of dizzy rats racing through an endless maze, of dumbly-trusting canines salivating dutifully to the tinkle of a laboratory bell, a period dominated by plodding neurologic handymen out to rewire ("recondition") the human brain as though it were a poorly-constructed telephone switchboard.

Electric shock and lobotomy were "routine" treatments for mental patients. If the psychic switchboard offended, you simply plucked out a mass of wiring, you burned out the anti-social circuits.

Leary was always a first rate student and quickly absorbed prevailing dogma during his first days at the University of Alabama (*not* one of the more progressive educational institutions in the nation). But something within him never quite conformed. Even as a student working towards his masters degree in 1947, Tim began to rebel against behaviorist oversimplification. He wasn't the only one.

Tim's old friend, Dr. Charles Slack, has described this situation as it existed at the end of World War II. By this time, he says, psychology was in transition, in the midst of an affair with "some exotic, intellectual and mysterious refugees."

Curious youngsters like Tim were investigating Field Theory, Gestalt Theory, new approaches to psychoanalysis. They read the interpersonal theories of Dr. Harry Stack Sullivan (founder of the Washington School of Psychiatry).

By 1948, Leary had become a Sullivan disciple and was also reading Erik Erikson and the work of such "anti-Freudians" as Karen Horney and Eric Fromm. (He learned an equal amount from literature, concentrating on his favorite author, James Joyce, and on the work of Proust, Satre, Heidegger, Kierkegaard. He immersed himself in Sophocles, Shakespeare and science fiction. Explained Tim:

"The descriptive psychiatrist comes off badly when his work is compared to that of Shakespeare." Headshrink literature, he felt, was abysmally inferior to the "insights of the artistic geniuses who preceded them by several centuries."

In addition to such patent intellectual treason, Leary would soon be calling psychoanalysis a "singular and rather implausible

process.” He felt too many headshrinks operated on hunches, intuitions and principles which were “uncommunicable, unorganized, unteachable and untestable.”

Analysts, said he, were still locked into the “19th Century mechanistic pessimism of Freud,” wrapped up in negative, pathological “science of malfunction,” obsessed with the “non-social aspects of personality — man in relation to his instinctual past (Freud), his racial past (Jung).”

Tim wanted to create a new style called “Dynamic Behaviorism” which would describe “the whole range of human experience,” not just those well-known aberrations rich patients routinely unload on their bored psychotherapists.

Like other Sullivan disciples, Leary concentrated on “interpersonal relations” — those social roles, games and continuing interactions which prove themselves, in the end, “most crucial to happiness and survival.” He wasn’t much interested in the solitary traumas Freudian therapists dredge up from the ancient past. He wanted, instead, to study social role-playing in the here and now and felt he could teach his patients to successfully adapt to society as it is. (In this scheme of things, *what* a patient said didn’t count as much as *why* he said it. What was his “interpersonal purpose?” asked Leary. Did it help or hinder the playing of his social role?)

In 1949, Tim organized a series of 24 experimental group therapy sessions (before “group” was very popular). Working with seven Berkeley students, he set out to verify Sullivan’s interpersonal theories. He charted the progress of each “subject,” and noted how each related to the rest.

His second purpose was to verify Sullivan’s notion that the psychotherapist should be a “democratic participant” in group sessions rather than an outside authority figure.

Tim’s doctoral thesis reported this experiment and claimed success. It noted that he’d been working along these same theoretical lines since 1947 when he started Sullivan-oriented research aided by Mervin Freedman, Abel Ossario and Dr. Hubert Coffee. (Dr. Coffee, by the way, was a very important figure in Tim’s young life at this point. He was Leary’s UC Graduate School patron and one of three professors charged with approval of Leary’s Ph.D. thesis. Dr. Coffee had a great deal to do with making Tim a full-fledged psychologist.)

The doctoral dissertation — along with a number of professional

papers published with Freedman, Ossario and Coffee from 1951 to '55 clearly show where Tim is heading — straight into the arms of those who would translate all of man's experience into neat graphs, logarithms, mechanically-correlated statistical profiles.

Tim now lived in achievement-oriented Academia where you published or you perished. He began to appear with great regularity in the professional journals of the time and, luckily for him, he had a native, lilting Irish way with words which seldom failed him during a long acquaintanceship with editors and printing presses. (In 30 years, he produced one play, an unpublished novel, seven full length books on psychology and drugs, volumes of autobiography, prophesy, declamations, dreams, inside tips and revelations. Ten works would be translated into foreign languages, including French, Dutch, German and Japanese. Tim would star on seven record albums and in half a dozen films.)

He'd read a lot of James Joyce and began nourishing literary ambitions as far back as 1941 when he wrote his unpublished novel (*Tomorrow We Die*) while a cadet at West Point.

At the University of Alabama in Tuscaloosa, he collaborated with fellow-student Harold Cooperman to write a one act play called *Prelude to Nothing* (of which mimeographed copies still exist). It was a sketchy melodrama about a college student who was disfigured in a mythological air raid. It's full of World War II patriotism, a bit of Maxwell Anderson, some Eugene O'Neill and snatches of William Saroyan.

In July, 1946, Tim published the first full article of his own in *School and Society Magazine*. It was a short and surface essay called "Progress Towards Solving the Problem of Race Relations" and it contained recollections of his experiences in the Army and with the American Veterans Committee.

This led directly to Leary's second published work in *Phylon* (a journal of the University of Atlanta, Georgia) and called "Communist Thought on the Negro." It was a daring production for this time and place since Tim expressed friendly thoughts about the Party's plan to carve a separate black nation out of the racist Deep South.

Leary's writings, his ambition and innovative theoretical imagination would soon make him prominent throughout the Psychological World and most especially in two of the more important idea and prestige centers of his trade. He was already doing well

in Berkeley/San Francisco. He'd also wow them on the Boston/Cambridge Axis.

He worked his business from both ends — teaching at the UC Med Center kept Tim brightly theoretical but it didn't cover all the bills.

Life had gotten quite expensive for Timothy and Marienne. They'd bought a \$40,000 home in the Berkeley Hills (up at 1230 Queens Road high above the university campus with a fine view of San Francisco and its twin steel bridges across the bay). To make a few extra bucks, Tim had a private practice (Psychological Consultation Service) and worked as a "management consultant" with Edward Glaser & Associates.

He enjoyed his hillside house, the new car, fine clothes, the best in food and booze. He fit well into tweedy Berkeley where students were not yet politically inclined but concerned with football and occasional panty raids.

The faculty was more interesting: it was full of academic oddballs, orgiastic drunks, pot-smoking philosophers, quietly determined artists and writers. Behind locked doors, a wild party scene developed and Tim was welcome. He proved himself something of a lush, liked his Myers Rum with tonic or quinine water. He dug the ladies (if, at first, only from a distance).

In 1954, Tim became Director of Psychology Research at the giant Kaiser Foundation Hospital just south of his home in next-door Oakland. Financially, it put him well ahead. But things were still far from happy. He and Marienne would go to parties, bicker publically, accuse each other of infidelity.

So Tim got wrapped up in his work and stayed away from home. He was cloaked in official status and authority. He exercised an intellectually-respectable kind of power which he never quite got over.

By 1955, Leary was ready to release a new "Interpersonal System" for diagnosing human personality; it would be the high point of his professional career.

Leary got most of the credit but he didn't do the job alone. He had lots of help and all the money needed to fulfill the more complicated, statistically-exhausting parts of the research. (Some 5,000 cases were analyzed and 65,536 "categories" were proposed for use in a semi-mechanistic diagnostic process. All of this, was long before the development of efficient, miniaturized computers.)

Tim's main source of money was, of course, the enormous Kaiser Foundation, main philanthropy of Henry Kaiser, then the richest industrialist in the post-war West. Funds also came from the National Institute of Mental Health and the U.S. Public Health Service (which called the work "Projects MH-331, M-1013 and M-1323").

Assisting Leary were dozens of collaborating psychologists, psychiatrists, teams of research assistants, clerks, and secretaries. But Tim remained the Main Thinker; the theoretical design was his.

Key assistants in those palmy, well-funded days were Helen Lane (research administrator) and Mary della-Cioppa (projects manager). Although Helen was his "office wife," romance was slight between them. She found him too "prudish and Catholic" to interest her much as a lover. But Mary della-Cioppa had no such reservations. She and Tim quickly got it on.

Leary's old friend, Ruth Dettering, remembers "Del" as an attractive divorcee with a small son she was raising by herself. Del, says Ruth, was devoted to both her work and her boss.

By the fall of 1956, Tim had finished up his book and named it *Interpersonal Diagnosis of Personality: A Functional Theory and Methodology for Personality Evaluation*.

Interpersonal Diagnosis had 518 pages of text along with diagrams, charts, a short history of psychology (emphasizing the thinking of Sullivan, Horney, Fromm and Erikson). It outlined Leary's complicated method of fitting patients into handy personality pigeon-holes for quick clinical diagnosis.

(You could also buy a soft-bound manual, record books, an "Interpersonal Check List" and a handy-dandy plastic template for easy scoring. The entire "system" cost 40 bucks.)

Most of Tim's magnum opus was technical but even *The Annual Review of Psychology* realized the book contained significant challenges to conventional professional thought and called it "must" reading for the nation's headshrinks. They named it their "Best Book on Psychotherapy of the Year" and Tim acquired a new nickname among his associates: "Theory Leary."

Some of his ideas still bear careful examination. For instance:

Traditional shrinks, said Tim, are too obsessed with pathology, too busy with symptoms to notice the disease itself. They're too fatalistic in believing that patients can only adapt and never really change. They label too many "neurotic/psychotic" when all the poor

nuts are doing is playing out roles society forces upon them and are, in fact, only exhibiting "healthy, pro-survival adaptations."

The world itself, said Leary, is a nuthouse and "everything that can be found in mental disorder can be found in anyone."

Traditional psychology, said he, sees human nature on a narrow, linear, black-and-white scale with "neurotic/psychotic" at one end and "normal" at the other. He believed that, to the contrary, it more closely resembles a circle, a co-existent piefull of character types, each slice (type) side-by-side, often overlapping. He cut the Character Pie into 16 slices in such a manner that each "slice" complements and balances out the others.

For each "Managerial Autocrat," said Leary, you need a "Self-Effacing Masochist." So Tim drew up a chart showing the Autocrat Slice on one end with the Masochist Slice directly across from it.

"Competitive Narcissists" and "Responsible Hypernormals," said he, are similar to (and can easily become) Autocrats. So he plotted them on either side of the Big Shot Slice of the Personality Pie.

He felt his chart exemplified a "non-judgemental, neutral system" that would apply to all human behavior.

("Listing neurotic and normal behavior along a relativistic continuum is a humanist trend," wrote Tim, with a bow to mid-'50s, Adlai-Stevenson-style liberalism.)

Then he brought up the question of standards?

Who's the judge and who is judged? Whose standards are used in the first place? Despite the prevailing practices of the time, Tim did not think that the lily-white mores of suburbia would apply to all kinds of people.

"The basic values of the American middle class which insidiously permeate all its members," snorted Leary, "exert their influence on contemporary psychiatric theories. It is very early to identify normality with conventionality or optimistic, active responsible independence and neurosis with nonconformity or pessimistic, inactive sensitivity . . ."

Leary's new "Science of Human Nature" would be firmly on the side of self-determination:

"You must accept the blame or credit for your present situation," he insisted. "You and not your rejecting parents, your race, our instinctual heritage, your drunken husband, but your own pattern of

repetitive and self-limiting responses created it . . . To you, therefore, is given the power to change your situation . . . It is impossible and unnecessary to change your childhood, the society in which you live, your skin color, your biological makeup, or your spouse — what is required is to change your inaccurate perceptions and rigid reactions . . . This replaces immutable external forces with self-determination. It gives each individual a lonely and a frightening power.”

Personality, he concluded, is neither rigid nor unchangeable but just a subconscious role-playing “game” designed to reduce anxiety and promote survival under often-hostile conditions. (In this, Leary predated Eric Berne’s *Games People Play* by some six years.)

“Game” was the key word to much of Leary’s thinking.

Social interactions, he insisted, were entirely a game. And too many players were losing their shirts since they didn’t *know* it was a game and had never learned the rules. Tim figured that the true job of a therapist was to teach the players these facts and coach them on how to “win.”

The “Game Board” (that circular chart used so often in the book *Interpersonal Diagnosis*) made the contest clear and showed how much Tim focused on social interaction to the exclusion of all other factors.

“We concentrate,” he wrote, “on the way an individual deals with others. His actions, thoughts, fantasies and values as they relate to others.” (In this he ignored such “insignificant” matters as health, sociology, politics, culture, intelligence and personal interests. It provides us with a fascinating example of the intellectual frame-of-reference which this future Drug Messiah brought with him from his years as a clinical psychologist.)

Tim’s book was enthusiastically greeted by his professional peers and he suffered brief fame. Portions of the work appeared in college textbooks and a personality test he devised during this period was still in use late in the 1970’s. However, the general public would not hear of him for another six years.

Tim predicted that his new “System” had the greatest “cash value” when used in giant psychiatric clinics (like Kaiser, where he worked). In places where a growing overload of patients put accurate “predictions” at a premium. Places where group therapy was now becoming popular since there simply weren’t enough shrinks to go around.

Any other ambitious young psychologist who’d just created

such a salable intellectual property would probably have settled down to extend and popularize it. But not Tim.

He'd devoted himself to the mind-healing art for less than a decade now and was already profoundly dissatisfied. He saw thousands of patients going through the Kaiser clinics and hardly any came out "cured." He began to doubt all he'd been taught.

To make matters worse, his personal life had gone completely to hell.

One night in mid-1955, he woke up sweating, terrified. He found himself "trapped in a dark room in a hastily-constructed, thin-walled, stage-prop home in Berkeley, California . . . a rootless city dweller, an anonymous institutional employee who drove to work each morning in a long line of commuter cars and drove home each night and drank martinis and looked like and thought like and acted like several million middle-class, liberal intellectual robots . . ."

Tim drank too much and squabbled frequently with Marienne; things came to a head on the night of October 22, 1955, Tim's 35th birthday.

The doctor and his wife celebrated with a family party and there was plenty to drink. A fight broke out and Tim stomped out of the Queens Road house.

Marienne retired to the two-car garage, tightly closed the door, revved up the car engine and went off to her unjust reward.

Tim found her there the following morning. Dead.

He tried mouth-to-mouth resuscitation. He called the fire department and an ambulance, but to no avail. She left a short, pathetic note:

"My darling," she wrote, "I cannot live without your love. I have loved life but have lived through you. The children will grow up wondering about their mother. I love them so much and please tell them that. Please be good to them. They are so dear."

After the funeral, Tim turned for understanding to his assistant Mary della-Cioppa ("Del"). They moved in together, married, honey-mooned in Mexico. Ruth Dettering remembers their briefly-flowering romance. She went down to a small town in Mexico to meet them during the honeymoon.

"In Cuernavaca," she recalls, "Tim rented a house in a compound called Quinta Alicia. They told us they were married and we shared their place about a week and then had a harrowing — Oh God! — voyage through Mexico by train. We ended up in Vera Cruz with

both Jackie and Susan Leary with us. Oh, it was terrible! They were seven and nine at the time. We had 19 pieces of luggage, children and a damned umbrella! We went to a place called 14 Las Flores where you swim in a pool covered with gardenias. The idea's quaint but you have to push all the gardenias aside before you can finally swim. Then we went down into the tropics. Tim was excited every time we went into a new village.

"It was always a new experience and we were on a very limited budget. We were such an unweildly group. He was such a delightful guy: a leader, an adventurer, almost a pixie. He found deight in the simplest situations, knew how to always spread joy, always took command — but in such a way you liked being with him.

"Oh, he picked up all kinds of people. And that's the way I remember him, as an adventurer. Just a simple encounter in a taxicab with Tim can be such a great and wondrous adventure."

For Jackie Leary the Mexican trip was "short and unpleasant." He says that after their return to California, he and Susan lived for awhile with Del and her son. But all of this was transitional since Leary was now getting ready for a *real* trip.

He took a leave of absence from his job with Kaiser, rented out the Berkeley Hills home and packed up Del and three kids for a ride to Spain aboard the luxury liner U.S.S. Independence.

Jackie remembers it as a stormy emotional voyage. Tim and his second wife broke up shortly after they arrived and Jackie says he never saw Del again. Leary reports on this metamorphic period in his most autobiographical book, *High Priest*:

"We settled in a villa in Torremolinos on the Costa del Sol," he writes. "There the kids trooped off across the field to school each morning while I stayed home to die messily . . .

"I'd brought with me a trunk of psychological data — thousands of test scores and numerical indices which demonstrated with precision why psychotherapy did not work . . . It was a brutal yoga. Each laborious calculation was proving that psychology was just a mind game, an eccentric head trip on the part of the psychologist, and that psychotherapy was an arduous, expensive, ineffective, unimaginative attempt to impose the mind of the doctor on the mind of the patient."

Tim found that if you gather an "average" group of mentally-disturbed people and treat half with traditional therapy while leaving the rest untreated (the control group), you get the same results with both groups. A third of the patients get "better." A third get

“worse” and a third stay just the same as they were. Tim felt such “treatment” was obviously a cruel hoax.

Leary drifted away from “professional matters” for awhile and began to care for his own needs. On Christmas Eve, 1957, he picked up a raunchy Spanish whore and had clap by New Year’s Day. He got even sicker while living in a damp gypsy cave a few months later. This new (and unnamed) disease nearly killed Leary and brought on intense natural hallucinations which, he claimed, led to his first “psychic rebirth.”

Jackie never forgot the illness.

“Timothy’s head was almost double in size,” he says, “completely swollen up, incredible! He couldn’t see; his eyes were completely shut!”

It was all a bit much to take. He’d decided that his profession was a bunch of crap. Marienne had committed suicide. Del had left him. The despair, the disease. Tim decided that his “old life” was now over. But what would be next?

He didn’t know.

But he decided to take a breather, left the kids with a babysitter back in Spain and wandered over to Tangiers to try life’s Wild Side for a few weeks. He hung out with exiled American “beatniks” (a new experience for the staid psychologist who had not joined in the bohemian scene which was then blossoming back in San Francisco). He apparently conducted his first experiments with marijuana while on this visit to Tangiers.

“He went to Morocco,” says Jackie, “and came back with a jar of stuff and he held it out to me. It was, like, a little jar. He showed it to us and we said, ‘What’s that?’

“ ‘Something you smoke and it’s very illegal,’ Timothy said. It must have been pot.”

The kids hated Europe.

“We got dragged out of school just after my mother died,” says Jackie. “First we went down to Mexico and then to Spain where we went to some Berlitz school for foreign kids and that wasn’t too bad for awhile. But then he wanted us to go to a Catholic Spanish school and I freaked out. I wouldn’t go. I wasn’t doing well in school, anyway; never have.

“So we walked into the Spanish school and there were all these nuns and all these kids sitting in the school with their hands folded, you know. Not pious, but very parochial. Like, if they’d moved they

would have had their knuckles slapped. So I walked into the school and the kids were all sitting around and they were all Spanish kids and I freaked out.

"I started screaming and I ran out of there and I wasn't able to go there. I never went to school after that on a regular basis. I never went to high school or college. I have trouble reading heavy stuff, even today."

Next the Learys went to Ireland on a pilgrimage to Dublin's Martello Tower where Tim's literary hero, James Joyce, once lived. Then they toured the Continental art galleries and lived for awhile in Italy (in the literal shadow of Marconi's original wireless tower).

There Tim met visiting academician David McClelland, an administrator at Harvard's Psychology Department. The two immediately charmed each other and McClelland invited Leary to come to Cambridge the following fall as an instructor.

Tim agreed, then went on to spend the rest of the summer in Copenhagen teaching at the national Danish University. Early in September of 1959, he gathered the children up for their return to the U.S.

"We were coming back on this boat," says Jackie. "We were taking the cheapest boat and we had the cheapest room on this freighter, were right next to the engine room and I was amazed since I could hear the engines and the three of us were packed into this tiny closet in there and we hadn't been on the boat more than a couple of hours when it crashed onto a rock. We had to get off and come home on one of those old Constellations, one of those planes with the funny tails."

They made it in time for Tim to begin an entirely new career at Harvard.

Chapter Four

Tim loved it at Harvard. He was now at the top of the academic heap. It was an Intellectual Olympus for a young headshrink of 39 who loved to sprout new theories to the brightest students in America.

Lisa Bieberman audited one of Tim's early courses and was suitably impressed.

"I was an undergraduate student," she recalls. "He was a member of the faculty, and therefore, of the establishment. He had graying hair, sat behind a desk wearing a business suit and a hearing aid with a wire connecting it to the floor."

Tim has written that he saw himself during this period of his changing life as "handsome, clean-cut, confident, witty, charismatic, and in that inert culture, unusually creative . . . hair athletic-virile short, moved like a tennis player, clothes thoughtlessly selected to fit the young professional image, routinely drank martinis and ate what was set before me, listened to pop music, classical and profane — ears dead to sound."

Young Richard Alpert was then an Assistant Professor of Clinical Psychology. He taught courses in the same department as Leary and had his office just down the hall from that "little broom-closet" they gave Tim for an office.

Alpert was Jewish, ten years younger than Leary. He moved and talked too rapidly, was obsessed with "success" (as defined by his *extremely* successful father, George Alpert, a wealthy Massachusetts lawyer and former president of the New Haven Railroad, who possessed a limousine with an extra set of steel wheels so that it could be run on train tracks). To match, Dick owned a sailboat, an airplane, a motorcycle, an MG and a Mercedes-Benz. He was also a busy bisexual.

Richard was greatly impressed with Timothy F. Leary.

The man "seemed brilliant but laid back and friendly. We used to drink a lot together. He was living at the Ambassador Hotel with two kids and we started to teach a course together — Existential Transactional Analysis . . . or something like that. It was a first year clinical course. But our worlds were a little different 'cause he was sort of just a kind of laid back scholar type and I was very much a gung-ho administrative achiever type.

"He was sloppy and undisciplined, but very brilliant. It was

a lot of fun teaching with him. Very fascinating. He was older than I was and he knew a hell of a lot more. There was a great deal of excitement around Timothy, a lot of enthusiasm even then. There was a feeling that he represented the new look in something or other. At that time, it was existentialism.

"He was a heretic. He came to Harvard with a fascinating reputation. He'd had a hell of a fight at Kaiser Foundation when he was in Berkeley. And I heard he had fights in Alabama and fights at West Point. He was always fighting the establishment. That was the Irish thing in him."

Tim's family life was more than a bit disorganized the first semester in Cambridge. Jackie remembers living in a hotel room for seven months.

Since they were now back in Massachusetts, Tim felt it was time to introduce his kids to their Grandmother, Abigail. (John Leary had recently died.) Tim drove the kids to Springfield one Sunday in plenty of time to accompany Grandmother Leary to her parish church. Jackie remembers the event well:

"I'd never been to church before," says he. "So we went in and Timothy took us aside, my sister and I, and we asked, 'What do we do?' And he said, 'Just when everybody stands up, stand up. When they kneel, kneel. And when they sit down, sit down'

"And so everything was going really fine and then suddenly everybody started crossing themselves. And I didn't know how to do it, you know. I did it terribly wrong. I made an attempt and I got half of it down and realized I was doing it wrong and then I stopped. And my grandmother saw that and realized I'd never been in a Catholic church before and she just started sobbing. She just broke into tears.

"She was preparing to hand us a little money to give when they passed the plate around and she had it in her hand. So when she started sobbing, she slipped down in the pew and the money fell out of her hand and rolled all over the floor. I was just shocked and embarrassed and horribly upset. It was just terrifying, 'cause there were all these people and we were right up there in front.

"I just wanted to get out of there. Oh, it was sad. I felt bad for her."

Back at Harvard, Dr. Leary had greater social success.

He quickly made a number of friends and his "group" hung out in a number of weathered Harvard Square saloons and called

itself the "White Hand Drinking Society."

Dr. Charles Slack, then a psychologist working in the Harvard clinic, was a "member" and recalls the hours spent with Tim drinking and discussing the state of the world.

"It was OK to argue about anything in those days," writes Slack. "Nothing was life and death. Actually, one was supposed to debate while drinking. It was part of the university scene — testing ideas and besting the other guy's arguments."

Tim shocked Slack with his cool disdain for conformity. Once he admitted that he'd "violated every part of the American Psychological Association code of ethics."

"You don't mean you sleep with your patients!" protested the horrified Dr. Slack.

"Yes, quite a bit," said Timothy.

They also talked of sociology; Tim seemed "surprisingly anti-middle class."

"Ignore class distinctions," he told Slack. "Make hybrids . . . make hybrids and you make music and love . . . Bring isolated groups and individuals together . . . Remove established biases, that's the way to cure our lousy, class-bound culture."

Although Tim enjoyed teaching at Harvard, he was already critical of the inbred, anemic nature of Academia.

"They're talking about people who aren't *here!*" he objected. "Courses on criminology without criminals. Courses on poverty with no poor. Psychosis without psychotics. Music without Mingus!"

Leary described his work developing a new "existential-transactional" approach to psychology. He now called himself an "Existential Behaviorist."

"Existential," he explained, "means you study natural events as they unfold without prejudging them with your own concepts. You surrender your mind to events. Transactional means you see the research situation as a social network, of which the experimenter is one part. The psychologist doesn't stand outside the events, but recognizes his part in it, and works collaboratively with the subject towards mutually selected goals."

Such heresies were quite unpopular with the Harvard Headshrink Hierarchy who arbitrarily set up authoritarian relationships with their patients and who kept all psychological test results deep, dark secrets. Such patients were never invited to the "professional conferences" at which the shrinks gossiped about their work.

Leary, on the other hand, opened up his records for patient inspection. He even managed to smuggle a few into the sacrosanct "conferences" as "experts on themselves." He was formally barred from attending any such gatherings in the future.

Tim kept hitting 'em where it hurt.

He wrote about this time, for instance, that "psychotherapy has existed and flourished during the past five decades in spite of the fact that it remains almost completely unvalidated by scientific standards. Psychotherapy is, in some respects, an implausible procedure offering to the individual the opportunity to learn those things about himself which, by definition, he does not wish to know.

"The steady growth in prestige of this intellectual institution in the teeth of these two obstacles — its unscientific status and its inherent threat to the conscious ego — is a remarkable testimony to its basic effectiveness or to the capacity of otherwise intelligent professional workers to deceive themselves . . ."

Though Tim was still prone to call himself a "behaviorist," he'd clearly learned you have to change more than behavior all by itself to alleviate psychic suffering. You also have to change human consciousness. You must get inside the patient's brain and change his fundamental perception of reality.

Old fashioned therapy simply couldn't do it. Nor could mechanistic "reprogramming" systems used by the early behaviorists. His own dandy new theories on interpersonal relationships and the diagnosis of personality weren't enough to do much good, either. Nor was the modified existentialism he taught at Harvard.

Leary felt he needed something totally new to open us consciousness. By spring of 1960 he'd begun to suspect that a "chemical key" (drug) was going to be the answer.

He'd read some of the previous decade's research into hallucinogenics. He'd smoked a little grass in Tangiers and heard fantastic stories about psilocybin, mescaline and LSD (the latter well known in scientific circles since the very early 1950s).

"In the zeitgeist of Salk, Fleming, Pauling," he wrote, "I believed that the right chemical used correctly was the cure . . . I believed that man did not know how to use his head, that the static, repetitive, conditioned circuit known as the normal mind was itself the source of 'dis-ease' and that the task of the psychologist-neurologist was to discover the neuro-chemical for changing mind, i.e., to allow for new imprints of new realities and new conditioned sequences . . ."

With his head full of this kind of speculation, Tim faced his 1960 summer vacation, decided to visit Mexico and planned to write a book on "the philosophy of the behavioral sciences."

"He bought some old Ford," remembers Jackie. "And I asked, 'Do you think it's going to make it?' So we drove down in this old Ford and Susan stayed in California with these neighbors, the Adams. We met some woman but she didn't go very far. I couldn't stand her. She was English and called the trunk of the car the 'boot' and the hood the 'bonnet.' I got really pissed off and didn't like her at all. She didn't even last the whole trip; she got off and caught a bus in Alabama. We went to see her off and I had this hamster. We left it in the car and it was so hot the hamster died and we buried it someplace along the road. Then we drove down into Mexico; we went to Cuernavaca."

Mexico always loosened Timothy Leary up.

Hispanic culture appealed to the romantic, poetic side of his nature and, down there, the constraints of home evaporated and he no longer had to play the part of the charming widower and the overpoweringly brilliant social scientist.

Cheap booze. Plentiful whores; those warm-blooded little women who appealed to his old Catholic double-standards, reverent Earth Mothers who said a Hail Mary before fucking for cash beneath a color litho of the Virgin of Guadalupe.

Tim often came to Mexico.

He'd visited Churubusco and the artsy-craftsy lakeside village of Ajijic just south of Guadalajara. He'd been to Zihuatanejo on the Pacific Coast near Acapulco. In the summer of '60 it would be Cuernavaca, that fashionable, rather wealthy resort about 70 miles west of Mexico City but lower in altitude than the capital and considerably more tropical.

Leary rented a spacious villa which he said was "built by Mexican Moslems and remodelled by Mexican Viennese."

It was a large walled estate with gardens, green lawns, a big swimming pool. Plenty of space for his own family and visiting colleagues like Dick Alpert, Frank Barron, Dick Dettering and his wife, Ruth.

It was going to be a summer of warm hedonism. But one occasionally clouded by troubled introspection.

In the fall (on October 22, to be exact) Tim would turn 40 and

officially enter that dread no-man's land called "middle age." Like many men leaving youth forever behind them, he was depressed by an uncertain future.

"At that time," he wrote, "I was a middle-aged man involved in the middle-aged process of dying. My joy in life, my sensual openness, my creativity were all sliding downhill."

That summer in Cuernavaca, Tim was looking for a "cure" that would not only help struggling humanity but himself. He sought a youth potion, a magic elixer to bend his mind, tone up his muscles, stiffen his cock, drive the death-thinking, middle-aged blues away.

He explained his problems to a visiting friend, the University of Mexico Anthropologist Gerhart Braun. Braun smiled and said he knew of an answer.

He'd learned in his study of pre-Hispanic Mexican civilization that the Indians used certain "magic mushrooms" to induce visions, bring prophesies, stimulate both vigor and religious belief.

Could this be the magic "chemical key" Tim was looking for?

In August, Braun, accompanied by the artist and filmmaker Bruce Conner and several other friends, went east to the old Indian town of Toluca. They purchased a quantity of the "magic mushrooms" from a famous old crone named "Crazy Juana" who gathered them in the rainy season on the slopes of a nearby volcano.

Back at Leary's villa, the mushrooms were passed around and Tim gulped down exactly seven of the bitter buds. He then sat beside his Cuernavaca swimming pool and had the Trip of His Life.

High Priest devotes an entire chapter to this initial psychedelic voyage and, in it, Tim claims that he came back a "changed man."

One hour after mushroom-gulp, Leary felt he was "dead." He felt that the "old Timothy Leary game" was entirely over.

"You are never the same after you've had that one flash glimpse down the cellular time tunnel," he wrote. "You are never the same after you've had the veil drawn . . .

"I could look back and see my body on the bed. I relived my life, and re-experienced many events I had forgotten. More than that, I went back in time in an evolutionary sense to where I was aware of being a one-celled organism. All of these things were way beyond my mind . . . The discovery that the human brain possesses an infinity of potentialities and can operate at unexpected space-time dimensions left me feeling exhilarated, awed, and quite convinced

that I had awakened from a long ontological sleep. A profound transcendent experience should leave in its wake a changed man and a changed life . . . ”

(In other words, Tim had seen the *light*. He was *saved*!)

High Priest swims in oceans of this kind of evangelical overstatement and knowing acid heads are prone to smile tolerantly when they read such stuff. We've all been there *once*. You wonder why a guy keeps talking that way for years on end and Leary did just that.

But he's always sincere. You've got to believe in his sincerity — if in nothing else. Ruth Dettering was there to watch Leary go through this initial psychedelic thunderclap and she testifies that it was, indeed, an absolutely overwhelming experience.

“I didn't take the mushrooms,” she says. “I was pregnant and I think it was very, very wise of Tim to insist that I not take any since we didn't know what the dosage should be. I think his decision that somebody be in the real world was very, very wise.”

The kids weren't around to see their father's Super Mushroom Scene — Jackie had gone off to the movies. (“But at that time Jackie wouldn't have been surprised at anything that he saw,” says Ruth.)

It was soon apparant that the Mushroom Trip convinced Leary that hallucinogens were not only *one* answer to suffering mankind's immense psychic problems, they were the *only* answer. *Everyone* must take them!

“I INTEND REMAINING OUT HERE AS LONG AS POSSIBLE,” said Leary in a psychic cable in himself as recorded in *High Priest*. “HAVING WONDERFUL TIME. WISH EVERYONE WERE HERE.”

In September, Tim, Jackie and Richard Alpert flew back to Harvard aboard Dick's private plane. From the moment he got back to the university, Leary set out to share his psychedelic sacrament with the world.

Chapter Five

In the fall of 1960, Timothy Leary received a regular teaching contract from Harvard and felt, with this degree of permanency established, that it was time to find a real home for himself and his family.

"So we went to Newton, Massachusetts," Jackie recalls. "We went out to Newton looking and then to Newton Corner and then Newton Center, all these different Newtons. And we finally found this big house."

It stood at the top of a tree-covered, landscaped hill, 185 stairs to the top, three stories high, furnished complete with books and carpets. It had a three-car garage, a garden house and a music room.

The Learys felt themselves entering a new era of style and affluence; they felt at home. (Newton Center, on the other hand, although used to eccentric Harvard professors, would *never* get used to Timothy Leary.)

As soon as Tim got back on campus, he began to talk about hallucinogens with everyone he knew. Among his more ardent listeners were two bright young grad students, George and Mike, who hipped him to the best essays yet written on the use of mescaline (*The Doors of Perception* and *Heaven and Hell*, both by the great British novelist and visionary Aldous Huxley who, as it happened, was then in residence at the nearby Massachusetts Institute of Technology).

Tim read the two booklets and found Huxley's mescaline trips very much like his own "magic mushroom" experience. He rushed over to MIT to meet Aldous and their initial contact was warm and stimulating.

Huxley invited Tim back on Election Day, 1960 to meet Dr. Humphrey Osmond, the most knowledgeable scientist then working in the field of mind drugs, the man who invented the term "psychedelic" (which means "mind manifesting") back in 1957. Osmond recalled the event in a letter he wrote to Lisa Bieberman:

"I was most curious to meet Dr. Leary," he said. "I recall that he wore a grey flannel suit, that his hair was crew cut and that he was courteous, charming, and clearly deeply interested in his plans and prospects.

"I was not greatly impressed by his knowledge of psychedelics

which seemed to be, as indeed it was, quite limited. However, his main concern was to hear about the techniques which we had used and developed in Saskatchewan for treating alcoholics with psychedelics. He was interested in the group techniques which I described. I advised him to avoid schizophrenics and to screen them out.

"We sat some time after the meal and when we got back to Aldous' apartment, we discussed the new recruit to our work. We were favorably impressed by his personal charm, frankness and sincerity. He seemed to have made sound plans and to be approaching the whole matter with gratifying sobriety. He was not very experienced. As we left him, Timothy nodded his crew-cut head and gave his frank, straightforward smile, made all the more pleasing by his brilliant eyes.

"Aldous was delighted that he was sensible, down-to-earth, and clearly so aware of the problems that might lie ahead. I was in full agreement; such uneasiness as assailed me was whether such an obvious member of the Harvard establishment could cope with the problems. I wondered whether he would be adventurous enough. However I reminded myself that he would be working in the department founded by William James which would encourage him toward what James called unhabitual perception. In this respect, if in no other, I was correct.

"Aldous and I turned on the radio, and hearing that the MIT computers had already predicted, indeed I might almost say *proclaimed* a Presidential victory at the polls for John F. Kennedy, we turned in, well contented with the events of that memorable day."

Osmond could not foresee the strange way that history would deal with both John Kennedy and Timothy Leary, two maverick Irishmen from Massachusetts.

Only three years later, Kennedy would be dead from assassins' bullets in Dallas, Texas and Leary would be the world's most admired and hated proponent of psychedelics.

"Mind drugs" — upon which thoughtful humanists like Huxley and Osmond placed such great hope in 1960 — would, by 1963, be considered by many a social plague, dangerous kick pills mass-marketed to manic hedonists by unscrupulous entrepreneurs.

"A curious irony," Osmond would write a decade later, "that psychedelics became popular with the wrong people, at the wrong time, in the wrong way. The headstrong young approached them with such careless rapture."

(Certainly no other group of bio-chemicals would stir so much public interest, inspire so much printed controversy — tons of it utterly false — produce such an amorphous wave of personal and social change, a wave which still thunders across the psychic landscape, tidal high and immeasurable.)

It's clear that Leary took Osmond's advice in one respect. He obviously spent quite a bit of time during 1960-61 reading up on psychedelics. An enormous amount of data was already available — most of it could be found in the Harvard library. Psychedelic research had been going on for more than 70 years and these activities had greatly intensified in the preceding decade.

Most of this material was reported in professional journals; not until the early 1960s did it begin to seep into mass media. Nevertheless it was clear that Timothy Leary would not be any kind of "pioneer" experimenter. He would, rather, be a popularizer, a propagandist seeing to move psychedelics out of the laboratory and into the greater world.

During this period of early study, Tim came up with some fascinating facts. He found out, for instance, that there are two kinds of psychedelics — biochemicals which occur naturally in mushrooms, cactus buds, flowers, roots, seeds, vines, leaves (of which there are thousands) and drugs artificially compounded (synthesized) by the biochemist.

The best known synthetics back in 1960 were LSD, mescaline (based upon peyote cactus) and psilocybin (a copy of the active ingredient found in Mexico's "magic mushrooms"). Chemists later produced a number of other synthetics (including DMT, STP and PCP).

Notable events in Psychedelic History included:

- 1886 — The German pharmacologist Ludwin Lerwin first studied peyote.
- 1896 — Dr. Weir Mitchell began his own peyote experiments.
- 1897 — Brilliant Havelock Ellis ate peyote buds and had many-jeweled visions which changed the way he saw colors and, in general, perceived the world around him.
- 1902 — William James used nitrous oxide as a "consciousness expander."
- 1919 — Mescaline was first synthesized.
- May 2, 1938 — LSD invented by Swiss chemist Dr. Albert

Hoffman working at Sandoz Pharmaceutical Co. on compounds derived from lysergic acid (itself produced from a parasitic fungus which grows on wheat plants.) Hoffman did not realize, at first, that the compound was a hallucinogen.

- April 16, 1943 — Hoffman accidentally ingested some LSD and experienced the world's first acid high. He wrote in his laboratory notebook that "I was seized by a peculiar sensation of vertigo and restlessness. Objects as well as the shape of my associates in the laboratory appeared to undergo optical changes. I was unable to concentrate on my work. In a dream-like state, I left for home, where an irresistible urge to lie down overcame me. I drew the curtains and immediately fell into a peculiar state similar to drunkenness, characterized by exaggerated imagination. With my eyes closed, fantastic pictures of extraordinary plasticity and intensive color seemed to surge toward me. After two hours, this state gradually wore off."

Leary might also have read the fascinating descriptions of psychedelic experiences published by sensitive artists and writers. Among them was this extraordinary recollection by poet Alvaro Cardona-Hine (in the literary magazine *renaissance* produced by the author of this book in the early 1960s). Cardona-Hine ingested his LSD, waited a few minutes and then:

"A first delightful feeling of total and childlike irresponsibility so that one laughs. Then the cyclotron starts. A quick dash for pen and paper to record the sudden amazement and the huge and just as sudden need for my wife to share in the experience. And then everything, everything. And all of it impossible to transcribe, a five-fold banquet of the soul . . .

"Writing under LSD is like trying to write during an earthquake while standing under a cascade of ice, mint, lavender and orange. The body shakes like a motor loose in its casings and only an effort of the will provides the impetus to jot down the vacuous notes prompted by unleashed immensities. The five senses have taken off in different directions and are bringing back reports of their wonderful discoveries. The nervous system is racked from head to toe by long shivers of delightful tickling sensation. The eyes, if open, distort and recreate their own patterns of external reality and, if closed, invent and promote colors and forms of unbelievable subtlety, allied to flash moods of wild and whimsical joy. The ears drink in music, apprehending a thousand tonalities of truth which are at

once ridiculous, humorous, noble and sublime. The base of the nose and the bones around the eyes feel as if they are made of a minted, colored ice beyond perfume in its exquisite lavender tightness and pressure. The fingertips invent meadows of touch . . . The deliciously fragrant, colored ice returns off and on to press against my eyes, a heavenly kind of sinus trouble. Large possibilities of unimaginable flavors, substances, seasonal changes, breezes, nostalgic blues and spiral structures rushing within a velvet sound against infinite skies flow on in unending streams while states of being bounce in the Jai Alai court of the soul with electric suddenness. I begin to write in large letters on another piece of paper hastily obtained, the word JOY. The sumptuous gathering of all recollected, seen, experienced and divined instances of color, shading, shape and substance proceeds summarily along the flooded causeways of gladness and augury in spite of vague and profound discomforts at the physical level. It comes on and on and one switches to the word WONDERFUL over and over, faintly aware that someday this may be the only clue to a return. Cryptic messages such as THIS IS TOTAL and ALL IN TIME reveal the attempt to convey the apocalyptic nature of the experience. . .”

Psychedelic experimentation quickened in the 1950s.

In 1957, R. Gordon Wasson published studies on the mystical and religious properties of Mexican magic mushrooms — “psilocybe mexicana.”

In 1958, Albert Hoffman invented his second major synthetic, psilocybin.

By 1953, the English psychiatrist Humphrey Osmond was utilizing LSD to rehabilitate alcoholics in a Saskatchewan mental health clinic.

Other scientists used acid to treat autistic children, catatonics and mental patients. Late in the '50s they found that acid can be used to bring strong mystical insights and resulting calm to dying cancer patients.

All of this work was reported in the major scientific journals and, by 1951, big newspapers like the *Chicago Daily News* were picking up on the story. The *News* reported that “a white powder given in so tiny an amount it could not be seen by the naked eye transformed normal people into strange, psychotic-like individuals in 30 minutes.”

Most early mass media reports were favorable. *This Week* magazine, for instance, said that LSD had “rescued many drug addicts,

alcoholics and neurotics from their private hells — and holds promise for curing tomorrow's mental ills."

In 1960, the famed actor Cary Grant announced he'd been "reborn as a new man" because of 60 LSD sessions conducted with his psychotherapist and Hollywood became a major center for acid experimentation — most of it conducted by innovative doctors and headshrinks.

Headlines during the 1951 to 1961 period created a favorable impression:

DRUG HELPS MENTALLY ILL RECALL PAST
and
HOW NEW DRUG AIDS ADDICTION FIGHT

are two notable examples.

Mescaline was also proving popular in a number of research projects. (The most notable experiments by Humphrey Osmond used Aldous Huxley as a subject and produced the famous essays *Doors of Perception* and *Heaven and Hell*.)

Huxley found that, under mescaline, spatial relationships were "no longer of great importance . . . The mind was primarily concerned not with measures and locations, but with being and meaning."

All he could say about the manner in which he perceived time was that "there seems to be plenty of it."

Huxley was especially impressed with the mystical overtones of his experiences and by a strong feeling of omniscience.

"Each person," he wrote, "is at each moment capable of remembering all that has ever happened to him and of perceiving everything that is happening everywhere in the universe."

He felt that most people are unaware of this hidden depth of knowledge because the mind cannot allow it to reach a conscious level. The unrestricted flow of such a torrent of uncategorized information through the ordered, reasoning mind would wash sanity away and overwhelm "normal" consciousness.

Therefore, he reasoned, the brain, nervous system and sense organs work together to play an "eliminative" role in cutting down such a rush of perception and allow into consciousness only what it can safely handle.

This works just in the way that a turned-down water faucet will allow only a few drops at a time to fall into a container of limited capacity. This does not mean that the faucet cannot be opened full and that, when it is, a torrent of water will be released. For the

mind (and the faucet) draw on immense, nearly limitless reservoirs.

Huxley also concluded that if we could find a way to open the perceptual faucet a bit wider, then we could more fully experience reality, would, in fact, *become* that greater reality.

Mind expanding drugs, he said, could open up the mental reducing valve and let in a mighty rush of pure reality. It could be an overwhelming — and sometimes dangerous — experience. But a highly instructive one.

In 1953, when Aldous took his first mescaline, mind drug terminology was confusing and negative. (It's never been completely standardized or clarified.)

Some researchers used terms like "hallucinogens, "hallucinogenics" — even "fantasticas" — to indicate that the drugs created artificial hallucinations and fantasies just like the ones patients experience when feverishly ill or in mystical and visionary states. In this, they missed the boat since feverish hallucinations are quite different from the consciousness changes induced by psychedelics.

Feverish hallucinations have no existence except in the mind of the patient while with psychedelics, the senses distort but still report sensations created by real things and energies. The drug-distorted imagination builds upon these real sensations. (A curled length of electric cord, for instance, suddenly appears to be a writhing snake. The surface of a wall seems to "breathe." Arms and legs may "stretch" all the way across a room. Faces disintegrate into a billion dancing, brilliantly-colored energy dots.) But, distorted or not, these sensations are based upon something *real*, not a pure imagining.

Early psychiatric researchers called the drugs "psychotomimic," meaning that they created "artificial psychosis." This was not a correct observation, either, although it was true that in the sterile setting of a psychiatric clinic and strapped down on a table with a circle of unfriendly, white-coated doctors staring down, you might react with pure terror.

But, under better conditions and in different settings, more positive reactions were equally predictable. Psychedelics are most decidedly *not* "specifically-acting" drugs — that is, drugs which act in the same way on nearly every subject.

Reactions seem to depend upon each individual's psychological makeup, his mood, the social and physical conditions of the time and place where they're taken. A host of subtle factors (including

what the subject expects out of the drug to begin with and what he fears it *might* do to him).

In 1956, Huxley and Osmond were corresponding about problems posed by the new mind drugs and decided that what the world needed was a more logical, concise term to describe them. Huxley reported he'd found a verb, *phaneroeine*, meaning "to make visible or manifest" and an adjective, *phaneros*, meaning "manifest, open to sight, evident."

"Could you call these drugs psychophans?" he asked metaphorically. "Or phaneropsychic drugs? How about phanerothymes? *Thumos* means soul, in its primary usage, and is the equivalent of the Latin *animus*. The word is euphonious and easy to pronounce; besides it has relatives in the jargon of psychology — e.g., cyclothyme. On the whole I think this is better than psychophan or phaneropsychic." He closed with an original couplet:

*To make this trivial world sublime,
Take half a gramme of phanerothyme.*

Osmond thought the matter over and responded with a term of his own, *psychedelic*, or "mind-manifesting." He liked the word because it was "clear, euphonious and uncontaminated by other associations" and he added a couplet of his own to illustrate:

*To fathom Hell or soar angelic,
Just take a pinch of psychedelic.*

Osmond's term was popular by 1960 when Tim Leary first got interested in mind drugs. By the end of the decade, it had replaced most of the other terms in common usage, although a few writers and researchers stuck to "hallucinogen" and "hallucinogenics."

Here are a few interesting and useful facts about *psychedelics*:

- LSD-25 (d-lysergic acid diethylamide), mescaline and psilocybin are all alkaloids, have similar psychological, pharmacological and physiological effects. LSD (acid) is 5,000 times as strong as mescaline, about 200 times stronger than psilocybin. LSD is colorless, odorless and tasteless.

- A tiny quantity of acid (the size of an aspirin tablet) equals 3,000 doses of 100 micrograms each. One ounce of LSD provides a 100 microgram dose for 300,000 people. A "strong" dose consists of 250 micrograms or more. You can't "poison" anyone with acid but huge doses can cause such great psychic dislocation that psychological

help may be needed and/or a "bring down" with a strong tranquilizer.

- No one's sure just how acid works, but it seems to affect portions of the brain where sensual data is decoded and processed. It inhibits production of serotonin, an organic compound which helps to organize and channel sensory data.

- The physiological effects of LSD are minor compared to the disruptive nature of its psychic effects. There is a mild increase in blood pressure and heart rate, a light rise in blood sugar level, sometimes a bit of nausea with chills, irregular breathing, sweating of the palms, trembling in the arms and legs. All of this passes quickly. Loss of appetite is common because the subject is so acid-stimulated that food is simply of no interest. Sleep is impossible for eight to ten hours after the end of an acid episode. The pupils of the eyes are greatly dilated. A 100-microgram dose begins to make itself felt within a hour after ingestion and the trip usually lasts eight to ten hours. Large doses speed up and intensify the experience.

- LSD is neither physically nor psychologically "addictive." The body seems to develop a tolerance, so taking doses two days in a row is simply a waste of good acid; the second dose does little. For best results, it's advisable to wait a week between trips.

- Don't take acid alone, use an experienced guide for help over the rough spots. A comfortable, secure setting is a must. Don't drop acid out on the street, among uncaring strangers or at a wild party. That's just *asking* for a bad trip.

- Psychedelics *add* nothing to an individual's experience. They only help him see what's already inside. The experiences gained seem to change the manner in which reality will be perceived in the future.

These were among the many aspects of psychedelics which greatly intrigued psychologists like Timothy Leary as well as a certain Dr. Duncan Blewett at the University of Saskatchewan who unreservedly proclaimed in 1964 that these drugs are: "the strongest tools ever dreamed of for man's betterment; they will solve most of our problems, can make humanitarians out of fanatics, friends out of enemies, effective people out of neurotics."

Overstated, perhaps, but a good reflection of the early 1960s optimism and high hopes held by many experimenters who called psychedelics (after Huxley) "Reality Revealers" and "Truth and Beauty Pills."

(Also worth noting: Along with this kind of evangelical hoopla which made acid converts rush out onto the street to give Reality

Pills to everyone in sight, there was a second dangerous characteristic. Acid sometimes creates the delusion that the user is omnipotent and omniscient. That “I Am God And Know All Things” kind of crap. Fortunately, this nonsense generally occurs among first-time users and it recedes with careful, repeated trips. Experienced voyagers develop great and lasting humility and realize the incredible mystery of an enormous, complex universe whose edges they barely nibble.)

About psilocybin, the synthetic Leary would use exclusively during his first year of research:

Psilocybin is chemically similar to LSD — if weaker. An effective adult dose is generally from 12 milligrams up to 25-50 mg. It's non-toxic (meaning no one's yet been poisoned).

As on acid, the first half hour of a psilocybin voyage is physically unpleasant: There's dizziness, nausea and anxiety. About 30 minutes later, the subject is sweating, feeling ataxia and having a hard time controlling thought and attention. But there is increased vision and sensitivity to all stimulation.

For the next 4-to-12 hours, the subject often experiences “cosmic” insights, sees brighter colors, hears richer sounds and has visual and auditory distortions. Next, there's a period of lassitude, fatigue, headache — a kind of “hangover” which is not normally experienced with acid.

In the fall of 1960, Leary obtained a large quantity of free psilocybin (for professional experimentation) directly from the Sandoz Chemical Works where it was made. He announced a number of interesting research projects.

But first, Tim doled out neat piles of the potent pink pills to himself and a number of friends in the comfortable old house in Newton Center. He was so open-handed with the drug, in fact, that Jackie (now aged 12) found pills lying all over the place and gobbled them down like candy.

“We used to get this psilocybin from Sandoz,” he recalls. “It just used to come in the mail. They were just lying around so I thought they were something that made you feel really good. I didn't think they were a drug or bad or anything, you know, I'd give them to my dog.

“I didn't know what they were and I didn't know how many you had to take. I remember once sitting in the kitchen and I must have taken a few but I'd forgotten, you know.

“So I was looking at my dog and he was, like, licking some beer this guy had brought — he's a psychiatrist. And he had a briefcase and

it had these leather flaps and my dog started chewing on them and we put a little salt on it and he was chewing away. And he must have been stoned and so was I. So I was watching him and, all of a sudden — it must have been a hallucination — he seemed to be standing still and jumping up in the air at the same time. And maybe he was and maybe I'm stoned.

"But I remember saying, 'Did you see that?' I was convinced he was really doing it."

Chapter Six

By early 1961, Leary had put together a professionally-acceptable research design for “A Study of Clinical Reactions to Psilocybin Administered in Supportive Environments.”

He planned to dose all kinds of subjects — Harvard grad students, prison inmates, artists, writers and musicians — and then to record their reactions. (He hoped the drug would “improve creativity, intelligence, understanding of life and social effectiveness.”)

It was no accident that Tim would use creative people as drug experiment subjects. He’d long been fascinated with artistic geniuses (and felt that he was also one of them). He got introductions from Huxley to many fascinating creators in the Boston area (including the composer John Cage who was one of Leary’s first subjects).

By the time he was done, Tim had given 3,500 doses of psilocybin to more than 400 people and he’d recorded the reactions of 157. He claimed that there had been “no casualties” (meaning that no one had ended up hospitalized). Of this group, 90% said they wanted to repeat the experience. Another 70% said it was pleasant and 83% said they’d “learned something or had insight” while 62% felt it had “changed their lives for the better.”

It changed Tim, too.

By the spring of 1961, this still-square clinical psychologist and college instructor was “sharing time and space” with an amazing collection of nuts, artists, full-time bohemians, visionary mystics, world-known geniuses. They included jazz musician Maynard Ferguson, the poets Charles Olson, Allen Ginsberg and Peter Orlovsky, the novelists Aldous Huxley, William Burroughs and Jack Kerouac. In turn, these iconoclastic celebrities turned “Doc Leary” on to the hippest high rollers of the East Coast Jet Set.

This was no accident since Tim was eager to make influential friends. He felt he’d soon need them if he was to accomplish the very ambitious goals he had in mind.

Leary knew that the stakes in this game were high. No one had yet properly promoted and publicized psychedelics. It was clear that the first man who did so would become famous and possibly quite powerful. He outlined his goals during a Faculty Club lunch to a rather suspicious fellow psychologist who recalls that Tim felt

This was headline stuff, destined for mass consumption. His horrified associate realized that Timothy Leary wanted to turn on the whole *world*.

Harvard was a great place to launch such a project, both in terms of prestige and freedom of action. The university's social scientists had full access to materials and people others could not reach. A tradition of free research would keep critics off Tim's back for a considerable period of time. (Although he knew that, sooner or later, the mind drug project would raise Ivy League hackles. Even at Harvard, the word "drug" was a tricky one in 1962. The whole country was, in fact, downright schizophrenic on the subject. It gobbled up tons of miracle drugs, pain-killers, uppers and downers on the one hand. On the other, America was terrified of a growing "drug menace.")

"Drug," observed Dr. Leary, "means medicine, disease, doctor. It also means dopefiend, dope addict, crime."

Faced with such an explosively dangerous situation, Tim decided early that he wanted famous and powerful friends on his side when the shit finally hit the fan. As he put it in *High Priest*, "the bigger and better men we got on our team, the stronger our position. And the big name bit was intriguing. Meeting and sharing visions with the famous . . ."

(Tim would later claim that, during this period, he'd "turned on" such "key figures in American society" as Daniel Ellsberg, Tony Russo, think-tanker Herman Kahn. Acid given by Leary to rich friends — like the Hitchcock family — circulated thorough New York and Washington high society and some ended up inside *Time/Life* publisher Henry Luce and his Ambassadorial wife. Rumor even has it that one of Tim's disciples dosed Nelson Rockefeller at least once but Nelson turned out to be "one of Tim's failures.")

As this wonder drug percolated through the upper stratas of national society, Leary tried to dispel the growing fear of his professional peers.

In May of 1962, for instance, he wrote (in the *Bulletin of Atomic Scientists*) that psychedelics were "not addictive, nor sedative, nor intoxicating . . . There is no evidence of any lasting and very few transient effects. Everyone agrees on one factor — they dramatically alter consciousness and expand awareness . . . Behaviorally the main effect of these substances is relaxation. Most of our subjects are very happy just to sit and enjoy the world. There's much less

talking, less superficial movement or conversation . . .”

The fear which psychedelics were just beginning to stir in the public consciousness could easily be resolved, said Leary, “by research, not words.” The solution lay in “accurate information openly shared and calm, courageous response to the evidence.”

This eminently safe-and-sane Dr. Leary proposed wise and reasonable rules for dropping mind pills:

- Be sure to have the proper “set,” or frame of mind, before turning on, he wrote. Have the proper “setting” — take them at the right time in a place that’s “respectable” and aesthetically pleasing. (Like his own comfortable study in Newton Center with its low lights, soft music and circle of congenial geniuses.)

- Don’t take pills with strangers. Have a friend or lover there and/or a guide who’s made the trip before and can help you get past any obstacles. Screen out true psychotics and don’t dose them. No subjects accepted who suffer from heart or liver trouble and no one pregnant. Only give Reality Pills to sensible and mature voyagers. Plan your course and destination before embarking and read all the available mind drug literature before you approach the real thing.

This was a perfectly reasonable and logical course of action. Had Timothy Leary followed it himself, he’d have avoided one huge heap of trouble.

Unfortunately for both Leary and the history of psychedelics, such precepts were for publication and not for personal practice. Tim’s private life at about this period was becoming increasingly chaotic.

When his Harvard superiors approved Leary’s “Study of Clinical Reactions . . .” they noted that he planned to engage in “democratic/participatory research.” That seemed fair enough. But it never occurred to them that what he meant was that every time anyone else in his growing circle of friends and subjects got high, Tim would drop Potent Pink Pills, too. He seemed to be out to establish a World’s Record.

Life at Newton Center became fast and furious. It was more of an extended party than a research project as even a cursory reading of *High Priest* clearly shows.

As Richard Alpert recalls:

“Tim’s house was always very chaotic and very exciting and very free-flowing. I mean, lots of people coming and going, people

screwing in all the bedrooms, the kids having temper tantrums, the dogs running around, you know. Lots of drinking. At midnight, the dinner would start to be cooked. There were always crises when the car would be broken down somewhere or other and somebody had to be picked up or one of the prisoners we were working with had dropped by the house and was acting out by beating up somebody or the kids were feeling unloved or, you know, there were a lot of frozen chicken pies on the freezer, I remember that. And lots of beer and bacon and eggs and a general joy in life.

"I mean, Timothy always had a joy in living and the only problem was that everybody around him wasn't always able to share in that joy.

"He tended to over-ride other people's suffering. Tended not to be able to allow them their space to be that way. It's not that he didn't see it. When he had to see it, he was really good at handling it, you know. But he tended to be a little insensitive to other people's stuff.

"I mean, because he was so attractive to women, the women were just falling all over him and when a new woman came along that he was attracted to, he sort of was unable to deal with the effect he'd had on the last one. Except to sort of ignore her.

"So all of us were always holding the hands of his ex-women, you know. So the dance we had together was that we became so complimentary in our work together because I was the very stable guy and that released him even more. My effect was the opposite of what I wanted it to be.

"But Tim seemed very happy, had a very full love life. If there were any problems they were strictly internal. Whatever bothered him was inside. Externally, he was really *working* at it."

Drug-taking at Newton Center was equally impromptu. On occasion, the careful rules Tim preached in print were followed. Sometimes they were totally ignored. Sometimes subjects were screened and prepared in advance; sometimes not. Sometimes everyone entered the experience cold sober. Sometimes they were all blind drunk. Sometimes everyone was calm and gentle. Sometimes Leary's fellow-voyagers got mean and dangerous.

The sexual results were equally interesting. Dr. Tim ran the psilocybin sessions so he was the authority figure, the instant idol for drug-dazed young ladies, the erotic guru. This middle-aged instructor who'd last year feared that his "sensual openness was

sliding down hill” now found that gorgeous young girls fell madly in love with him and couldn’t wait to get into the sack.

“It was inevitable,” he admits modestly in *High Priest*, “that the guide of the session would be seen as God and Lover . . . In the first two months of our Harvard research, seven women followed me home — and announced their love . . . I was awed and confused by the sexual power. It was too easy. I was too much of an Irish Catholic, too prudish to deal with it.”

Despite all the constant psychedelic voyaging and its hedonic side-effects, Leary functioned extremely well in 1961 and ’62. It was probably the busiest and most productive period in his charmed life. He impressed a growing circle of friends (like Charles Slack) as “a wonderful host, a warm human being and good conversationalist . . . A decidedly non-violent person, usually in control even when he was high as a kite.”

Tim’s closest new disciples were Richard Alpert and Ralph Metzner (a brilliant British grad student who made his initial psilocybin trip on March 6, 1961).

Alpert dropped his first psychedelics on March 12 and immediately decided he must devote his life to Leary.

“I felt here was a guy who was so brilliant and creative,” Dick explains. “And I thought of myself as not being either particularly brilliant or creative. But I saw that I was good at my game and I thought that I could justify my own existence, really, by using my game to protect him.

“That would be enough justification for me to have protected somebody like that, I thought. For a few years, I believed that he was *the* most creative human being I had ever imagined, you know. That he was head and shoulders above anybody else at Harvard or anybody else I’d ever met — I sort of became his Jewish Mother, put myself at his disposal, helped him with money, credit, contacts.”

Alpert recalls his first psychedelic experience:

“The external thing isn’t really what’s interesting,” he says. “It’s what’s happening internally. I had a kind of dishonest intellectualism before which worked very well in the society I was in. But it was terrible. I mean, I didn’t really know what I thought about anything. I really had nothing going inside that I knew of. I mean, I was a very sensitive person. People said to me, ‘Richard, you’re sensitive.’

“And I was a good therapist and all that kind of thing and I was

very smart in stuffed smartness sort of, but not really. Not really. But I came on like that. I was very dishonest in the fact that I could get very excited about practically anything new. Like, 'Wow! What great new cakes they're baking these days!'

"I would get turned on about anything if it was politically cool. I could get very turned on about it, you know. And I could write and do research and everything, you know.

"So that's the sort of game I was playing. Now the moment that I knew something had changed was that night of the first psilocybin session in March of '61, the night of the year's biggest snowstorm. And it was at Tim's house on Grant Avenue and then I walked back through the new snow to my parent's house a few blocks away where I was visiting for the weekend.

"And the snow was, like, really high. It was huge! And I was walking through these virginal white drifts and the sun was just coming up and I had been high for the first time and I was *really* feeling joy and a newness and freshness. And, like, this huge thing had lifted from me.

"And I got home and I decided that I'd shovel the walk and I started to shovel and I shoveled and I began to feel really good. Like, the first man out there in the snow shoveling the walk for mankind, you know! I was doing all the things that you do when you're feeling that way.

"And the window opened and my mother and father looked out the window and said, 'Get in here, you damned fool! Get in here! Go to sleep! You don't have to shovel snow at six o'clock in the morning!'

"And I looked up with a deep sense of, 'But it feels so *good*, baby! If you could only dig how nice it feels!' And it was a feeling out of a deep internal sense of rightness of what I was doing. And when they finally told me to get in, I just felt sorry for where they *weren't* rather than feeling that twinge of all the stuff like, 'Oh yeah! I must be doing something wrong! I'm sorry! Bloowwww! How am I blowing the scene now? Because my game was to keep it all, you know, just right. I was always the most responsible, you know, the most responsible one.

"I had been other-directed before and for the first time I got to some internal force in me and there it was and it wasn't bad and so I didn't have to put it down right to begin with. It was behind good and evil; it was like bedrock.

"I mean, it was just that point of *I-ness* that was just what I wanted. And then it was no longer the point of, 'Was Richard bad

or good?’ And the whole question of original sin ceased to be a problem for me emotionally because I just *was*. It wasn’t good or evil . . . I do good or bad things but it’s not a question of whether I’m good or bad . . . And I looked around and I made the best decisions I could make under the circumstances. If I did appropriate actions, you know, I was cool. I didn’t know the words at that time.

“I dug that I could look inside and it was OK to look, you know. And I had grown up with a mother who would say, ‘Put on a sweater because *I’m* cold,’ you know. That kind of philosophy of — you come home from school and it wouldn’t be, ‘Did *you* learn anything?’ It would be, ‘What did the teacher *say*? Did the teacher say you’re getting ahead?’

“Not, ‘How do *you* feel?’ Or, ‘What turned *you* on?’ you know. And none of that. So this was a whole new hit for me.

“Now why would I take psilocybin? Why did I take it? I took it because I trusted Timothy. I mean, I trusted Timothy in a way a human being just trusts another human being and, you know, it’s O.K., you know. And I knew he was saying something I really wanted to hear and I trusted him.”

Psilocybin remained the main experimental drug used at Newton Center until December of 1961 when Leary switched to even more potent LSD as his favorite mind-expander.

A visiting British friend, Michael Hollingshead, provided the initial doses which he’d obtained from a New York doctor friend then using it experimentally with patients. It blew Leary away.

He writes that he found himself looking directly into “The Hard Eye of God” and felt it was possible to “look out and see and participate in the entire cosmic drama,” back into the past, forward into the future.

He felt that “all forms, all structures, all organisms and all events were illusory, television productions pulsing out from the central eye . . . It was the most shattering experience of my life.”

In the months that followed, Tim took an amazing number of LSD doses. His old admirer (and often critic) Lisa Bieberman was shocked by such gluttony. She felt acid was holy and that it should be used as a sacrament.

“If anybody’s mind was ‘blown by acid,’ ” she writes, “it was his. To what extent that happened I can’t be sure, because I didn’t know him before he started using psychedelics. My early memories of Tim recorded some of the same grandiosity, non-sequitur logic

and carelessness of mundane fact and obligations that characterized his later behavior and, of course, he had not taken so much in those days.

“His theories weren’t so nonsensical at first, but then he was dealing with an academic audience, not with a less-learned public as in his days of fame, and perhaps he knew he couldn’t get away with it at Harvard. To attribute Leary’s personality to acid is absurd, though, for there have been millions of LSD users but only one Timothy Leary.”

Nevertheless, Tim got things *done* during this period and in a big way. The most socially-useful of his projects was called the “Behavior Change Program.”

It was conducted at dreary old Concord State Prison and it was the most daring portion of his drug research. The Massachusetts prison system encouraged him, at first, with great hopefulness.

The project’s premise was both logical and psychologist-like. Tim needed clearly demonstrable proof that psilocybin not only changed human consciousness but changed people in a way that was socially beneficial. Why not dose prisoners, men whose lives were already ruined by anti-social behavior?

They could be dosed under tight controls and in carefully-recorded conditions. They weren’t going anywhere. They’d be around from one end of the program to the other.

Normally, after release, ex-cons generally ended up back in stir. (Massachusetts then had a recidivism rate of 70%.) If members of Tim’s experimental psilocybin-dropping group could manage to *stay* out of jail for a good many years after release, it would *prove* the drug’s social usefulness.

It was a clear, dramatic demonstration and one that helped a lot of down-and-out guys who really needed help. Tim poured his immense energies into it.

The experiment began on March 27, 1961. By the time it was done, Tim and seven fellow experimenters would go into jail and drop psilocybin with a total of 35 inmates.

Things didn’t work out as simply as forecast — human relationships seldom do. But by the time it was done, Tim had learned certain fundamental lessons. He learned that scientific detachment and cold, analytical precision simply don’t work when you’re trying to improve the life of someone who really needs your help. He

learned that love and involvement work. It was much to his credit that Tim gave his 35 cons all of that and more. He summed up these central lessons in a fascinating paper called "Interpersonal Behavior and Behaviorism:"

"If you want to change someone's behavior — share space-time with him," said Leary, "if you can't mother them or marry them, the best way to influence behavior is to engage in reciprocal home visits or meet regularly in mutual extra-work locations.

"Consider a young delinquent. He is sentenced to prison at age 19. Now who is going to shape his behavior? Other prisoners. The older convicts with whom he shares cell, meal table, shop bench, yard time (and very often body space). Old pros in the cops-and-robbers game. Next to other convicts he will share most time with guards. How many prison officials, like prisoners, share the same belief about the unchangeability of personality? 'Cons are all alike. They don't want to change.'

" 'Cops are all alike. They'll never give you a fair shake.' Onto this scene comes the middle class professional. He calls the convict into his room in the prison clinic and spends from 30 to 40 minutes a week. His well-intentioned interventions according to the space-time formula are pitifully limited."

So Tim and his Harvard volunteers went all the way. They shared the same fears and distortions as the prisoners as they dropped psilocybin together. They were locked in cages with groups of five or six cons. They freaked out, sweated, screamed, hallucinated, loved and hated together. They became determined that "their" prisoners would change, would go back into the world and play the "game" of life to win this time. That they'd never end up back in jail again.

When the project ended in 1963, Tim, Ralph Metzner, Gunther Weill, Ralph Schwitzgebel, Jonathan Clark, David Kolb, Kathy Harris and Michael Hollingshead had each spent thousands of hours working with and for the cons.

They found the guys jobs when they were paroled. They found places for them to live (often in their own homes — Leary put up at least one ex-con). They made themselves available to handle emergencies 24 hours a day. They loaned money, counselled, stood up for the guys with wardens, guards and parole officers.

(They even tried to set up "Freedom Center, Inc.," a mutual assistance project like Alcoholic Anonymous which would have

provided a live-in half-way house for the ex-cons (had bad publicity not brought on political pressure and an end to the Concord operation).

By then, Tim claimed he'd cut the recidivism rate of his cons in half (down to 35%). He said that insight drugs had brought the men "mystical, transcendent death-rebirth experiences." The result, he said, was demonstrable personality changes, less depression, less hostility, more energy, responsibility and cooperation.

Prison officials remained skeptical and claimed that Tim's cons did better on the outside because of all the "extra personal attention" they received. Drugs, they contended, had nothing to do with it.

But they entirely missed the point. Of course it takes love and involvement to make people change — drugs or no drugs.

Tim was beginning to get into hot water at Harvard.

His reports on the mind drug experiments began to disturb his academic superiors since they often contained vivid descriptions of "deep holy experiences . . . seeing God . . . entering the infinite."

This kind of talk did *not* sit well with David McClelland and his highly scientific associates. Like Leary, they'd been trained to appear as rationalists, even atheists "skeptical of any sort of authority, ritual, traditions, faith and magic."

On the part of Dr. McClelland, a Quaker, such empiricism was more natural than it was for an ex-altarboy named Leary who'd been to parochial grammar school and a Jesuit college and was, despite his later training, a mystic at heart (if not still a Catholic).

Around Harvard, Tim was generally careful not to mention the "religious revelation part" of his drug experiences but to close friends it was becoming increasingly apparent that Leary's native Irish mysticism was definitely taking command.

By early 1962, the Newton Center drug sessions (mostly acid now) often included ministers and theological students.

Tim turned on Zen Philosopher Alan Watts, Religious Historian Gerald Heard, Dean Walter Houston Clark of the Hartford Theological Seminary. They talked of Hindu symbolism, the Eleusinian Mysteries, Tantric cults, the ancient secrets of Tibet.

"I was catching the religious fever," Tim admitted. "An increasing number of priests and ministers kept coming around. And then in the spring of 1962 came the swing to the East."

By this Tim meant his initial visits to Boston's Vedanta ashram

(then a favorite hangout of Aldous Huxley). Leary turned on the local holy folk, got high with them, decided on the spot that he'd be a Hindu "from this moment on." In May he was initiated into the slightly-modified Vedanta form of Hinduism. He now felt "the slow invisible process of becoming a guru, a holy man had begun."

Needless to say, Tim's brand of religion would never become dogmatic. He remained as much an eclectic in religious preference as he was in music, literature and copulation. He once told a reporter from the Papist magazine *Ave Maria* that he was still a Catholic, even after his ostensible "conversion" to Hinduism.

"You can be a Hindu and still be a Catholic," Leary insisted. "I'm a practicing Catholic when I take LSD . . ."

In keeping with such attitudes, religious observances at Newton Center became (to say the least) pantheistic. Susan Leary remembers one Eastern Sunday service at which Zen expert Alan Watts conducted a "very Christian acid session . . . They took LSD in goblets and read from the New Testament" while she and brother Jackie served as "acolytes."

To balance things out, Hindu "sex rituals" were held upstairs in an attic covered over with erotic Indian tapestries. This, supposedly, made participants feel that they were "balling temple goddesses."

When all of this got tiresome, Tim got in the habit of going off to New York for his weekend partying in the company of such new friends as jazz musician Maynard Ferguson and/or the super-sensual heiress Peggy Hitchcock.

Village Voice reporter Michael Zwerin recalls spotting Tim in a jazz club on one such weekend.

"The first time I saw Timothy Leary," he says, "the man fell down on a dance floor. I'd heard about him from Maynard Ferguson who was one of Leary's first research subjects. Maynard told me how acid had relieved him from the burden of his ego. Which confused me because he was still all ego. So when I saw Tim come in with Peggy Hitchcock and some high-class swingers and collapse while executing a soggy pierouette, I thought if that man had discovered something 'new' it was news to me. I knew all about falling down in saloons."

At about this time, Charles Slack ran across Tim at a Manhattan party. There he stood handing out the acid. He was dosing all the guests like a faithful family doctor. He held a little jar full of a very strong liquid LSD solution. He'd tell the "celebrant"

to open his or her mouth, then put a tongue depressor into the jar, remove it quickly to wipe a few drops onto a waiting tongue. Slack got in line, received his "medication" and slipped off into a rather nightmarish trip full of droll Uptown society talk, jailhouse recollections by two of Tim's visiting ex-cons, words of wisdom directly from the mouth of an extremely-stoned Aldous Huxley.

Dick Alpert was also spending quite a bit of time in Greenwich Village. He was using acid to further stimulate his partners in a number of notable gay orgies.

Once, he recalls that "I took five people and we locked ourselves in a building for three weeks and we took 400 micrograms of LSD every four hours. That is, 2400 micrograms of LSD a day, which sounds fancy, but after your first dose, you build a tolerance; there's a refractory period. We finally were just drinking out of the bottle because it didn't seem to matter anymore. We'd just stay at a plateau. We were very high. What happened in those three weeks in that house, no one would ever believe, including us . . ."

Rumors about these activities began to circulate around Harvard. The most intriguing story involved a drug session involving Leary and the great beat poet Allen Ginsberg.

It was a quiet Sunday in October during the football season.

The night before, Tim had staged a drinking party for the *entire* Harvard varsity football team and he was more than a bit hung over when Ginsberg's group arrived. It consisted of the bard, his lover Peter Orlovsky and Peter's brother (on a weekend pass from a nearby asylum where he was an inmate). Also on hand were two other unrelated visitors: Alpert's friend, "a racoon-hipster-painter from New York" and a totally-square Harvard anthropology student whose presence would lead to disaster.

Early in the evening, Tim passed around handfuls of the Potent Pink Psilocybin Pills. Ginsberg and Orlovsky gulped theirs down and headed upstairs to lie together naked waiting for the drug to hit. Racoon-hipster took his dose; anthropology student refused. Soon naked Ginsberg felt his psilocybin hit and he traipsed back downstairs. He was full of a love/peace vision he wished to immediately share with the world and asked Tim for use of the family phone so he might place "an international conference call" to President Kennedy, Chairman Khrushchev, Mao Tse Tung, Ike Eisenhower, William Burroughs and Jack Kerouac.

Leary thought about the ruinous cost of such a communica-

tion and talked Allen into calling only one of these luminaries, Kerouac.

"Hello, operator," Ginsberg began, "this is God and I want to talk to Kerouac."

"Huh?" she said.

"Kerouac," he said.

"And *who* is calling?"

"God," said he.

"How do you spell that?"

"G . . . O . . . D," said Ginzy.

"Oh," she said. "I'll connect you."

So Allen got on the line and hipped Kerouac to his Peace and Love vision.

In the meantime, Orlovsky's freaked-out brother was staging an indoor handball game with the delighted Leary Kids and Alpert's friend went out into the sedate Newton Center night looking for a few willing (female) disciples to join his *own* new religion.

The horrified anthropology student cringed in a corner watching and listening to all this delightful nonsense.

Within a week, the rumors were all over Harvard:

"Beatniks! Orgies! Naked poets! Junkies! Queers! Drugs!"

Tim summed up the situation with unusual directness:

"From that moment on," he writes, "my days as an establishment scientist were numbered."

Chapter Seven

With his Harvard "professor game" about over, Tim pulled out all the stops. By early 1962, he spouted heresy on all that his academic colleagues held sacred — the science game, the healing game, the knowledge game, the games of politics, education and psychology.

His irreverent thinking appeared in such professional journals as *Clinical Psychology* which in March, 1962 ran an article called "How to Change Behavior."

Speaking from a position midway between Western materialism and the more esoteric philosophies of China and India, Tim proclaimed that psychologists could not change behavior because they did not understand consciousness and the so-called "sub-conscious" games most people play.

"Behavior," he said, "is artifactual and culturally determined" and behavior sequences might be usefully considered as game sequences. Westerners were busily engaged in games they could not see, whose rules they ignored and whose final scores they seldom learned.

It was time, he wrote, to turn toward Eastern thought and methodology. Students of Eastern mysticism (and those who dropped mind drugs) could more clearly see the games they played.

"The visionary experience," he added, "is the non-game, meta-game experience. Change in behavior can occur with dramatic spontaneity once the game structure of behavior is seen." The visionary experience is the true key psychologists must use to change human behavior.

Tim outlined a number of methods by which one might experience the crucial visions.

He discussed the traditional aesthetic/saintly methods: withdrawal, yogic exercises, fasting, intense pain, fatigue and sensory deprivation.

These work well, he said, but it's a lot faster to drop psychedelics. He recommended LSD, mescaline and psilocybin since they quickly unplug a narrow game program. They unplug mind and ego and leave us with an "open brain, an uncensored cortex . . ."

"We overvalue the mind," said Leary. It's no more than

“a flimsy collection of learned words and verbal connections . . . a system of paranoid delusions with the learned self at center. And we eschew the non-mind, non-game, intuitive insight-outlook which is the key to the religious experience, to the love experience.”

It is time, he argued, to kill the mind and cultivate a “mindless vision . . . time to free the brain from the mind.”

These were fighting words to the supra-intellectual administrators who ran Harvard.

“You may be trying to make Buddhas out of everyone,” replied a furious fellow-instructor, “but that’s not what *we’re* trying to do.”

“The university presumably understood that parents sent their boys to school to become Harvard men, not ecstasy engineers,” commented a most unsympathetic psychologist.

“Not only were students being indoctrinated in the belief that communicable knowledge was the end-product of some kind of pointless ‘game,’ ” another complained, “but the drug experience was being held out to them as a kind of redemption from the rigors of rationality.”

This wave of outrage reached its crest on March 14, 1962 when Leary suffered an all-out fratricidal attack during a staff meeting at the Center for Research in Personality, the organization for which he presumably worked.

It came from social psychologist Herbert Kelman who complained that Tim’s favorite grad students and psilocybin-dropping buddies had formed a kind of clannish “cult” of their own. (This was true, since some 40 students and friends had formed around Tim.) Kelman wanted this kind of nonsense stopped immediately.

The debate which followed was supposed to be confidential, strictly a staff matter. But, unfortunately for Leary, a reporter for the *Harvard Crimson* student newspaper was present and the next day’s *Crimson* headlined his story on the “Campus Drug Cult.”

Leary’s safe, respectable cover at Harvard was blown. Within a week the *Boston Herald* had picked up the story and, in response, both state and federal drug agencies sent inspectors over to Cambridge to stop “the illegal administration of harmful drugs.”

On April 6, 1962, Dr. George Michaels (state drug agency head) told Tim and Alpert they must not again provide psychedelics without a certified physician being present.

At the same time, the Harvard Laboratory of Social Relations appointed a committee “to advise and oversee” all of Leary’s future

research. The committee demanded that he hand over his remaining psilocybin and he surrendered a quantity, but not *all* of it.

Things were hot at Harvard and it was clearly time to get out from under the university's no-longer-protective wing. Tim and Richard began looking for a place where they could continue their psychedelic experiments without further official interference.

Leary remembered a small, isolated fishing village on Mexico's west coast about 180 miles north of Acapulco called Zihuatanejo. With three months of summer vacation coming up, the whole crew could go south of the border and pop pills to their hearts' content.

In April, Dick and Peggy Hitchcock flew to Mexico to make the arrangements. (Peggy was the daughter of Thomas Hitchcock, polo-playing heir to the great Mellon fortune. Her brother, Billy, also Leary's friend, was a fast-living New York bon vivant much interested in psychedelics.)

The advance party found Zihuatanejo safely distant from the busy tourist route that runs from Mexico City to Acapulco.

"The town is unspoiled by commercial civilization," Leary wrote in a vivid promotional piece. "The inhabitants are friendly, honest and happy. Life is open, and is close to the sea, palms and sun."

At the end of a dirt road about a mile-and-a-half down the beach from the town of Zihuatanejo itself, stood the decaying Hotel Catalina (mostly empty these days). Its manager was a "dignified, slender, soft-spoken Swiss gentleman" who proved more than willing to lease the whole place for the summer to two Harvard professors and a gilt-edged heiress.

The hotel consisted of a central, open-air bar and dining room surrounded by six bungalows "each with four double rooms, scattered to insure free interaction but considerable open air privacy. String hammocks on the verandas give a view of the hills and bay, accented by occasional flights of parrots."

Most group activity would take place on the beach or in a special "drug session" room hung with brilliant Indian madras cloth.

Water ran infrequently and power was provided by a sputtering (often non-functional) hotel generator. Definitely off the beaten track and just right for Tim's purposes.

What Leary had in mind was a rather intense, private summer session attended by about 35 friends and associates. Most were

members of the so-called Cambridge "cult" who'd already taken psychedelics together. This would provide Leary with a "core group" of mind drug experts who could lead a new "Psychedelic Movement."

He felt that before they went out to proselytize in the greater world, they would benefit by living closely together for a summer in a "transpersonative" commune learning to comfortably share "space and time" and developing basic rituals for taking LSD.

Leary wanted to develop programming methods to make sure new converts would be "more open, aware, sharing human beings." At this point, many members of his in-group saw themselves as founders of a new universal utopian society emphasizing the values of a visionary inner life, personal freedom above all things and a philosophy based upon Eastern mysticism.

They were a privileged, highly-educated group. All were white, middle (or upper) class intellectuals. Some still were students (mostly of psychology). The rest had entered respectable, lucrative professional careers.

Politically (when they had any politics) they might be identified as liberals or libertarians. (Few true "radicals" were to be found among them.)

Their ethic was, for the most part, a humanist one. They defined themselves as a group mainly because they'd shared psychedelic visions. They seemed to have a common antipathy towards an increasingly mechanistic, anti-human American society which seemed to be rushing towards totalitarian conformity. Their ties got stronger with each new LSD session.

As one young member explained:

"Taking the drug is such an overwhelming experience that we soon realized that those of us who had done so had something wonderful in common. We wanted to be together constantly, sharing time and space."

They also wanted to share in Tim's presence his growing charisma and unquestioned ability to amuse, enlighten and lead people. He'd learned well that the man in control, the guide of a drug session could become its "guru" and could direct his group into any state of mind he chose.

"When the mind is suspended," he'd write, "you project on the calm person who has turned you on, all the attributes of divinity

and eternal malehood.”

The first summer at Zihuatanejo went smoothly. The only major hassle being the arrest of Jackie Leary on his way down there. (But Tim quickly bribed the Mexican cops and got his son turned loose; Jackie had been holding a few joints.)

Otherwise, the group suffered no official interference and they were told they'd be welcome back at the Hotel Catalina the following summer if they so chose. Tim even began to negotiate a long-term lease hoping to establish a year-around drug center.

When Leary returned to Cambridge in the fall of 1962, he felt more than ready to take on hostile Harvard administrators; now he had an organization behind him.

By October, the Learyites set up communal households in two old Newton Center mansions (as well as in Tim's Grant Avenue home).

“I bought a 12-bedroom house in Newton,” Alpert recalls. “We had a fine communal thing going. Then George Whitwood got another big house and then we had three houses in Newton.”

Richard purchased a rambling, green-painted monstrosity that, unfortunately, was next door to the home of an old lady who'd lived in this wealthy, conservative suburb for 32 years and who had absolutely no use for Leary's crowd.

She complained loud and long to local police and politicians about these “weird people who all wear beatnik uniforms — tight pants and jerseys, no shoes or stocking.”

One young man in his 20s was letting his hair grow down to his shoulders and the lady moaned that “every time I look at him, I want to vomit.”

She circulated an anti-Learyite petition and tried to get these “beatniks” zoned out of Newton Center. But Alpert's influential attorney father argued the matter before the City Council and cooled things out.

Over at Harvard, Leary had less luck. He found himself unable to quell a mounting tide of criticism. Stories about his “drug parties” had proliferated during the summer and he now faced equally ugly rumors about a whole new generation of undergraduate “druggies” who bought acid for a buck a hit from connections who were presumed to be Learyties. The university was in a panic.

Under such conditions Tim and Richard knew they'd get no further approval for Harvard-backed research. (Prof. McClelland

had just distributed a memo criticizing Tim's psychedelic utopians. He forecast they'd end up like "Mexican witchdoctors and Indian mystics" completely withdrawn from all social reality, wrapped up in a personal dream world. He complained that the Learyites of his acquaintance exhibited "a certain blandness or superiority and a feeling of being above and beyond the normal world of social reality." In November, Tim and Richard confronted Dr. McClelland and told him they now planned to work outside "the traditional science game."

"We've got our own game," they declared and then went out to set up the first off-campus Cambridge offices of the International Federation for Internal Freedom (pronounced IF-If, as though the speaker were stuttering over some terrifying cosmic question).

IF-IF began with a four-room, groundfloor headquarters at 14 Storey Street within sight of Harvard. They began an aggressive campaign to promote mind drugs and promised to soon publish a national magazine, recruit members by the thousands and open new offices in New York, Los Angeles and Mexico City.

Harvard responded with screams of public outrage.

On November 26, Dr. Dana Farnsworth (chief of the University Health Service) and Dean John Monroe wrote a joint letter to the *Harvard Crimson* warning undergraduates against the use of psychedelics.

"The ingestion of these drugs," they insisted, "may result in a serious hazard to the mental health and stability of even apparently normal persons. They intensify seriously a tendency towards depression and produce other dangerous psychotic effects."

The *Crimson* ran several other official anti-psychedelic warnings over the next two months.

Although the initial Farnsworth/Monroe letter had not mentioned the Learyites by name, Tim and Richard felt called upon to write a scathing reply on December 10 defending their research and urging a "calm, dispassionate dialogue" on the subject.

It was too late.

Leary and LSD were already the controversial topics of dozens of national news stories (mostly critical). The *Washington Post* claimed, for instance, that LSD was responsible for at least one suicide and for causing a respectable secretary "to appear nude in public."

Typical scare headlines of early 1963 read:

LSD Carries Wild Kick

and

Thrill Drug Warps Minds, Kills

Harvard big-wigs now began to look for a convenient way to dump Leary and Alpert without conspicuously interfering with the sacred Cambridge tradition of academic freedom and the independence of serious research. It would take five months to find an excuse, but find it they must.

Meanwhile, IF-IF blossomed and life in Newton Center's "transcendental communities" got damned interesting. As one participant later told a national magazine, group drug sessions had strong sexual overtones:

"I always had a strong urge for sexual experience," he said. "This is a well-known effect of psychedelics. It's understood you will have intercourse. We took the drugs in groups and then people went off into the bedrooms, two at a time."

Lisa Bieberman was now working full-time for IF-IF and she watched all this frantic drug-taking with envy. Since she was a college undergraduate, most IF-IFers were afraid to turn her on. Finally, she found a willing stud with some extra psychedelics to share.

"It was a bummer," she reported dejectedly. "Besides the fact that mescaline upset my stomach, I had taken the drug with someone I didn't trust very much, merely because he was the first to offer me some. I came out of the session with only disappointment, but still wanting to have the kind of experience I'd heard about.

"A few months later, the psychedelic properties of morning glory seeds were learned. This meant that it was no longer difficult to find the material for a psychedelic session.

"I arranged for a session with two friends from school at a house occupied by some of Leary's group. That meeting was my first real phanerothyme experience . . . What came out of it was a conviction, as I expressed it to my roommate, that "the universe is basically good." The other thing that came out of it was a great desire to turn everybody on."

With this kind of an evangelical impetus, IF-IF was soon telling Harvard undergrads (if they were older than age 21) that they could join psychedelic sessions, too. (Underage kids had only to bring a letter of approval from their parents.)

Harvard screamed in dismay:

Its student health officials argued that “uninformed young people could be permanently damaged by a bad drug experience.”

Dr. McClelland protested that the IF-IFers “kept saying in public that there hadn’t been any casualties — but we’d heard of guys going to the hospital, psychotic. I asked them about that, and they said it was the subject’s own fault. They hadn’t stuck with the drug long enough or taken it in the right spirit.

“Like Christian Science — if he’d had enough faith, he wouldn’t have died . . . They tell you that if you don’t take the drugs, you’re in no position to judge them. And if you do take the drugs, of course, you’re in no position to judge them.”

Early in 1963, IF-IF began to promote its second psychedelic summer in Zihuatanejo. The public was invited this time and a West Coast publicist hired to drum up interest out in California. Applications flooded in.

“We’re planning a systematic program of seminars and sessions,” said the IF-IF prospectus. “Most significant, however, is the experiment in transpersonative community living. New types of social relationships and non-verbal education will be developed.” (They also noted that Aldous Huxley’s utopian novel, *Island*, would be used as a theoretical model.)

Rates were low — only \$200 a month per person, including room and board, and another \$6 for each LSD session (complete with a guide).

Over 5,000 applications were received and 500 were marked “Acceptable.” The hotel could accomodate about 50 people at a time and, at this stage, IF-IF planned to set up a year-round program.

Late in April, Leary boarded a plane for Mexico to make final arrangements. (He said his university bosses had “excused” him from teaching regular classes.)

He was still in Zihuatanejo on May 6 when the Harvard Board of Trustees voted to fire him for “absenting himself from Cambridge without permission.” (They’d been looking for an excuse and had obviously found one.) It was the first time in the Twentieth Century that the usually-discrete university had fired a faculty member for such reasons.

On May 26 the axe fell again and the Harvard Corporation announced the discharge of Richard Alpert for giving psychedelics to an undergraduate student despite a written promise he’d made (on November 1, 1961) to refrain from dosing undergrads.

Richard publically admitted he’d broken his promise.

"A year and a half ago," he explained, "I had a very close friend who was a junior at Harvard. I want to keep his name out of this. He had been having bad, black-market-type experiences with drugs. I was spending my weekends with him. When you have something and it means something to someone you care about, but you can't give it to him, it bugs you. I gave him a very light dose."

Jackie Leary tells the story differently:

"Richard got fired from Harvard," he says, "because he had seduced and given acid to someone whose father was on the Board of Trustees. And the guy went home and told his father what he'd done. He said, 'Fuck you, Dad! I'm doing this! I'm taking acid and sleeping with a professor!'"

"So Richard got fired for that."

This unprecedented double-discharge kicked up a shit storm of sensational headlines:

Drug Black Market Exposed At Harvard

and

Harvard Fires Two In Drug Scandal

The newly-jobless Psychedelic Champions got one last chance to sum up their side of the controversy in a caustic article they wrote for the *Harvard Review* magazine in summer of 1963. Tim did most of the composition.

"Will man never learn the lesson of cyclical process?" he asked from a position of evangelical, self-righteous martyrdom. "Must we continue to jail, execute, exile our ecstatic visionaries, and then enshrine them as tomorrow's heroes?"

For the first (but decidedly not the last) time he compared himself to such men as Socrates and Galileo, Bacon, Columbus and Thoreau — persecuted visionaries who had the courage to live and think well ahead of their restrictive times.

He called Harvard "the Establishment's apparatus for training consciousness-contractors. The intellectual ministry of defense. Defense against vision . . ."

Dr. David McClelland got in the last, official word on the matter:

"It tears my heart out to see what happened to them," he said. "They started out as good, sound scientists. Now they've become cultists."

Chapter Eight

By the summer of 1963, Timothy Leary was an internationally famous (and notorious) figure.

By the time that year ended, few Americans remained unaware of his “Psychedelic Movement” and its colorful, charismatic leader. Newspapers headlined the latest exploits of the **LSD Cult** and its **Drug Tests in Mexico At \$200-A-Month Paradise**.

“We brought all kinds of people to Mexico,” Dick Alpert recalls. “Religionists, artists, scientists, writer and housewives.”

This summer was supposed to be a turning point for IF-IF, a public coming-out party, a bold attempt by a small circle of New England intellectuals and mystics to become a full-fledged international movement which would change the consciousness of the entire human race.

It was a Big Game. The stakes were high and elimination was brutally sudden. It was the kind of game you play for keeps.

Tim has written little about that second summer in an obscure Mexican fishing village; Jackie didn’t go to Zihuatanejo in 1963.

Fortunately for history, the session was attended by Stanford Psychiatrist Joseph Downing (during the June 1-16 period). Equally fortunate, he was *not* a member of Leary’s in-group. He remained an independent — if clearly sympathetic — observer and his report (published in the book *Utopiates* by Atherton Press) is the clearest and most valuable description available on how the Learyites of 1963 functioned, what they said and did, what they hoped to achieve.

Only 35 people came to Zihuatanejo that year “to study the transpersonative effects of group interaction with the concurrent use of LSD.” (Unfriendly observers called it “an extended drug party.”)

Activities began on May 1 and by June 1, when Downing got there, 29 “students” and six IF-IF staffers were on hand.

Most of the “students” wanted drug therapy. (A third had tried and failed at psychoanalysis.) They said they wanted to “unlearn established, learned or imprinted neural patterns” to permit “new learning based on present accurate perceptions rather than on past, irrelevant memories.”

Downing found that most members of the group lived in four major cities: Boston, New York, Los Angeles and San Francisco. 60%

were male, 50% were divorced or separated, only seven were still married and nine hadn't tried wedded bliss yet. All were white business and professional people or students aged 20 to 60 (most were under 40).

There were six clinical psychologists, five businessmen, three teachers, three artists, two ministers, one pharmacologist, a research assistant, an editor and an architect.

Of these "students," 13 said they needed help with problems involving drinking, marriage, neurosis and general maladjustment. Eight sought "self-acknowledgement" and six were after "religious faith and enlightenment." Two said they wished to "realize the basic unity of all mankind and the universe." Three had just come to Mexico for the ride.

Half of the group had tried acid in the past and 20% had used marijuana. There were no opiate addicts present and only acid and methadrine were allowed on the premises. (Tim was down on pot that season.)

"Psychedelic sessions were not limited to the sessions room," Downing reported. "They might involve walking up and down the mile-long beach, swimming, going to the dining room, resting. The setting was such that reasonable safety did not require physical limitation or confinement during the psychedelic experience." (But no one was allowed to leave the hotel area when stoned.)

IF-IF staffers planned composition of all acid-taking groups. A pre-session conference was held between the "student" and the staff person who'd serve as his guide. A follow-up conference was also held at which a research form was filled in giving details of the experience.

A Mexican Fiesta atmosphere prevailed complete with a mariachi party each Saturday night. But it was strictly for Tim's chosen few; when an uninvited group of "dirty beatniks" arrived hoping to crash the party, he threw them out. They camped down the beach hoping he'd relent and their presence eventually helped to bring unwanted attention from the local police.

Downing saw little friction or animosity and only one guest went away mad — an aggressive older guy who'd flunked out in a stupid power play.

Ten guests had to go home because their vacations were over; one had trouble with his wife and one just got bored. This left only the six IF-IFers and 16 "students" on hand by June 16.

Two acid sessions per week were considered "normal." Explicit rules governed all trips. No one could turn on for 72 hours after arrival and each had to take a three-day break between sessions.

The most interesting group ritual was that of "The Tower."

"A ten-foot tower with a six-foot platform was built on the beach in front of the hotel," Downing recalled. "This tower was known as the 'soul' of the group. The intent was to have one person under the influence of LSD in the tower at all times day and night.

"At sunrise and sunset a new person would ascend the tower, take a self-chosen amount of LSD, and remain until the next arrival. Visitors were permitted, the name of the tower occupant was passed around, and inquiries as to his progress were frequent.

"Over-all, there was a high awareness of his presence. The ambiance was that of a dedicated ceremony. To be permitted to take the drugs in the tower was much sought after and granted only by the leaders."

Leaders — a very important term at Zihuatanejo.

"The IF-IF leaders were the group associated with Leary and Alpert in Boston," Downing observed. "Most of them were psychologists or their wives."

These were the only participants with clearly-defined status and authority. They were the sole source of psychedelics, made all the decisions, planned all activities, seemed to function well themselves when high on acid. Having a private session with Tim — or any other IF-IFer — was considered a signal honor for "students."

This clearly shows that, although the Learyites emphasized a "No-Game" structure for their transpersonative community, they quickly invented a new game all of their own. Since Tim's inner circle made up the game's rules and umpired the action, this provided a fascinating example of how acid could be used for classic behaviorist "reprogramming." (They also insisted on considerable "togetherness." Everyone was expected to share in group activity, although no noticeable cliques of students were formed.)

Leary told his followers that acid would expand their consciousness and allow more utilization of the entire brain. (He said only 1% of the brain is used by most people.)

Acid, he insisted, would allow you to transcend reality and, thereby, "to know the inner (self) world and the outer (material) world for what they are — illusions."

Once you saw this, once the "game" nature of life was under-

stood and you saw all your old anxieties and conflicts for what they were (pure fantasy), then they'd just disappear.

In their place, IF-IF hoped to implant a world-view which rejected "naive realism," the idea that the world exists apart from the perceiver and that the senses give us an accurate picture of what is truly going on out there.

Downing called this philosophy anti-rational, anti-materialistic and heavily influenced by Eastern mysticism and the nonobjective, religious-aesthetic implications of the drug experience.

Sessions were set up with great care.

In over a year of experimenting, IF-IF had learned that "although it was possible to produce instant 'satori,' the illumination tended to be temporary." They wanted stronger and longer-lasting effects. They hoped to create a new "Science of Ecstasies" and to train "Ecstasicians."

Back in Cambridge, the IF-IFers had drawn up "session charts like a pilot's flight plan." One psychedelic voyager even made a 10-hour tape recording containing "the sound of silence" as well as his own voice giving directions and reassurance to be played back to him during acid trips.

IF-IF also kept busy preparing special LSD-taking manuals so that trips would lead to the kind of reprogramming they sought. They'd studied such "classic guides" as Dante's *Divine Comedy*, *The Egyptian Book of the Dead* and the Chinese *Tao Te Ching*. For their own esoteric purposes, they preferred *The Bardo Thodol* (*Tibetan Book of the Dead*).

The *Tibetan Book* was translated into a unique kind of "psychedelic English" by Leary, Alpert and Metzner. It worked beautifully when read on acid trips to reprogram the "students" towards new attitudes compatible with Eastern thinking. The book was in constant use at Zihuatanejo (and remained popular for many years after with the Learyites).

A sample instruction (in "Psychedelic English") from the First Bardo:

"All individuals who have received the practical teaching of this manual will, if the text be remembered, be set face to face with the ecstatic radiance and will win illumination instantaneously, without entering upon hallucinatory struggles and without further suffering on the age-long pathway of normal evolution which traverses the various worlds of game existence . . ."

In a rare statement on the experiences of Summer, 1963 at Zihuatanejo, Leary described the focus of the group's energy:

"The main business of this center," said he, "was the taking of LSD. On any day, one third of the people present would be sitting on the beach or crowded around the tables on the open dining patio planning a session that they were going to have that night while another third would be clustered in awed and bedazed groups reporting on and recording the session they had just finished . . . The night sessions would usually end in the water and the LSD voyagers would float out to watch the first rays of the sunrise."

Downing did detailed studies on reactions produced by all this acid-taking. He found that food intake was about normal; no one seemed to lose or gain much weight. Most Hotel Catalina guests drank an average two shots of liquor each day at the bar.

They slept more in the first few days after arrival; less, if not at all, after an acid trip. The men reported less erotic drive than usual (two became totally impotent behind acid). The women said they were just about as sexy as usual. All felt that acid loosened up their normal erotic inhibitions.

(Downing surveyed all of the hotel chambermaids to see who was sleeping with whom but found that indiscriminate promiscuity was "less frequent" than with the average party of visiting gringos. No homosexual activity was noted.)

Acid-takers smiled a lot but seldom laughed, yet they seemed "serene and happy" to Downing (who took no LSD himself).

The visiting Stanford headshrink reached some interesting conclusions:

The relationship between students and IF-IF trip guides was much like that between a hypnotist and his patients. Hypnotists, he noted, also like to play a "controlling, omnipotent parent figure" and their patients are often regressive, infantile and want to totally abdicate control over themselves.

Downing warned that acid too often produced a "Holy Man Syndrome" complete with all that "See All and Know All" nonsense. There were also conspicuous Delusions of Grandeur.

Frequent acid use could lead to "heedlessness of social realities" (a state of mind which he blamed for Leary's recent downfall at Harvard). Downing also warned of "unrealistic detachment and euphoria . . .

"IF-IF permissiveness and loose supervision of the psychedelic

experience,” he wrote, “resulted in serious psychological and physical injury to several people and possible danger to many more. IF-IF methods were neither scientific nor suitable to serious inquiry.”

But, in all fairness, Downing had to admit that conditions at Zihuatanejo were hardly ideal during the last few days he was there. The situation was increasingly disturbed by outside forces. Impending catastrophe was in the air.

First: The group was visited by a swarm of nosey and mostly-hostile reporters from both Mexican and American newspapers. (Hardly an accident, since IF-IF’s press agent had invited writers down from *Time*, *Life*, *Newsweek*, various newspapers, CBS television, and the *Saturday Evening Post*. He’d invited the governor of the local Mexican state of Guerrero and the Mayor of Zihuatanejo to come and see the controversial drug project for themselves.)

Tim had also recently stirred up a dangerous storm in Mexico City when he gave a lecture at the national university and managed to personally antagonize a prominent professor who complained to the government about “those drug addicts” on the west coast.

In any case, the axe fell on June 16 just a few days after the visit by newsmen and Mexican officials.

Several horrible accidents disfigured the safe-and-sane face which Tim had tried to put on his operation during that visit.

A gruesome murder in the area led local police to blame Leary’s group and the “beatniks and queer people” camped out down the beach.

When the officials and newsmen arrived for their inspection, they were confronted in a narrow corridor by a freaked-out psychedelic voyager, a middle-aged woman who resembled “the lank-haired vampire mistress from cartoonist Charles Addams’ haunted Victorian house.”

She jumped at them from an obscure doorway, naked but with her body covered by a red and blue ink drawing, a “grotesque artistic parody of the crucified Christ.”

In Catholic Mexico, the officials were suitably impressed.

The deportation of the entire Leary colony was ordered immediately. They were gathered up in trucks, driven to Mexico City and shipped back in a sealed plane. Newspapers throughout the world thought it was a great story. Sample headlines:

Mexico Ousts 20 In Drug Research

and

Dream Drugs Turn Sour

and

Mind Cult Evicted

This massive batch of international bad publicity made it hard for Tim to find any other place where he might set up a drug center. But he tried.

Son Jackie joined Tim in the months of July and August and he observed the discouraging end of that once-promising summer.

"First we went to Antigua," he recalls. "We got thrown out of there. Then we went to Dominica, which is just this small island in the Caribbean and we got thrown out of there, too.

"They just grew bananas and hardly anybody lived there. There was just this little hotel with no furniture in it and the guy who owned it didn't buy any 'cause there was no business. And all there was to eat was frog legs and I couldn't stand frog legs," says the young vegetarian.

"The whole idea was just repulsive to me. And then we went to this other hotel and there was this great stream, a mountain stream going by real fast and we'd swim across it 20 feet upstream. You could just lie there in the water and the current would just hold you up. It was a lot of fun. It was really cold.

"There was Susan Metzner there and her husband, Ralph, wasn't there yet so Susan and Timothy had a thing going. And when we were on Antigua, where Jackie Kennedy used to go, we stayed at some English guy's hotel called the Bucket of Blood that was on the beach. We rented the whole place until we got thrown out.

"And I remember there was some guy there who was really big, huge, tall. And sort of, like, he'd flipped out from acid and would just sit there out in the yard and he'd just sit there staring intensely ahead with his fists clenched.

"And then he'd stand up, suddenly. He'd just bolt upright. And he'd stand there a long time and then sit down again. And he'd just do that all day.

"It was weird, you know. I didn't understand what was happening. I guess he was stoned and he'd flipped out. And we were thrown out of there and then we all came back to Massachusetts."

The big freak in the front yard happened to be Tim's "secretary." Dick Alpert remembers him well:

"He was this big guy from Wesleyan," says Dick. "And he

went crazy down in Dominica and helped get us thrown out. You see the reason we were expelled from Dominica was this thing about lobotomy.

"When we got to the island, we had to win over 12 doctors to be able to stay and do our trip there. We had rented this Bucket of Blood place and *that* was pretty bizarre. And we were having a cocktail party every day for different doctors. The head doctor was this Dr. White whose whole game was performing lobotomies, training doctors to do it. He did so many a week.

"And we had this big acid trip where Tim and I were fighting badly because I was furious at him for blowing scenes so fast and running through money. We were, like, \$50,000 in debt by then. He'd run through everything I owned — my antiques, my Mercedes, all that stuff was gone. The airplanes and all my income, my job.

"So we had this big acid trip in which Tim and I rolled naked on the floor; it was a sexual thing we were working through.

"There were, like, 14 people sitting around us in a circle and Tim felt that what we were really fighting about was sexual in nature and so he took off all his clothes and he offered himself to me, really. And the whole thing was totally bizarre.

"So we rolled around on the floor and then worked it out and we all went swimming in the morning.

"There wasn't any real sex between us; not that time or ever. Tim was threatened by homosexuality. I think he'd had some unpleasant episodes in his life that he wanted to forget.

"But this big Frank Ferguson — Tim's secretary — he had a very, very far-out trip and he saw that we were making a pact with the devil by dealing with Dr. White and so, while we were all swimming with the babies and everybody in the morning and watching the day come up, Frank walked into town in his bathing suit and went to Dr. White and said he wanted to be lobotomized.

"The reason he was doing it was that he was offering himself as a sacrifice to save us from making a pact with the devil. He was stoned out of his mind, of course. And then we were all thrown off the island."

Tim felt that the whole Caribbean trip was a Super Bummer.

"I remember sitting in the back room of the ex-prime minister's grocery store," he writes, "drinking beer under a naked light bulb that reflected light off the shiny black arms and eager black faces, planning the project.

"We were the first white men they had ever talked to that offered anything more constructive than gambling casinos and our credentials and assets (we had Mellon backing them) were valid.

"Jackie would sit on the floor listening. He was also present when the white British governor and his white medical officer (both notorious alcoholics, condemned by the Colonial Service to this outpost) told us they didn't need any wild utopian schemes and that we were, as of that day, barred from the island for life."

Tim was crestfallen. No one in the world wanted his pill-popping project.

He felt all he needed was "one square mile of ground on this planet where we could live quietly, expand our own consciousness and contribute handsomely to the country in which we lived. But such a place was not to be found free from political or religious interruption . . . For the first time in human history, there seems to be no land of exile or immigration where groups of people sharing unpopular spiritual beliefs and practices can remove to live in peace."

Back they went to start all over in the Boston area.

They found IF-IF operating offices in the town's newest medical building (with the intriguing address of "Zero Emerson Place") but this bright new headquarters was virtually deserted and little energy seemed to be left after a summer of multiple flops.

IF-IF had been unable to realize many of the wildly-ambitious projects they'd announced during the previous year. They'd never gotten around to producing their "Automatic, Non-Verbal Experiential Typewriter." There were no "regular LSD religious services" being held in Boston churches, no "IF-IF psychedelic laboratories," no "Joy and Happiness Centers" where acid might be dropped freely in all the major American cities.

Nevertheless, IF-IF *had* managed to publish an impressive first issue (Summer, 1963) of the *Psychedelic Review*. By the end of the year, the *Review* would have a respectable circulation of about 4,000 (mostly by subscription).

Among its early editors were Dr. Paul Lee of M.I.T., Gunther Weil of Brandeis and Ralph Metzner. Tim's articles were prominently displayed in most of the early issues.

(The *Review* continued to appear sporadically for the next six years. It folded in 1969 with Issue No. 10.)

Another important project announced earlier — publication of a series of "psychedelic monographs" — didn't get started until

August of 1964 when the first edition of *The Psychedelic Experience: A Manual Based On The Tibetan Book Of The Dead* appeared at \$5 per copy.

Lisa Bieberman was one of the few faithful volunteers still sticking around IF-IF trying to salvage the situation in summer and fall of '63.

"Something bad was happening to the organization," she recalls. "That summer's disasters disheartened a lot of us.

"Worse, the group came back in pieces. I don't know what happened on those Caribberan islands, but it was the beginning of the end of what had been our warm, dedicated little fellowship. Certain persons who had been *in* were *out* now. And, as it developed, I was one of them."

In the following years Lisa and two other volunteers continued to operate skeleton IF-IF offices in Cambridge. Tim was not often in contact with them.

Joseph Downing also noted the passing of the International Federation for Internal Freedom.

"IF-IF's original messianic purpose," he wrote, "to change society as a whole by formation of a nationwide, drug-centered federation of like-minded people centered on the ideology developed by IF-IF leaders and receiving LSD from headquarters, had now changed to a small group with seclusive sectarian characteristics.

"The former IF-IF leaders are well prepared to work and wait for the next period of expansion . . . They can become leaders of significant spiritual and intellectual forces because no other group is as systematically considering the interpersonal and psychic significance of the psychedelic experience."

It was also apparent to Dr. Humphrey Osmond that the "psychedelic movement" was momentarily down but a long way from being "out." Osmond forecast:

"Timothy will create a maquis, a guerrilla band. And nobody has ever defeated a maquis.

"Don't forget, Irishmen are romantic and ruthless."

Chapter Nine

Millbrook New York is a quiet, self-satisfied little town of neat white houses shaded by enormous old trees.

It's at the geographic center of Dutchess County (governmental seat, Poughkeepsie) about 80 miles north of Manhattan and 10 miles east of the picturesque Hudson River Valley.

Little of interest had occurred here since the late 1890s when Carl Deiterich (king of the carbide lamp manufacturing business) purchased three square miles of wooded, hilly farmland just outside the town.

Deiterich enclosed the central portion with a high stone wall and erected an ungainly four-story Victorian mansion of 64 rooms with 10 baths, many fireplaces, brick chimneys, castle-like turrets and towers, long open porches, copper roofing, countless miles of fretted woodwork.

The millionaire also built a porte cochere, vast formal gardens, fanciful fountains, bridges, bridal paths, a three-story stone gatehouse, a two-story Bavarian bowling alley (where he and his beer-drinking buddies bowled beneath murals picturing the Hudson Valley back in the days of Washington Irving. (Old timers swear that Deiterich and his pot-bellied Germanic friends much resembled the Dutch elves Rip Van Winkle once encountered in this same territory.)

Deiterich imported some 200 Italian laborers to construct his "Alte Haus." Many settled in the nearby town and their descendants continued to look up to the current lord of the old manor with serf-like reverence.

In 1963, two grandchildren of Gulf Oil Founder William Larimer Mellon purchased the Deiterich Estate. For tax purposes, they put it in the name of the "Hitchcock Cattle Corp." but its true owners were Tom and Bill Hitchcock.

For Billy and Tommy such an investment was just a drop in the proverbial golden bucket. The brothers lived high off enormous trust funds (the interest, alone, netted each of them a yearly income of about \$7 million). Both were fun-loving and courageous on a scale to match their fortunes.

Tommy loved fast race cars.

Billy worked as a Texas oilfield roughneck so he could "learn

"life firsthand." Then he returned East to work for a large Wall Street stock broker.

Their sister, Peggy (a Learyite since the early days of experimentation at Harvard) was buddy and patron to many New York artists and writers (including underground newspaper editor Walter Bowart, whom she later married).

Alpert recalls Peggy Hitchcock with great enthusiasm.

"Peggy," he says, "is a very intense, charming, slightly-hysterical playgirl. Very smart and very excessive in her tastes. In the clothes, in the people, in the amount of everything. She always wanted more and more of everything. And since she had so much money, she used to get it. Sensual, hedonistic and also beautiful and a delight. I mean, Tim and I both loved her very deeply."

The mother of these three lively Hitchcock kids was Mrs. Margaret Mellon Laughlin Hitchcock of 10 Gracie Square, New York City. Mrs. Hitchcock usually gave the kids their heads. But when their conduct became *too* outrageous, she was known to predict they'd be "cut off without a cent."

Fortunately, Millbrook was many miles away from Gracie Square and, out there on that rambling, overgrown 2,500-acre "cattle ranch" they did what they damn well pleased.

But living in Deitrich's decaying, termite-infested, eerily-Gothic "Big House" was not what the kids regarded as fun. So, whenever any of the three Hitchcocks were in residence on the "ranch," they lived in a modern, marble-fronted "bungalow" (built in 1936 for \$500,000 and some distance from the old mansion).

So the Big House was quite available in late summer, 1963 when Tim Leary's entourage found themselves without an acid-taking headquarters.

Alpert recalls that:

"We'd been thrown out of Dominica and then Antigua. Tim was very depressed because he didn't want to stay in Cambridge or in Newton. He really wanted to get out and we were desperately looking around for something. And Peggy told me about the farm and its big old house and I drove up there with her.

"She didn't know whether her brothers would let us move in or not but we decided to push it very hard. We drove up around sunset one day in the summer of 1963. The place was deserted, all boarded up. You know, like this 64-room house sitting there on all that land.

"It was even more bizarre than Charles Addams would think of. And we went in with candles and, you know, we'd keep going from room to room and we got completely lost. We didn't even know where we were. We'd go into refrigerator rooms and the servant's wing and stuff like that. And it was an exquisitely horrible house and then I knew when I was in the middle of all that blackness that it was *our* place and then there was just the question of how quickly we could con her brothers into letting us have it. We moved in about the middle of August."

"We never paid any rent," says Jackie Leary. "We were supposed to pay \$500 a month but they worked out some sort of scam where Billy would give the money to IF-IF and we'd give it back to him and he'd get a tax deduction in the end."

The Learyites spent the first few months at Millbrook regrouping and planning a new course of action.

First, they needed a new, non-profit corporation through which they could operate and, even before IF-IF was formally phased out, the "Castalia Foundation" was established and named after the Castalia Brotherhood in Herman Hesse's novel *Magister Ludi* (*The Bead Game*).

Leary felt this was apt since Hesse's "Scientists-Scholars" had also attempted "to bring together visionary mysticism and modern science and technology," using meditation and other Eastern religious techniques "as a means of weaving together poetry, music, mathematics, science and unifying them. We attempt to do the same."

(Hesse was very big with Tim's group this year. Everyone was reading *Steppenwolf*, *Siddhartha* and *Journey to the East*. Metzner was the biggest Hesse fan of all and saw clear parallels between the German novelists's dream-like allegories and his own acid visions. Ralph was especially fond of the "Magic Theater for Madmen Only" section of *Steppenwolf* and used its symbology in his own psychedelic programming.)

After a sufficient amount of rest and game-planning, the crew decided to concentrate this year on "practical" public relations. The disasters of the previous summer, they decided, were largely caused by their ineptness in this vital field. As Alpert put it to *Newsweek* magazine:

"In Mexico we behaved like naive children. We went in there saying, 'We're nice people; people will treat us nice. We should have spent more time on public relations.'"

Newsweek considered this first-rate thinking, reported that a “new Leary” had established a “straight scene” at Millbrook and published a formal portrait of Tim and Richard dressed in tweedy Harvard suits and ties in front of the mansion’s baronial fireplace.

“Chemicals are only one psychedelic method,” the “new, straight” Leary proclaimed. “There are hundreds of others we can employ here — diet, fasting, dance, breathing exercise, sensory withdrawal, Zen, photography, archery.”

He announced that Millbrook would host a series of “drugless” consciousness-expansion seminars each weekend (at \$60 per head) and that no funny stuff would be tolerated.

“The beats come, see a straight scene and they go away,” Tim added with winning conservatism.

This was the sort of talk *Newsweek* understood. It was about time, they said, that Leary learned “to market his message” since his initial ideas had been “overpublicized, then attacked, then ignored . . . Now, after fighting their way to a commanding height hard by the Catskills, the two sinewy proponents of better living through chemistry survey an empty plain. The public, once titilated, now has abandoned them.”

But not for long.

Leary’s conciliatory “new approach” quickly won converts.

One of the most energetic of them was a certain Upper New York State school psychologist named Arthur Kleps who saw the publicity late in 1963 on the front page of the *New York Times* and rushed over to Millbrook to join the cause.

Kleps had already ingested 500 milligrams of mescaline and felt well prepared to become a full-time acid head. With his imagination working overtime, Art drove up to see Leary around Christmas, 1963. He fell in love with the man and his eerie old headquarters.

“Big houses with intricate floor plans figure prominently in the drama and fantasy life of individuals and races,” Kleps proclaimed in *Millbrook*, a fascinating history of his long involvement with Tim and the acid scene.

“One expects, quite reasonably, on a basis of experience, personal and vicarious, that if one is destined to perform noble deeds or to encounter great and mysterious figures that such a setting will be provided. We do not expect history to be made in hovels.

Art bounded up the ragged red carpeting of the main staircase to meet Leary in his third-floor study.

The First Meeting was an emotional one for Kleps but Leary seemed busy at his work and took only a brief moment off to play the “Two-Intellectuals-Meet Game” which, Kleps observed, “was kind of him.”

After his short interview up in the study, Kleps bounded back down the stairs to meet other members of the current Millbrook crew.

He found Alpert nervously distant, a rather academic sort of guy who seldom relaxed.

Biochemist Ralph Metzner (then in his late 20s) was put down as “a very neat, dry, brilliant man who made neat, dry brilliant comments but rarely spoke at length.”

Susan Metzner was “a classic, pretty blonde, healthy-looking American girl who seemed very soft and child-like in contrast to Ralph’s Germanic seriousness.”

Tim’s kids, Jackie and Susan “were very protective of their father” and a bit freaked out “but they didn’t get really weird until later.” This, Kleps decided, was not the result of “their father’s oddities or their own experience with psychedelics” but because of what the outside world would do to them in all its cruelty.

Jazz band leader Maynard Ferguson and his wife were “super charming.” They lived in a large, third-floor room below the “Tower” which was often used for special acid sessions (like the “Tower” in Zihuatanejo). The Fergusons were apparently having more fun than all the rest of the Millbrookers combined.

A tall blond young man was introduced as Billy Hitchcock and “it hardly registered that he owned the place.”

Kleps recalls that Mister Billy “had a happy, open way of talking, perfect manners — a sort of Frank Merriweather type who had somehow fallen into a pool of gold and come out smelling like marijuana.”

Billy announced that he was taking acid these days so “I can make more money on the stock market.”

What little furniture Kleps saw was “Early Godwill Industries” complete with lumpy cushions and stained upholstery. But things around the house seemed well organized. The rooms were neat and clean; everyone kept busy cleaning up after him/herself.

Art was fascinated with the fourth-floor “Tower” drug session room.

“There were windows all around and I could see the lights of the town of Millbrook twinkling in the far distance over a landscape

of moonlit snow and dark masses of pine," he writes.

"Two fat candles were burning and some incense and a little, cheery fire in a little, cheery fireplace. Oriental rugs. A low bed. A statuette of Buddha. A statuette of Shiva, dancing on Rama as usual. A copy of the *I Ching*. From a speaker in the corner a Zen chant droned."

Dinner was served in the formal dining room "on a long table with everyone seated as god intended." (Eating on the floor or in the kitchen would be a regression Kleps would note with much distaste a bit later.)

Tim's followers seemed animated and "as natural and open as anything in my experience . . . A tradition of judiciousness or sober discourse did not evidently prevail and . . . one might shoot the shit, as it were, with carefree abandon and not expect to be held accountable for every little slip into illogic or bad taste.

"On the other hand, conversation at Millbrook in those days was intelligent, literate, witty and general, as well as carefree and spontaneous. Everyone was making the usual 'high brow' assumptions about each other's tastes, politics, opinions on the leading issues of the day, morals and mores . . . Even one stupid, ignorant or deranged person in such a group seriously degrades its quality, like a fly in one's soup . . ."

Kleps felt that this bright scene was doomed because Leary would soon decide "to play it like a politician rather than a scientist or philosopher . . . Soon everyone would be oriented toward reaching the public, changing opinion, and changing (or preventing change in) the drug laws. The headquarters of a popular revolutionary movement cannot be run on upper class social standards because it is not a good image for the troops."

Art did not visit Millbrook again until his Easter vacation during the following year and he found that the place had greatly changed, that a "Swing to the East" was in high gear.

"The visitors hall had been jazzed up," he writes. "The whole house, in fact, was beginning to take on an appearance of contrived mystification or orientalization with most of the heavy furniture, including the dining room table and chairs, out of sight somewhere and lots of cushions and mattresses covered with intricate patterns substituted."

(All the beds, it seems, had been thrown out after a group acid trip because they were not considered "aesthetic" enough.)

"Poor people need furniture," Art comments dryly. "Only the

rich can afford to live on the floor.”

During this visit, Kleps toured Ralph Metzner’s electronic workshop and saw a new mimeograph room where a stack of circulars announced the formal demise of IF-IF (with or without Lisa Bieberman’s permission). Then Art returned to the Tower Trip Room which was more Oriental than ever. He felt this enforced “Eastern Exposure” was a decided philosophical imposition.

“Many people who never have a visionary experience on acid learn just as much as those who do, if not more,” he observes. “And all the Oriental folderol frequently shifts attention from the present and encourages all kinds of fanciful and paranoid notions. A succession of fantastic spectacles is all very well, but people must learn to ask the right questions before they get any right answers.

“Sitar picking never sent no steamboats up the Ganges.”

Jackie Leary recalls the Early Millbrook Scene as one which was self-consciously intellectual.

“I mean,” he says, “there weren’t any hippies in the beginning. Mostly academic people hanging out. Everybody was 45 or 50, you know. Very conservative, very academic and religious. Sometimes hippies would come out, look around and then they’d split.”

To Richard Alpert Millbrook was, at first, “a small utopia, a place where you begin to see how it can be. You know, how men can live with one another. Because we did have to take care of our own that were freaking out and somehow the shit had to go down the toilet and the food had to get in the belly and the babies had to be put to sleep and it was all still happening, man. It all still happened.

“I mean, it was really incredible. It was a little of everything.

“Once we went out in this blizzard . . . we’d steal the snowplows, you know, from the barns and we’d go out into the blizzards and Maynard was there with us; we were all full of speed and vitamins.” (Obtained from a certain “Doctor Jake,” then a friend and personal physician to John F. Kennedy who also dug this potent combination.)

“And there was a lot of music and joy,” Richard continues. “We had a monkey and an aardvark and four dogs and about nine cats and the scene was, like, ice-skating in the middle of the night and it was beautiful. We had a delicious time. Lots of musicians; all kinds of people.”

Timothy Leary regarded Millbrook at this stage as a testing ground for his latest theories and an organizational headquarters. He wasn’t yet calling it a “religious center” but that development

was clearly on the horizon.

At about this time, Art Kleps made a point of visiting Lisa Bieberman in what remained of the struggling little office of IF-IF at Cambridge. He found her "a very dark, very intense, very persistent woman who worked her little hairy ass off what whatever she believed in."

Lisa told Art that her acid trips were "exclusively Christian." She was extremely critical of the "impious" lifestyle over at Millbrook but Kleps found her visiting Tim there early in 1964.

Art was talking with Lisa in the kitchen (and musing on certain "pronounced similarities between Leary and the well-known Jesus Christ") when Tim arrived "tousled and haggard, drew a coffee and turned to the assembled breakfasters to inquire rhetorically"

" 'Jesus Christ! Do I have to fuck every girl who comes to this place?' "

Lisa was mortified and fled in horror, never to return.

Over in the little town of Millbrook, itself, Art found that Tim's crew was regarded with an odd mixture of suspicion and gratitude. They spent enormous sums of money. (Kleps remembers Leary spending \$300 for groceries on one shopping trip without even blinking. Kleps kicked in \$50 for enough Hennessy cognac to keep things fluid for a day or two.)

"I remember going to the liquor store a lot," Jackie recalls. "For a while there was only one liquor store and I knew the son of the guy who owned it. I remember going in and cashing a lot of checks there. We did a lot of business and I guess Timothy drank up a lot since there weren't *that* many other people drinking up at the house."

Life at Millbrook was becoming expensive. Alpert was still covering much of the cost. When Art and Tim got back from shopping they found Dick seated at a table, casually signing a big stack of \$100 government bonds he was about to cash in.

They sat down for a casual discussion which began with money and ended, as such talks frequently do, on sex.

Alpert fondly recalled his well-spiced upbringing as the son of a railroad president. He told how he'd lived in "a private railroad car with a teen-aged brother and sister team who provided both service and recreation," Kleps writes.

" 'Art,' said Dick, 'I didn't know what to do to whom first.' "

Alpert also liked to tell the story of how he'd recently smug-

gled in \$10,000 worth of LSD into the country in a hair oil bottle wrapped up in one of his tweedy old professor suits.

He got by customs, alright, but the bottle broke on the way back to Millbrook and the LSD soaked into the suit.

"We weren't sure what to do at first," Dick says. "Do we cut the suit into small pieces and sell them? Do we wash the suit and sell the water? We decided we'd just lick the acid off the suit and we hung it up in a closet.

"Then all we had to do was lick the lapels or the sleeves or whatever. We'd get into this thing about: 'Do you want the cuff or a button this time?'

"It really lasted a long time. Great stuff!"

Although Tim's followers tried to appear calm and unified, Kleps found that in spring of 1964 Millbrook was "riddled with subterranean rivalries and ideological conflicts . . . Axes were being ground all over the place. The class level had begun to do down a notch. The game of gentleman scholars was over and doctor/patient had begun . . ."

Tim's family scene had also gotten complicated.

Young ladies who visited hoping to turn on with the world's most famous "Acid Guru" generally wanted to ball him, too. Susan Leary (a highly Oedipal 16-year-old) wanted daddy all to herself, so she got sent off to boarding school to keep her clear of the action.

"Susan always had a hard time," Dick Alpert observes. "I mean, she's been just on the edge of keeping it together at all for years now. She loved her father so much that she hated all of us when we didn't appreciate him enough and she was terribly upset by this parade of women who came through the door all the time.

"She hated them all because she was totally in love with her father and he played with it, you know. And that's part of the reason why Jackie ended up hating Tim so, although deep down he really loves his father incredibly and identifies with him very strongly."

As Jackie himself describes the situation:

"In the winter Susan would go to boarding school and in the summer it was dance school. She had a hard time in school. She didn't like going down to the dining room, for instance. I was there once and it was a big thing. She was eating this raw meat that she'd bought at the store and was storing outside her window in the snow so she wouldn't have to go to the dining room and she's just eat that. She also had this grass at school under her mattress and I thought she

was going to get caught for sure.”

Tim could get along fine without Susan but he kept Jackie at Millbrook and sent him (briefly) to the local public schools. Tim had little use for traditional education and assumed Jackie could “pick up more” just hanging around his dad. He knew the boy was using grass and acid but felt it was good for him.

“At Harvard, in Mexico and here at Millbrook,” Tim once told *Playboy*, “my children have witnessed more psychedelic sessions than any psychiatrist in the country.” He felt that teaching Susan and Jackie to read was wasteful and dangerous.

“I’m not going to push symbols on my kids till they’re 10, 12, maybe 15 years old,” he said. “I’ll never encourage them to read a book . . . I’ll teach them to live as an animal and as a creature of nature.” He felt that acid was OK for high-school-age kids and those using it during this period were members of “the wisest and holiest generation that the human race has ever seen . . .”

Although this may have provided exciting copy for *Playboy*, such thinking proved a complete wash-out when it came to dealing with two badly-confused and almost-uneducated children of his own.

Jackie hit that classic adolescent danger point (age 14) while living at Millbrook and it would either make or break his lifelong relationship with a charming — but often indifferent — father.

On the one hand, Jackie felt intense loyalty and identification towards Tim. On the other, violent resentment.

“You know, he was my father,” says Jackie today. “So I loved him because he was my father. But I never loved him because I thought he was really great . . . I don’t know when I started to hate him. It’s sort of something I had felt but never really thought about when I was real young and then it sort of gradually built up until I was thinking about it all the time, you know, in my head.

“I thought he was an asshole even when I was seven or so. One of the first things I remember was I always thought he was real crazy. I remember when I was real young, like, when we were talking to somebody, and he’d just do something really weird.

“I just thought, like, ‘This guy is crazy,’ you know.

“I remember thinking, ‘Well, this is my father.’ And I thought, ‘I’ll just have to be real careful with this guy, treat him with kid gloves because he’s liable to just do something really weird. And I thought he was dangerous and crazy . . .”

Although he distrusted Tim’s opinions on most other things,

Jackie heartily agreed when it came to kids smoking grass and dropping acid. He remembers his first experience smoking marijuana. It happened at Millbrook:

"I was with this friend of mine; he was a bit older than me and there was this pot. Everybody was smoking pot, you know.

"So I told him it was Scotchbroom — in those days, everybody heard you could smoke Scotchbroom and get high.

"Then we started smoking and by then I thought he knew it was pot but he didn't know what pot was anyway. He thought pot was a narcotic and he'd get strung out.

"So we smoked it and, like, they had a kilo or a pound around the house and we just rolled a joint.

"I got stoned and we walked downstairs and they'd just gone through this door and brought back bags and bags of food and they started to unload and suddenly I began to laugh. I guess the first time you get stoned, everybody laughs. And so I ran out and we locked the door and we laughed.

"Just roared with laughter. And so we were smoking it once or twice on weekends.

"And so finally I told him it was grass and he was shocked and he said, 'Isn't it addicting?' And I said, 'What do you mean? You're not strung out and you've been smoking it all this time. Didn't you know it was pot?' And so everything was groovy."

Jackie sampled his first LSD several months later:

"There was this acid in a jar; it was liquid mixed in vodka or something and you put your finger in to get the acid. I remember everybody would say — a dose would be called a 'finger' — everybody would say, 'I took a finger of LSD.'

"Cause you would stick your finger in and then suck it off. And everybody was talking about a finger and half-a-finger and stuff like that.

"So there was a bunch of people there and they were having slide shows down in the front room. So I had the jar; it had been sitting around and I guess nobody knew I had it, it just disappeared.

"So my friend and I, we stuck our fingers in and we licked them off and we went down and we were watching the slides and everything and he got really freaked out lying on his back and staring at the ceiling and I wasn't quite as stoned.

"That was the first time.

"The next time I took some with Ralph Metzner; he gave me

a little and I didn't get too stoned and then after that I did a couple trips and then I did some DMT. Someone gave me some DMT and I used to smoke a lot of that and I'd come down to dinner and I'd be hallucinating.

"You know, there'd be a sort of a line, a buffet to put food on your plate and I'd be standing there laughing, holding up the line. I'd be looking at the food and seeing things. I'd be telling everybody what I'd been seeing and everybody else would be laughing; it was really weird."

Tim told followers outside his own family that, on their initial LSD trips, it was essential to have an experienced "guide." But Jackie says that his father never made any attempt to guide him on the son's strange journeys. He was too busy with other things.

"Millbrook was Timothy's personal scene," Jackie says with some bitterness. "You know, the 'I Am It Game.' A few interesting people would come out who were not willing to, you know, run around Timothy. So he'd start a thing, making up rules and stuff to make up for them not thinking he was *it*. I thought he was always setting off one side against the other. I thought he was just always starting, you know, sort of a struggle. Setting people against each other — a power struggle.

"I'd hear him talking to people and then I'd read his writing and find it was pretty much verbatim what they told him. He was very square and had to pick up a lot of that stuff from hanging out with hipper people."

This sort of situation turned off many former followers. Lisa Bieberman was certainly one of them and she was quite vindictive about it.

With or without Timothy's blessings, she continued to be active in the psychedelic movement, put out 35 issues of the *Psychedelic Information Center Bulletin* from her home in Cambridge (over a period of six years) and also issued thousands of copies of psychedelic formulas (allowing numerous bathtub chemists to synthesize their own mind-bogglers).

Lisa used her *Bulletin* to frequently rake Leary over the coals. She said that the Millbrook group "had no program or, if it had one, it was a secret."

She said the Big House was "a madhouse place that nobody can stand for long. Of the group that started there, none remained long except for Leary and his daughter and his son. In the mad

scramble to be IN, nobody asks what became of the people who were IN last year. And the latter are silent.”

A wise silence.

The psychedelic movement was, by this time, under massive public attack and badly outnumbered. Many dedicated people who sincerely disagreed with Timothy Leary were keeping their opinions to themselves rather than allowing the public to see the schism.

So Millbrook (as presented to the press and carefully-programmed weekend visitors up for the “Non-Drug Sessions”) had to appear (as Tim put it) “a serene and beautiful place inhabited by serene and serious-minded people who are dedicating their lives and their energies to expanding their consciousness and harmonizing with the energies inside and outside of their bodies.”

In fact, as far as *he* was concerned, Millbrook was not even truly a part of the 20th Century.

“I am surrounded,” he said in a promotional monologue, “by objects and furnishings which would be more at home to a person from more ancient centuries or perhaps from Oriental countries of the present time.

“The room is lit by candlelight. There are no chairs or tables but only colored mattresses and cushions. On the wall there are tapestries of far-away events and places . . .

“I can look down on acres of green lawn. Down there on the left underneath the trees I can see a meditation house, a one-room jewel-box where people go for a few days or a weekend at a time to live in silence, cut off from the pressure of the world and turn on, tune in to inner possibilities.

“Just beyond the meditation house, there’s an iron gate which leads down stone steps to a meditation garden. There’s a huge maple tree 20 feet in diameter with ponderous, stately limbs.

“About 15 feet up in the tree, there’s a tree house covered with spider-web roping. A beautiful elvin girl with golden hair is living there this week.

“Beyond the tree, there’s an apple orchard and an organic garden. Further out around the house there are meadows, sacred groves, pine forests, waterfalls, brooks.”

Inside Millbrook, said Leary, all was calm, unified and orderly.

(“An Irishman’s imagination,” said George Bernard Shaw, “never lets him alone, never convinces him, never satisfies him.”)

Chapter Ten

When Paul Krassner was still publishing his satirical magazine (*The Realist*), he visited Millbrook to attend a "Non-Drug Session."

At first, Paul was ready to buy Tim's glowing picture of the place. But then realism — and Paul's legendary sense of humor — took effect.

As Krassner reported it, he'd no sooner gotten off the train at Poughkeepsie and stepped into a waiting car than he was handed "Message Number One" telling him what to do during the visit.

"Your weekend at Millbrook," it said, "has been planned to provide a series of novel and consciousness-expanding experiences. . . The first step in the process of going beyond our routine and familiar patterns is a period of *Absolute Silence*.

"Shortly after your arrival at Castalia, you will be given further instructions. Please do not engage in conversation of any kind until the breaking of silence is publically announced. For now: *Look . . . Listen* (to the non-verbal energy around you . . .) *Experience Directly*."

On entering his room at the Big House, Paul got "Message Number Two" which told him to write ten answers to the question "Who Am I" and to describe which areas of consciousness he wanted to expand during the "Drugless Weekend."

He was also ordered to spend the next 10 to 20 minutes meditating. "Focus on the candle and see if you can turn off planning and thinking. Concentrate on the moment-to-moment flow of time."

Krassner's a lousy meditator and he was becoming discernibly bored. But he waited patiently and, sure enough, "Message Number Three" was soon slipped beneath the silent door. It told him that:

"The roles which have been most comfortable to you and which are of most use to you in your regular life will be of lessened utility here and may, indeed, handicap you.

"The aim of the workshop is to get out from behind your routine robot consciousness. Thus there is little interest in who you are (were) and much more concern with where and how far you can go. What you can obtain during the weekend depends in part on how much of your routine ego you can leave in your room. Why don't you check it in your suitcase? . . .

"Be aware and try to minimize the attempt of your robot to cap-

ture audiences for its personal dramas . . . Please observe the laws of the land. In particular, do not bring marijuana or any other illegal chemical to the weekend workshop . . . Now, turn off the light and meditate again for 15 minutes.”

More endless boredom. Krassner was beginning to wish he'd stayed in New York. Finally he was called downstairs for dinner.

In the dining room he found a dozen guests awkwardly perched on lumpy cushions around a low table. They ate in nervous silence except for “Bright Sayings” projected at them over a loudspeaker. All were embarrassed. All wished they'd stayed home. Was *this* the Path to Higher Consciousness?

Art Kleps was on hand to witness one of these strange “Non-Drug Weekends.”

“Dinner with the silent guests was hilarious,” he writes noting that each wore a rumpled white bedsheet as if it were some kind of philosopher's toga. They looked very uncomfortable.

In front of each guest was set a formal placecard which announced his name, like: “Doctor Middlekidney.” “Companion of Doctor Middlekidney.”

The guests smiled grimly “with fear in their eyes.”

Out in the kitchen, the well-stoned regular residents of Millbrook cooked up the grub and choked back gales of laughter. Kleps was asked to go out and read some more of Leary's pre-programmed “Bright Sayings” while beating occasionally on a large brass gong for emphasis.

“With the next mouthful of food,” he read soulfully, “contemplate the wonders of the body, where the food goes, how it is digested.”

(What the fuck! thought Kleps. It goes down into your gut and then out your asshole. It ends up as pure *shit*!)

But he kept a straight face and read on:

“When you hear the sound of the gong,” he continued, “observe the body's structured wonders — skin, hair, tissue, blood, skin, bone, muscle, net of nerve.”

At this point, Art gave the big brass gong a hearty bang like the husky Indian opening another J. Arthur Rank film, took one more look at the miserable guests and ran like hell for the kitchen where he got the door closed behind him just in time to somewhat muffle his shrieks of hysterical laughter.

Tim was seldom on hand to witness this profitable nonsense. That fall he was out on the lecture circuit with Alpert.

This tour took Tim from coast to coast. He was personally on hand late in 1964 in his old stomping ground at the University of California in Berkeley to witness the beginning of a decade of student protest.

Unlike most other "youth-oriented" liberals of his generation (who took the side of the kids during the epochal "Free Speech Movement"), Leary was appalled by this first clear sign that the late 1960s would be a time of increased political activism on campus (much of it directed against the Vietnam war). His opposition to such activism was clear and unequivocal.

"Don't vote," Tim urged. "Don't politic. Don't petition. You can't do ANYTHING about America politically . . . Avoid conflict with the establishment. Avoid recruiting and rapid growth."

He later told Krassner that demonstrations like the Free Speech uprising simply "played right onto the game boards of administrations and police."

He insisted that students "would shake up the establishment much more if they could just stay in their rooms changing their nervous systems."

(Interestingly enough, Tim operated with a clear double standard when it came to "Anti-Establishment" conduct. He was strongly against activism involving everything *else* than psychedelics. But when it came to mind drugs, he was willing to get very political, indeed.)

This contradiction amazed — and sometimes appalled — his followers, especially those who'd come to regard Leary as a leader in the various "radical" liberation struggles.

They soon found that he was not in the least radical when it came to politics. (He believed in a highly aristocratic mixture of Social Darwinism and right wing, laissez-fair "libertarianism." He was about as "liberal" as a well-fed Brahman Prince who lectures his starving subjects on the karmic values of hunger while stuffing down a ten-course dinner.)

Nature, Leary would often say, is basically aristocratic. He felt that equalitarian democracy (the rule of the middle) was no more than a brake to evolution.

"People should not be allowed to talk politics," said Leary, "except on all fours."

He felt that his followers — and natural audience — should consist of the "sons and daughters of the ruling class."

Richard Alpert listened to such diatribes with nervous incredulity. He heard a lot of them since, during 1964 and '65, he and Tim spent a great deal of time together on the lecture circuit. Their views — on politics and a great many others things — were far from identical, yet Leary generally ended up having the last word.

"Tim and I have this history," Dick explains, "every new thing he comes up with, I've always put him down for it. It's like some kind of husband and wife routine — he likes fat; she likes lean. Everything he comes up with is not necessarily where I'm at.

" 'Like, I think I'll use the term psychedelics,' he told me in the beginning. That was about 1962. 'Psychedelics?' I said. 'Nobody will understand you.' But they did.

"So in 1964, when we gave a lecture in New York's Town Hall, he wondered how we should introduce ourselves. (We were wearing, at the time, work pants, blue work shirts, red socks and sneakers — that was our uniform in those days.)

"So, anyway, he told me, 'I'm going to say that we're mystic visionaries.' And I answered, 'No, don't say that for me, Tim. I'm no mystic visionary.'

"So he went up there and said, 'Ladies and gentlemen, I'm a mystic visionary and he's an explorer.'

"Now it's taken me years to realize that when you really, really get down to it, I'm a mystic visionary.

"Oh shit, he's done it again!"

Tim met some fascinating people during his travels in 1964 and early '65. Among them was the gorgeous model Nena von Schlegrugge (daughter of Brigit, the Baroness von Schlegrugge). Nena was a real prize and their sudden romance caught most of Tim's friends by surprise.

"She was very beautiful," Jackie recalls, "Long, thin, blonde. Very Swedish with long, blonde hair."

Nena was used as a model in the popular Erik Cigar ads on television during this period. She appeared as a Visionary Valkyrie drifting down a mythological river into the sunset on a Viking longboat while the orchestra played a moody snatch of Wagner.

When her voluptuous photo appeared in *Harper's Bazaar*, the editors noted that "Nena is an avid concert and ballet goer; she also likes art films and photographing nature and animals; but when it comes to writing, she doesn't. Nena would rather pick up the phone or cable to say she's arriving or departing. Born in Mexico,

and raised in Peking, she became a seasoned traveller at a youthful age, so today it's only natural that she spends much of her time jetting from her New York base to various and sundry European and Asian destinations."

Alpert recalls the romance quite well.

"I think Tim met Nena at Millbrook," he says. "She might have come up as one of the models that Billy and Tommy Hitchcock had at their house.

"The Bungalow would be filled weekends with playboys and models and lots of drinking and fast cars and helicopters and stuff.

"And our end of the estate would be filled with musicians and witches and prisoners and philosophers and junkies and the whole weird scene. And the people up at the Bungalow would be fascinated and come down and observe us.

"We were playing with them, as well, so the dance was complicated. We'd get together weekends, you know. And I think Nena was one of those models who would come down and be fascinated."

Dick was best man on December 12, 1964 when Tim married Nena over in the town of Millbrook at Grace Church.

"We all wore tails," says Richard, "and Monty Rock came up from New York and did Nena's hair and it was a nice Episcopal church over in town, a beautiful little church.

"And Peggy Hitchcock came down with her new boyfriend and we had a wedding cake and I had designed a special thing for the top of the cake which was Siva and Sakti fucking. And that was beautifully done in icing.

"And we all got high on acid and I think Maynard Ferguson's band was up there playing or we had some other musical group. The church was full; there must have been 150 or 200 local people, New York people.

"And Nena was exquisite. At that time her picture was on the side of all the Fifth Avenue busses in New York, you know. All the busses had the Erik Cigar ad. I mean, she was at the height of her game.

"So the whole thing was like the prince sweeping the princess away. He was living out a fantasy in what he was doing; in fact, they both were.

"And her brother was the Baron von Schlegrugge and her mother was the Baroness who was a tall, big-bosomed woman — about six feet tall. And she had a tiny Pekinese that she kept tucked under her arm and she tiptoed a bit and she was very much Swedish

in her tough, cold way. But she was OK.

"I mean, she was kind of fun. She wasn't afraid to hang out with the Millbrook gang. She wasn't *that* kind of a baroness. Her husband had been the Baron of Something-Or-Other under Kaiser Wilhelm or something like that. And that was about the extent of it."

In January of 1965, Tim and Nena flew to India on what was designed as a combination honeymoon and "obligatory religious pilgrimage" for Leary. He'd been planning such a trip since he first became interested in Hinduism back in '62. Alpert was left in charge of the Big House at Millbrook and things there proceeded to get pretty wild.

"I was left to mind the store and I let the store get completely out of hand," he confesses. "I was, by that time, starting to let myself out pretty far and a fellow by the name of Arnie Hennon came up who was an artist and we started to take the scene further and further out. Tim had kept me down just like I had pushed him out and, once he was gone, I started to go out and out."

Jackie Leary loved every moment of it and says that:

"Millbrook was really fun while Timothy was gone, that was the best time. Dick was sort of my legal guardian; he signed my report cards and whatever I needed for school. I really dig Richard; I think he's far out."

Across the world in India, Tim and his gorgeous bride spent four months living in "a little cottage on a ridge which looked out at the Himalayas." (In the Kumaon Hills near Almora.) Leary became a disciple of the Tibetan Buddhist Lama Anagorika Govinda. He also studied with the Hindu Theologian Sri Krishna Prem.

The cottage had no electricity, gas or water. It was rented from the Methodist church which supplied a Moslem cook. Once a week, Tim gave the cook a little money and told him to go out and buy a "finger-sized stick of attar or hasish." This, combined with an ample supply of LSD smuggled over from the U.S., kept the Learys high as the Himalayas.

Timothy felt that this psychedelic honeymoon with Nena was the erotic turning point for a "once-prudish Catholic."

He felt his "sexual yoga" had begun and said he "learned to come to my senses with Holy Marijuana . . . I listened to and learned from my tantric guru with the Siva tiger skin . . .

“Compared with sex under LSD, the way you’ve been making love — no matter how ecstatic the pleasure you get from it — is like making love to a department store dummy . . . I opened my eyes and looked into the eyes of my wife and was pulled into the deep blue pools of her being, floating softly in the center of her mind, experiencing everything that she was experiencing, knowing every thought that she had ever had.

“As my eyes were riveted to hers, her face began to melt and change. I saw her as a young girl, as a baby, as an old woman with gray hair and seamy, wrinkled face. I saw her as a witch, a Madonna, a nagging crone, a radiant queen, a Byzantine virgin, a tired, worldly-wise Oriental whore who had seen every sight of life repeated a thousand times. She was *all* women, all *woman*, the very essence of female — eyes smiling quizzically, resignedly, devilishly, always inviting: ‘See me, hear me, join me, merge with me, keep the dance going.’”

For Tim, it may have been heaven, but, for Nena, the whole experience was a drag.

She was bored. She began to dislike both her new husband and the bare little cottage, the dirty peasants who surrounded them, the lack of entertainment and the fast life she was used to.

By spring, the marriage was over.

Leary stayed in India — and off in his own dream — until May. When he finally flew back to Millbrook, he found that the entire scene was rapidly changing. He’d chosen an odd time to make a retreat since the Psychedelic Revolution he’d been so enthusiastically championing since 1961 had suddenly come of age.

Tim had a lot of catching up to do.

Chapter Eleven

Between early 1964 and late '66, the "Psychedelic Movement" mutated from a programmed series of experiments generally initiated by psychologists and psychiatrists dosing carefully selected middle-class intellectuals to an uncontrollable psychic uprising involving millions (most under the age of 25) who took their LSD primarily for kicks.

In 1962, Tim Leary estimated that about 25,000 Americans had sampled the psychedelics (including acid, peyote, mescaline and psilocybin) at least once.

By late 1965, an extensive LSD study authored by Dick Alpert, Dr. Sidney Cohen and journalist Lawrence Schiller concluded that at least 4 million had tried acid and that the "average" user was taking a dose once every three to four months.

By this time, black market LSD was going for \$25,000 a gram wholesale (that's 35 cents a hit). The retail price for a dose of 100 to 300 micrograms (depending on the dealer's generosity) cost from \$3 to \$10 in various parts of the country.

The nation's biggest acid dealer said he was moving an average 50,000 hits a month.

Schiller and friends figured that 70% of the 4 million acid users were "high school and college students, including drop-outs." This helped to further distress an academic world already in a dither since its campuses were both the market places and testing grounds for most LSD.

All of this occurred after the collapse of IF-IF and during a period when Timothy Leary was either up at Millbrook playing secluded gentleman-scholar games or off on a pilgrimage to India getting enlightened by Eastern holy men and alienated from his third wife.

By spring of 1965, the name of the game had changed and it was time to learn a whole new set of rules.

Tim had planted the seed of this massive uprising but he did not water or fertilize it; he barely got back from India in time for the harvest.

But poorly-informed politicians and journalists (remembering Tim's big publicity splash in 1963) were perfectly willing to accept

the contention that Leary had *created* the Psychedelic Movement and was, therefore, its natural leader. But not everyone experimenting with the mind drugs at this time would agree; some were downright hostile about it.

Most researchers who valued psychedelics as much as Leary did (but for different reasons) were critical of their former colleague for bringing on so much unwanted public attention at a time when the results of their work were not yet in and firm guidelines for intelligent use of the chemicals had not been formulated.

"Here again is the story of evil results from the ill-advised use of a potentially valuable drug, due to unjustified claims, indiscriminate and premature publicity, and lack of proper professional standards," wrote Dr. Roy Grinker in the *Archives of General Psychiatry*.

Headlines and scare stories provoked rumors, conjectures and groundless fears that mind drugs caused permanent insanity, drove users to suicide, caused brain damage and harmfully altered genetic structures. The government responded creakily at first but savage repression soon overtook good sense.

The legal situation would alter rapidly.

In 1960-61, when Timothy first experimented with psilocybin, the use of such psychedelics was legal and only a few vague clauses in the federal Pure Food and Drug Act controlled their manufacture and distribution.

Such synthetics could be easily obtained through the mail. All it took was a legitimate-looking request on some doctor's stationery to get the drugs by post from U.S. suppliers. Import was under stricter control. In March of 1963, the feds made their first seizure of illegally-imported LSD — 8,000 doses — at San Francisco.

But by 1964, snowballing bad publicity and political pressure brought on a new set of Food and Drug Administration rules which restricted the use of psychedelics to psychiatric investigators involved in government-financed projects.

Psychologists and physicians wishing to use the drugs in private practice now had to go through a great deal of paperwork and this greatly discouraged many of them.

A number of legitimate research projects came to a virtual standstill. In early 1966, only 72 officially-approved projects were still going; by the middle of that year, there were just 12.

But the personal *possession* of LSD remained legal and only mild penalties were invoked against those caught in illegal manufac-

ture and possession. For the moment, the government felt it had the situation under control. They were mistaken.

Great publicity brought on great demand for acid. In America, every demand seems to invoke instant supply. Acid was becoming a hot item on the grey market and its use zoomed.

(But whether all of this sudden popularity constituted a real “movement” by 1965 is more than a bit problematical. Buying habits change rapidly; fundamental philosophic and social beliefs are considerably harder to alter.)

Nevertheless, the story of how thousands of enterprising dealers provided semi-legal drugs to millions of users all around the world is a fantastic one. It will never be fully told since a surprising number of highly “respectable” people were involved.

But bits and pieces of the Underground Acid Dealing story have surfaced over the years and there are enough details on hand to paint a fascinating portrait of dozens of brilliant freaks, screwball inventors, part-time chemists, dead-serious evangelists, big-time moneymen and weekend hustlers. It’s one of the strangest collections history has yet seen.

In the beginning, most early “acid dealers” were strictly amateurs, experimenters who siphoned off a few thousand hits from some government-approved research project or had a friend who did it for them. They used a few doses themselves and sold off the rest at minimal cost. There was so little money in the game that it was of no interest to professional drug dealers.

“As far as profits were concerned,” recalls one early acid dealer, “it’s ridiculous. I mean, how much did you spend on acid in the last few years? Honestly. Think about it. There might be a few millionaires, but with the heat on them they were going to need the money. For most of us, the profits were minimal — especially after the rip-offs. Money wasn’t the main motivation.”

So what was?

Lisa Bieberman tells a story about her first acid connection who was perhaps typical of these early “businessmen/evangelists.”

His name was Sam Baily. He was 35 years old and he used to personally deliver her “sacraments” on a fast new motorcycle — until he ran into the side of a Greyhound bus one day.

“He never sold any purple pills, pink capsules or stuff with fancy trademarks,” Lisa remembers fondly. “He just sold plain, old LSD at a penny a microgram. It was always the real thing, pure and

accurately measured. He made little or no profit. He was a medical technician who'd dropped out to spread the word. Sam belonged to a time when we thought the world could be enlightened by flooding it with acid."

Some distributors planned to accomplish this on a considerably larger scale. Sly old Doc Hubbard, for instance.

Doc was a wealthy uranium speculator who saw LSD prohibition coming early in the '60s and stored up 100 million doses.

He became a kind of travelling salesman who went from university to university, laboratory to laboratory and provided samples of his fine product to chemists, philosophers and social scientists. Doc planned to set up his own "chain" of acid clinics and sell the stuff for \$50,000 per gram (about \$1 million for an ounce).

Another legend of this era (often recalled by Tim Leary) was a certain "Doctor Spaulding," an eminently respectable scientist who worked for the government but fully believed in the social potential of psychedelics and who stockpiled the "largest supply of LSD in the world."

On the day he first met Leary, Spaulding calmly handed over a free "sample" of 2 million doses and asked Tim to pass it on to other like-minded friends without charge. Spaulding said he had already provided similar huge batches to other "trusted experimenters" on every continent so that they might bypass the repressive laws he forecast worried governments would soon pass.

And then there was the famous "Acid King," Augustus Owsley Stanley, III, electronic whiz kid and fireball chemist who'd made his first \$1 million in profits from synthesizing and selling acid by late 1966. "Owsley Acid" was long considered the purest and most potent ever produced outside the Sandoz labs.

Owsley became the soundman for a famous early rock band called the Grateful Dead. He accompanied them up and down the West Coast throughout '66 helping to make the "Acid Tests" some of the more memorable events of the decade by spiking giant plastic garbage pails full of Kool-Aid with his best LSD.

Owsley recruited another early acid chemist, Tim Scully, a "boy genius" who built his first computer in the seventh grade and who was hanging out (on equal terms) with University of California physicists while still an undergraduate.

Owsley and Scully operated several labs together, including one in Denver which produced the dangerous and unpredictable

synthetic STP.

Scully was the most meticulous chemist in the world of underground drug production. He kept hour-by-hour logs on each new batch and generally followed proven methods. He was also known for the creation of new and never-named drugs whose effects became legendary.

Equally well-educated but considerably less careful was the Brooklyn-born chemist Nick Sand (sometimes called the "Julia Child" of the acid business). Sand was in the habit of adding a pinch of "something extra" to his batches. Sometimes it was methadrine, sometimes less-than-fatal quantities of strychnine.

He operated full-scale labs in campers and trucks which traveled to new towns as soon as the local heat got too close.

In 1967, the feds nabbed him in Denver operating such a mobile lab which was rumored to be the most productive in the Western United States. They seized and neatly tagged all of his equipment as evidence.

But the kid's lawyers got him off and he even got the equipment back. Six years later all this gear turned up again in another bust — complete with the original "evidence labels" the cops had care-pasted on in Denver.

Los Angeles will never forget young Arnie the Acid-Giver, a gawky Jewish adolescent with an IQ extending beyond the usual measurements.

After peddling a local literary magazine around the hippie-infested "Fairfax Strip" for a few months (it contained complete formulas for most of the major psychedelics), Arnie decided that he could save the world by selling millions of hits of acid at cost.

He quit college (much to the dismay of his rich merchant father) and began to prepare for his new venture. Daddy managed to recapture Arnie's attention briefly when the Jews walloped the Arabs in the Seven-Day War.

Arnie enlisted at Tel Aviv but fell off a tank during his first battle and spent the rest of his time in an Israeli hospital bed quietly cornering the local market in Lebanese hashish.

Back in California, Arnie soon tired of the grimy world of Hollywood hippiedom and gathered enough capital to open five beautifully-equipped laboratories.

He hired a top-flight crew of chemists but kept them in the dark as to the nature of the final product by allowing each chemist

to handle only one stage of production.

But Arnie's generosity led to his downfall.

One day on a business trip to San Francisco, Arnie gave away 200,000 doses as a "sample" to amazed narcotics officers. They promptly put him on ice for a few years.

Another pair of oddball Californians (known as Bernie and Barnie) brewed up their LSD in sickly-looking brown batches and bottled it in rubber-stoppered vials which they handed out along the road until busted by observant cops in a small village.

During their trial, the two somehow managed to dose the judge, the jury, the prosecutor and all the cops. They disappeared into the sunset while the whole courtroom freaked out.

A less ambitious East Coast dealer (interviewed by *Look* reporter Jack Shephard) was probably typical of those thousands of anonymous distributors who hustled acid for penny-ante profits on university campuses.

He said he sold about 200 hits a week to his fellow students and that this paid his tuition and expenses at Columbia.

"It's a seller's market," he proclaimed. "I deal because I'm in debt. I made \$300 in six weeks and that was enough to keep me in school. I get about \$4 or \$5 a hit."

Over in Europe, there was Marvin, brilliant owner of a London bookstore who hated to see good acid money going to waste.

So he cornered the entire British market and used the profits to finance England's best underground newspaper.

Marvin got his acid wholesale from Ron Stark, an extremely sophisticated chemist and businessman operating on the Continent where he got his raw materials.

Stark, claiming sometimes to be a doctor and sometimes a former CIA operative, invented Hashish Oil, the liquid concentrate of an already-strong concentration of marijuana. He was able to pack 15,000 doses into a single quart and earned about \$1 million in profits in less than four years.

The most famous Johnny Appleseed of the Acid World was novelist Ken Kesey who organized the Acid Tests up and down the Pacific Coast early in 1966. He turned on at least 3,000 newcomers.

After several successful "Tests" in San Francisco, Kesey's Merry Pranksters boarded a multi-colored old schoolbus named "Further" and headed towards L.A. Their driver was Neal Cassady, hero of Jack Kerouac's book *On The Road*.

Late in February of 1966, Freeway City was treated to two public (and drugless) gatherings featuring the acid rock of the Grateful Dead and one of the first true “light shows” seen there.

Three days later, the Pranksters staged a real “Acid Test” over in the Watts area, a huge black ghetto where thousands had revolted only a few months before with bullets, flames and bombs.

The Pranksters rented an old concrete auto factory and, inside, set up stroboscopes, light machines, slide and movie projectors, phonographs and tape recorders.

The Grateful Dead plugged in their guitars and amps. Augustus Owsley Stanley brought out his plastic garbage pails and mixed up enormous batches of Kool-Aid. The pail on the left was for sissies — just Kool-Aid. The one on the right was liberally spiced with LSD.

Wavy Gravy (in a previous life better known as a stand-up comic named Hugh Romney) remembers the event well:

“We would have mikes and tapes and movies and everybody would take acid,” he says. “Like, hundreds and hundreds of people would take acid for their various reasons and the Grateful Dead would be there to play.

“Sometimes when Pig Pen the Drummer was loaded you could see the sparks flash out of his hair; it was really insane.

“Whatever it was that put all the acid on the planet in the first place would take over the whole scene and we’d just let ourselves go and be whatever it wanted us to be and discover that we could operate these incredibly complicated machines and do all these weird things and we’d have our ‘costume’ costumes on. To surrender to your own archetype, the world-love, whatever that is that put on this thing. It would really run a funny dance . . .”

Wavy proclaims that Watts was the heaviest Acid Trip of all.

“Owsley got all these incredible machines and hooked them up to the ends of those guitars,” he says. “Strange electric screaming events that you can’t imagine, that would chop porkchops in Toledo. Just the sound of them, WHOP!

“Everywhere I looked there were just a lot of people, maybe 3,000, and everybody was really stoned, because it was about 150 micrograms a glass and that’s before it was against the law . . .

“Everybody was really whacking and all the while we’re saying, ‘Oh, the uh — ‘electric’ — Kool-Aid is on the right and the non-electric Kool-Aid for the children is over there by the man in the purple toes.’ And everybody looked at their feet.

“So the Dead start to play and everybody explodes and they’re sort of spiraling around and gushing around and it’s really good and you can feel it. If you picked up a microphone and could feel your teeth starting to fall into the dance that was familiar but just . . . Let it go! Suddenly you can take your mind back 20 feet and listen to your own ears listening to your own ears listening to your own ears.

“Sometimes it would all come together and everything would really light up, and the energy just kept moving around till finally . . . Well, eight people committed themselves.

“This chick starts to scream. She screams, ‘Who cares? Who CARES? Roy! Roy! LSD!’

“Babs, who was right on top of the minute, just slips in with a microphone and puts her on about 400 speakers. And it’s coming at her from all sides, 400 speakers, ‘Who cares?’

“Maybe 67 people make a circle around that girl and they look down at her and they just smile, ‘Wake up!’

“It’s a word I learned a long time later, ‘synchronicity.’ Jung uses it a lot. Everything just sort of went ‘click.’ They were just moving their mouths — and this great ball of peace formed over this girl and she was fine . . .

“One way to play the game is to ‘do’ it. Everything I say you would say the opposite of, like if I say ‘Love,’ you say ‘Hate.’

“That was part of what the Acid Test was. It wasn’t LOVE, it was that point of the game where you would be able to play that kind of choice. The answer would be there, and we would be explorers, nothing more.”

Kesey’s massive Acid Tests probably turned more new people at a time than any previous bit of LSD proselytizing. But such inspired total flash-outs were not to Timothy Leary’s liking.

He had little contact with Kesey’s Pranksters. When Neal Cassidy drove his “Further” bus up to the Millbrook Big House on a short visit in ‘66, he got a chilly reception, indeed.

Neal met Leary briefly and came away with an unusually negative reaction.

“He’s square,” was about all Neal would say. (Such a bland put-down was totally unlike him.)

Yet, despite Leary’s disapproval of much of the “impious” acid use during 1965-66, Tim got blamed in the public prints for nearly everything that went wrong.

Journalists and politicians said that Leary was “behind” the

acid craze, called him its “leader,” said he was an arch-conspirator who was stealing their children away from them.

And this is what the public came to believe.

Attacking Tim for very different reasons were such legitimate psychedelic researchers as Dr. Jean Houston, who could no longer “legally” obtain LSD for projects she’d spent years developing — although any fool could buy all the acid he wanted out on the streets.

Dr. Houston and many colleagues said they were getting “Leery of Leary.” She said the so-called Acid Movement was guilty of “a lack of respect for the potency of drugs and a consequent carelessness about who takes them and under what conditions.”

Proselytizing is so common, she charged, that “psychedelics are sometimes passed along to badly-disturbed individuals who certainly would have been rejected as experimental subjects by any reasonable researcher. Failure to provide a proper setting may result in a very bad drug experience even for those who are not seriously disturbed.”

A more liberal Dr. Humphrey Osmond was also upset by the growing misuse of these substances he’d named.

He and Aldous Huxley discussed “the Leary Problem” at length just before the Patron Saint of Psychedelics died on November 22, 1963 (the very day John F. Kennedy was assassinated).

Huxley and Osmond agreed that “Timothy’s growing missionary zeal was a most regretable development. Indeed,” writes Osmond, “I have a letter from Aldous asking whether I had any idea of what Timothy was up to, for he was much concerned as to his growing belief in the absolute correctness of his revelations.

“Although Timothy continued to revere Aldous up to his death and treated me with great cordiality, what has occurred since suggests that he took no notice whatever of our earlier advice, which was at odds with his hugely expansive, intuitive-oceanic temperament.”

Osmond also found himself at odds with Leary’s belief that students should take LSD.

“College kids,” he says, “are one of the worst populations to do this. Our studies indicate that their perceptions are already slightly unstable. I much prefer to pick candidates over 30.

“That doesn’t mean LSD might not be useful for younger people, but older subjects run less risk and already have formed skills.”

A student of Osmond, the researcher Brian Wells, said that, among his colleagues, “the popularization and abuse of psychedelics” quickly brought them into professional disfavor.

"In little more than a decade," he says, "they had risen to a position of high scientific and clinical promise only to fall to a state where they were regarded as the hall-mark of pseudo-science and the harbingers of unprecedented social evils."

Dr. Joel Fort — another early acid experimenter — felt that "instead of the 'psychedelic ethic' which has received such wide publicity, a better model would be to turn on to people and the world, tune in to knowledge and feeling, and *drop in* to changing and improving life and society."

Leary's approach to acid was a kind of "academic hipsterism," said Dr. Sidney Cohen, another experimenter who'd devoted a decade to serious psychedelic studies. But Cohen remained sympathetic:

"Theirs is not a new statement," he said, "It has been said by Sartre, by psychologists like Fromm, by philosophers like Teilhard de Chardin, by biologists like Julian Huxley and by many others. It is, indeed, an ancient message, but it bears restating — for we are for ever losing it.

"The message is that we have forgotten or denied an essential aspect of our lives — the deep awareness of ourselves, and beyond the self, the empathetic feelings of relatedness to life and living. We have become too preoccupied with trivialities, possessions, status — the trappings rather than the substance of achievement. It may not be necessary to know what our minute contribution to the tapestry of existence is, but we must never forget that we are a part of the whole. It is because so many are unable to achieve this feeling of belonging that the psychedelic state seems to be attractive . . . In the chemically-procured mystical state, a few find persuasive answers to their doubts. The answers are apprehended with such complete conviction that the certitude gained from their transcendent encounter makes the critical bystander aware of one further misuse of such experiences . . ."

It was this kiind of chemically-induced certitude which most bothered Jean Houston as she surveyed the Psychedelic Movement.

"The meta-beatnik fringe," she said, "does display one type of behavior which probably constitutes the best single argument against their free access to psychedelic drugs. This is the tendency to become increasingly involved, as do many Eastern occultists and 'holy men,' in introspective pursuits to the neglect of the external requirements of daily life.

The Holy Man Game, said she, is the trickiest one of all.

Chapter Twelve

Timothy Leary's return from India was not exactly triumphant.

Things at Millbrook were in a mess; he and Nena had been feuding all the way home. ("We always said that they came back from the airport in separate cabs," quips Jackie Leary.)

Tim had gone half way around the world to find spiritual rebirth and a happy marriage. He'd crapped out in both departments. But the legendary Voyage to India was not a sure winner for anyone in those days.

"Tim had gone to India," muses Dick Alpert. "Ralph Metzner went to India. Allen Ginsberg went there. I checked with everybody when they came back and Tim was still being Tim and Ralph being Ralph and Allen Being Allen.

"And I realized that they'd all had lovely experiences and seen a beautiful country and so on but they were not finished looking for something else.

"When Tim and Nena got back, they asked me to run a session with them and work out their conflict and when we had the session, both of them presented their cases to me like a judge and I said they were both wrong and Tim never forgave me for that.

"They had gone through a heavy scene up in Almora. It was nice there but she was unhappy. The 20-year difference between their ages was heavy and a lot of things that went on between them — things I'm not at liberty to say.

"But, whatever it was, when I didn't side with Timothy completely, he got very angry."

Tim fumed for a few days and then really blew his lid.

Jackie Leary remembers the final explosion well:

"Timothy just attacked Richard and he said Richard was real decadent and all that. He was, like, furious at Richard and he thought, like, Richard had sexually seduced me or something, and he hadn't.

"You see, Richard and I used to, like, hang out and spend a lot of time together. I was real young then but Richard used to tell me about his trip and all we ever did was hang out.

"So there was this huge fight. Timothy, Susan, Richard and I were in my room and we were all sitting around.

"Richard was describing some weird trip with some guy he'd

gone to England to see. They took acid and the guy came out in a black leather suit and wanted Richard to urinate on him and I thought it was far out but Timothy suddenly said Richard was corrupting me and Susan.

"And I just couldn't believe it. Everything was really groovy and suddenly Timothy began attacking Richard and I thought it was a joke; I just couldn't understand what was wrong.

"Timothy was screaming and yelling at Richard and suddenly I realized he was serious. He was just furious at Richard. Timothy is so *weird* about being gay.

"He gets so upset about it. Once he accused me of being gay. So I said, 'Look, Timothy, I'm not gay but even if I was, there's nothing wrong with being gay.'

"And he sort of had to swallow that because there were a lot of people around — although he wanted to go into this big tirade. Maybe he'd had a bad experience himself or something. I don't know."

Tim wanted Richard to get out of Millbrook immediately, but his old buddy was not willing, so Leary increased the pressure. As Alpert recalls the situation:

"Tim told his kids one night, 'Uncle Richard is *evil*.' And that's far out, because that's his Catholic upbringing; that's such a weird way of labelling anybody.

"And I said to him, 'Well, if I'm evil, you're psychotic.' And he was freaked by that.

"And, after I left Millbrook, it took me, like, six months to get out of it. It was like a curse."

Alpert found it hard to believe that his long friendship with Timothy Leary was finally over.

"For three or four years," he says, "my *raison d'être* had been protecting this creative mind. I took all financial responsibility off his shoulders so he was free and I always represented him to the establishment.

"Timothy broke the ground; I was the student. I was a co-faculty member and I took care of the kitchen, the children, the relations with the administration and the bank statements and the neighbors and the garbage and the dogs and the whole thing that Jewish mothers do. But, man, his was the vision.

"His was the consciousness and I rode the coat tails.

"And for two years I kept doing that until, suddenly, I saw that

there was a destructive quality in Tim's game and, no matter how beautiful it got, it kept being converted into some horror all the time.

"And then he kept saying, 'That's the way it's gotta be.' And, in my heart, it didn't feel like that's the way it had to be.

"We didn't have to have the police and bill collectors and lawyers and the whole thing and chaos all the time — chaos!

"So, at that point, we split apart and for about six month I was in traumatic shock, really! And, later, people came up to me and said, 'Hey, where's Timothy Leary at?' And when I said, 'Why do you ask?' they said, 'Well, he writes such beautiful stuff, but there's *something* about him . . .'

"Well, that's true. There *is* something about him and everybody that's ever lived with him has said the same thing. There are places in him where he doesn't work on himself and, whether he can't or doesn't or what, that's the way it is.

"All his wives, his children, me — all of us have shared that feeling and I had many acid trips with Tim and been inside his head really deep."

(This insight is partially backed up by, of all people, Billy Hitchcock, who came away from his first acid trip with Leary saying, "It's *cold* in there.")

Alpert fled Millbrook and went out to the West Coast where he worked as a therapist (and part-time computer programmer). He decided early in 1967 that the time had come to make his own "obligatory pilgrimage" to India to gain a new identity. He would come back a changed man with a new name — "Baba Ram Dass."

Tim didn't miss him. He went right ahead planning for a fall/winter national lecture tour in 1965 with Ralph Metzner (rather than Alpert) beside him.

Those who heard these lectures became increasingly aware of Tim's strong emphasis on "Eastern Psychedelic Methods" to the exclusion of almost everything else. Now he talked constantly about meditation, breathing exercises, sensory withdrawal, sacred movement, yoga, esoteric and magical sequences used by Hindus, Buddhists and Taoists.

Now he spoke of "the fundamentally religious nature" of all his drug experiences.

Tim would soon proclaim that the Psychedelic Movement was, in essence, "a spiritual revival" and insist that the true enemy was not just "menopausal mentality and materialism" but "atheism."

He claimed that his work had always been "basically religious" and that LSD was no more than "Western Yoga."

A few of the older-and-wiser heads assumed this was no more than a clever subterfuge by which Leary planned to stay stoned behind the Freedom of Religion Clause of the Constitution. But they were dead wrong for Tim was serious.

He began preparing a book of "psychedelic prayers" modelled after the Chinese religious classic *Tao Te Ching*. (His "research assistant" on this project was a certain lovely new volunteer named Rosemary Woodruff; she instantaneously became Tim's "lady.")

Rosemary was five inches shorter than Tim and 15 years younger. She was a high school drop-out from Southern California with a sweet, calm voice, a sensual and outgoing personality, little interest in books and Things Academic.

Her hair was reddish-brown (the color of weathered redwood) and her sparkling brown eyes smouldered with a certain Levantine worldliness. She radiated the bemused, sardonic wisdom of the harem.

At 29, Rosemary had been a model, an actress, an airlines stewardess. She was once married-and-divorced. Dick Alpert first met her in 1964 when she showed up at Millbrook accompanied by a jazz musician known around New York as a strung-out junkie.

"She was on *something* at the time," Dick Alpert recalls. "But I don't know if it was drugs or alcohol. She'd been hanging out in the Village and I thought of her as a burned-out, compassionate, wise-in-the-ways-of-the-world sort of person. I liked her. She was smart, laid-back, super cool. She was willing to go pretty far out for Timothy; she was willing to go all the way."

In bed, Rosemary was a delight. As she herself put it: "I have trouble relating to anyone I'm not sleeping with."

In December of 1965 (at the end of his lecture tour), Tim decided it was time to "drop out of the Pied Piper business for awhile."

He closed down the Millbrook mansion (carefully placing "rock shrine markers" over all the buried dope stashes out in the woods).

He loaded Rosemary and the kids into a rented station wagon and drove towards Mexico but he was destined to get no further than the border crossing at Laredo. It turned into a huge fiasco.

A little background:

Crossing international frontiers has always been a risky business for pot heads. Searches are par for the course, especially for an internationally notorious Drug Messiah like Timothy Leary.

Nevertheless, he was incredibly sloppy.

On December 23, when he drove south across the International Bridge from the United States into Nuevo Laredo, Mexico, there were marijuana stashes all through his car. The joke was that Leary was smuggling grass into Marijuanaland and the stuff wasn't even well hidden.

(Art Kleps describes the Classic Leary Carelessness in his book *Millbrook*: "He used to preach regularly on the subject of how, if your 'head was straight,' you could get away with practically anything," writes Art. "Not being busted for possession, for example. It was a matter of just taking wild chances with the police to demonstrate your 'magical' or 'spiritual' powers . . .")

The Learys drove up to a Mexican immigration station at the south end of the International Bridge figuring they'd automatically get tourist cards and go straight on through.

Uh, uh.

There waiting for them (and obviously well advised by *someone* that they were coming) was a certain Secret Policeman named Jorge Garcia. He knew Leary well; he'd helped to bust him two years before in Zihuatanejo.

"Sorry, Timoteo," said Jorge, "but you are persona non grata in Mexico. Prohibido!"

A brief attempt was made to talk Jose out of it. The cop went off to check some of the group's papers and Tim turned frantically to Jackie and told him to flush all the dope down the nearest toilet. The kid did it, but rather incompletely.

Jorge said no. Go back to the U.S.

Unable to enter Mexico, the Learys turned around and drove back over the bridge to the U.S. Immigration Station on the other side. (Jackie remembers seeing loose marijuana all over the front seat and on the car's floor. Susan spotted a silver snuff box full of grass and hid it in her panties. Then they rolled into U.S. Customs.

Here they underwent a thorough search — a *very* thorough search. Guess what was found?

So everyone in the car was arrested and charged with importing grass *from* Mexico. (The joke was that they'd actually been trying to smuggle the stuff *into* that country and had failed.)

All of them were locked up in a cold metallic jail where they stayed for two days as bail was being negotiated; it was Tim's first real incarceration.

Jackie was understandably bitter about this silly bust:

"Timothy was always very self-destructive," he says. "That's why we got busted.

"I mean, he was always busted on chickenshit things; a little bit of care would have prevented it. He was very loose and everything he did just disintegrated."

In January of 1966, Tim and Susan (then 18) were indicted for transporting, smuggling and failing to buy the then-legal "Marijuana Tax Stamps" required for all importation of the weed.

Charges were dropped against Rosemary and 16-year-old Jackie.

During their brief jury trial in Laredo, Texas, Tim admitted to marijuana possession but took the novel position that he had a perfect right to smoke this "sacrament" since he was a practicing Hindu. He claimed that his right to "freedom of religion" was involved and he was protected, therefore, by the Constitution's First Amendment.

A hard-headed jury of Texas townspeople paid little attention to such freaky Yankee subterfuge and convicted Tim and Susan. She was ordered (initially) to serve an indeterminate sentence in a federal penitentiary and Tim got a record 30-year sentence and a \$36,000 fine. This was the absolute maximum permissible under federal law for smuggling just under half an ounce of marijuana across the U.S. border.

Tim remained free on appeal bond but — if his conviction were upheld by the higher courts — he faced what amounted to a life sentence for a 45-year-old man. (Susan's conviction was eventually dismissed and she never served penitentiary time.)

Now the feds had old Timothy F. Leary just where they wanted him. He could not drop out and go off to dream and scheme in Mexico. If he were to stay out of the pen he had to fight and it changed his plans and his style.

Laredo proved to be the second major turning point in his varied career (Number Two after the 1960 Mexican Magic Mushroom Trip.)

"It was immediately obvious to me," he later told *Playboy*, "that I would have to test the constitutionality of the marijuana laws . . . and spend long years of public hasssle . . . I had certain misgivings about my new professional duties . . . I had become a notorious and noisy agitator for the revolution, which was gathering momentum in all quarters where young people put their heads. . ."

Dick Alpert was genuinely surprised when he heard that Leary had become a New National Champion of Marijuana for Tim had little use for pot before.

"I mean," says Dick, "all those years we were together — I was the one who smoked pot and he was the one who was down on grass. And he suddenly became such a great defender of grass. I mean, he never liked it at all. In fact, he was upset originally because I included grass as one of the psychedelics and he didn't want to do that; he wanted to clearly separate grass from acid.

"I think his story becomes a poignant one after that bust in Laredo," Alpert observes. 'Because at that point we all said to him, 'Look, Tim, this is just not an issue! If you're going to do a test case, you don't have it found in your daughter's bloomers. It's just not an appropriate test case!'

"And he wouldn't hear of it because he couldn't admit he was wrong. That was his major problem all through. From then on, it became sad because he was busy with denial and he wasn't being straight about anything.

"The court game is a tricky one unless you want to go the route of being totally out front and let the chips fall where they will and he would not do it that way.

"You see, he kept provoking because all he had to do was plead guilty there and he would have gotten, you know, a suspended sentence and a fine and the whole thing would have been over.

"But he parlayed that and he parlayed it and then kept provoking by getting busted again and again. He had to keep on doubling his money because he had to keep defending his position."

The unprecedented severity of Tim's Laredo sentence drew international media attention:

"Last week in the U.S./Mexico border town of Laredo, Texas," said *Time* magazine's highly "editorial" report, "Leary got his comeuppance."

"Tim Leary has evolved into a major international figure," wrote the sympathetic *Other Scenes*. "Because of his pot bust in Mexico, he's a hero to the kids."

"I was suddenly escalated," said Leary himself, "thanks to Harvard and Laredo, to a curious place of notoreity somewhere between Christine Keeler and Che Guevara."

He had become a very noisy, much-quoted agitator, indeed. He played the Laredo bust for all it was worth but made it clear he *never* intended going to jail for the marijuana cause or any other.

"No good cause, and certainly not our jolly crusade for kicks can be helped by that sadomasochistic dance we call martyrdom," he

told *Playboy*.

Tim now faced an extended court fight and needed hundreds of thousands of dollars for his lawyers. He was technically a "convicted narcotics user" and could not leave the country freely. He could expect increased police surveillance and harassment. (He got it.)

Shortly after the pot-smuggling conviction, Tim went back to Millbrook and reopened the Big House. He realized that he needed all the support he could get and, despite his own earlier warnings about "talking politics on all fours," found himself consciously becoming the leader of a burgeoning "Youth Movement" in America.

He spoke to youth gatherings of all kinds, especially those on college campuses. Art Kleps watched it all go down with sardonic amusement:

"Tim was very explicit about his strategy; we had to take our lead from the kids from now on. If we had them with us, it didn't matter what the government did."

So that was the formula for Tim's future — he'd follow, not lead.

If the kids liked lousy rock 'n' roll — groups like the Monkees, the Daily Flash and the Association — Tim would say he dug that kind of so-called music, too. If, during any given season, they were into a grubby variety of primitivistic communism (totally contradicting Leary's clearly aristocratic leanings) he was all for *that*.

If they got hot for Indian days and way, Tim would live in a tepee and smoke the peace pipe wearing a Navaho blanket.

"Leary made a fundamental decision about himself," observes Kleps.

He was about to become a full-fledged politician.

Now a steady stream of young pilgrims came to Millbrook as though it were some kind of Psychedelic Vatican, a Mind-Manifesting Mecca, the Ultimate Lamasery for High Altitude Heads. (Tim even proclaimed that the Catacombs were the Millbrook of *their* day.)

He made himself totally accesible and journalists were *always* welcome. In spring of 1966, the noted commentator Marya Mannes came out to do a piece for the liberal *Reporter* magazine.

Ms. Mannes was notably unimpressed with Tim's New Vatican. She found Millbrook "a place of unparalleled ugliness" whose rooms had "the abandoned look of minimal, sporadic care, dusty, empty, disrodered, totally depersonalized . . . The ceaseless tide of human traffic defies order and cleanliness. The garbage bags are

always full, the sink piled with dishes to be washed later, the floor tracked with outside dust, the closets bursting with cartons and junk, the icebox crammed with food."

She spent much of her visit sitting in the kitchen which proved to be Millbrook's social center. She met the current crew — 25 in all, including Tim and his two kids, veteran acid heads, secretaries and psychiatrists, jazz musicians, photographers, artists, a dry-goods manufacturer, a fashion writer there on assignment. The kitchen was constantly in motion.

"I never saw it day or night," she wrote, "without at least five people sitting on pads and cushions around a foot-high, round wooden table eating. Breakfast, lunch and dinner merged imperceptibly, and there was always someone to fry bacon, boil water, make biscuits, mix salad, or prepare the main dish."

She snooped through Tim's library, finding he read books on semantics, mysticism, Eastern religion, the lives of Catholic saints, psychiatry and psychology, extrasensory perception, history, anthropology, zoology, magic and geology.

He also liked Tolstoy, Dostoevsky, Shakespeare, Joyce, Proust, F. Scott Fitzgerald, Freud, Plato, Toynbee, Maurois, Lawrence and William Blake.

Her observation of Leary himself was careful and extended.

She found him courteous but watchful. His disciples were always disturbingly close at hand and listened to every word of their conversations.

"This was, perhaps, the clue to my disease," she observed, "the feeling of cult, of master and disciple . . . Leary was certainly not sinister. He seemed an open — yes, a naive — man. Perhaps his tragedy was the very nature of the drug he had brought into such prominence. It had such a strong appeal to those less responsible than he . . ."

Marya Mannes and other shrewd observers noted that life at Millbrook was "transient-communal" with strong patriarchal overtones. People came and went with great frequency and few stayed long enough to become part of any lasting "family."

The place seemed more like a resort hotel operated for faithful adherents from abroad by some exotic religion rather than a home.

Leary was, in effect, the Patriarch and Landlord. He decided who'd stay and who had to leave. He purchased the food and booze, provided the drugs, made sure the utility bills were paid. (All expen-

sive, thankless tasks, but activities which kept him firmly in control.)

Millbrook would develop just as Timothy Leary willed it to. He was sure it would soon become "one of the great religious centers of the Twentieth Century."

He carefully studied the amazing figures on increased use of acid in America and felt the Psychedelic Movement could do nothing but grow. He told a reporter from the Catholic magazine *Ave Maria* that his new Psychedelic Religion might eventually challenge both Christianity and Judaism but would never supplant them.

Traditional religions, he said, would learn from Leary. They would simply adopt LSD as *their* sacrament, too.

Tim got really busy in 1966.

He gave lectures and helped set up the Timothy Leary Defense Fund to fight his Laredo conviction and the anti-marijuana laws in general.

He finished up the composition of his *Psychedeic Prayers* and managed to keep his extended household organized and fed.

While Leary prepared a Holy War to Free Dope from inside the high stone walls of Millbrook, certain less reverent forces on the outside were equally busy planning a frontal assault on all that Timothy Leary had come to symbolize to the world.

New laws, new harassment, new glory were ahead in the coming year.

America was on the verge of its gaudiest — and least understood — "Cultural Revolution."

Chapter Thirteen

Early in 1966, psychedelic drugs were big, bad news all across America and public opinion had turned strongly against their use either in legitimate research or out on the street. Two lurid newspaper stories published at this time did a great deal of damage.

In Brooklyn, a five-year-old child ate an LSD-laced sugar cube her uncle left in the refrigerator and suddenly turned “psychotic.”

Another New Yorker, Stephen H. Kessler, admitted he’d murdered his mother “because I’ve been flying for three days on LSD.”

Politicians reacted to the public clamor with hastily-repressive and poorly conceived new laws — like the federal Drug Abuse Control Amendment which went into effect in February, 1966 banning manufacture, distribution and sale of psychedelics. (Although it did *not* prohibit simple possession, this was a moot point since many state legislatures had already done so.)

The new statutes were little understood, poorly enforced and virtually ignored by a new class of “beatnik druggies.” (The term “hippie” did not come into general use until later that year.)

In the Millbrook, New York area, the Law-n-Order Establishment which ran Dutchess County (from the nearby town of Poughkeepsie) decided to make a well-publicized example of a certain prominent scofflaw named Timothy Leary.

The Wheels of Justice began to grind particularly fine in the offices of County Sheriff Larry Quinlan and District Attorney John Heilman. (An ambitious young Assistant D.A. named G. Gordon Liddy would be assigned to handle many of the details during that spring’s harassment of Leary. He later told of his exploits in a *True* magazine article written while Liddy served a short sentence for his part in the Watergate Break-In. Liddy portrayed himself as “The Man Who Caught Timothy Leary With His Pants Down.”)

Liddy claimed that the Dutchess County authorities had been driven to action by the parents of the town of Millbrook who were upset because their kids were visiting Tim’s Big House to hang out (and get stoned) with Jackie.

“The word was,” Liddy reports, “that the panties were dropping as fast as the acid.”

So he organized a special "task force" to deal with this "Mad Scientist" (a term of endearment used quite regularly around the Big House for it's most prominent resident). He implied that, had he not taken action, the local peasants would have "stormed Dr. Frankenstein's castle" like the Transylvanian townsfolk in some Grade B Hollywood Horror Flick.

The initial attack on the Big House was set for midnight, April 14, 1966 (a Saturday). It was preceded by several weeks of "traffic stops" by sheriff's deputies on the nearby roads in which visiting longhairs were roughed up, searched and often busted.

Helicopters made long, slow passes over the estate and informers were planted inside to observe just who came and went and to draw up detailed floor plans to expedite Liddy's raid.

Meanwhile, Sheriff Quinlan (whose political machine always "knew what the people wanted") and District Attorney Heilman got ready to rake in vast publicity from the upcoming arrests (while letting Underling Liddy do most of the operational preparations).

On April 14, G. Gordon was ready.

Surveillance showed that between 30 and 50 people generally stayed in Leary's Lair. (On this day, the actual total was 12 children and 29 adults — including eight professional journalists covering Millbrook for their publications. The presence of the reporters would change the nature of the Big Headlines which Quinlan and Heilman sought.)

By 11 p.m., Liddy and more than 20 deputies were hiding behind bushes and trees around the mansion. They planned a "classic no-knock entry" when the time came — "that is, kick in the front door."

Huddled together in their hiding places with their teeth chattering, the deputies saw the flickering lights of a movie being shown inside the front living room windows. (Ah-ha! Pornie films, they thought.) One eager deputy crawled forward to peek in the window; he came back, sadly disappointed.

"It ain't no dirty movie," he said with bored disgust. "All they're watching is a film about a waterfall . . . the water just keeps on falling and there ain't no people, no nudes or anything. Shit, they're weird!"

An hour later, the huddled cops heard District Attorney Heilman's car climbing the hill just below the Big House its transmission whining in protest. It was time to charge.

But kicking in the front door proved totally unnecessary; it was

unlocked. Liddy led his raiders inside.

"The door," he recalls, "opened on a large foyer bare of furnishings. The equally bare floor was strewn liberally with excrement. A stairway loomed ahead. From atop the bannister glared the stuffed head of a tiger, a plastic flower clenched incongruously in its jaws."

It was 1 a.m.

The deputies ran up the stairs, hoping to catch unclothed guests in the midst of a dope orgy. Liddy says he was only half way up the stairs when he spotted Tim and Rosemary descending to meet him.

"Rosemary was wearing a diaphonous gown," he says. "Leary was wearing a Hathaway shirt. Period. As the stairs were steep and we were craning our necks upward as Leary bounced downward, our first view of the good doctor was, to say the least, spectacular."

The Assistant District Attorney and the Pantsless Dr. Leary conversed on the stairs for a few minutes while some of the younger Millbrook residents sat around and improvised anti-police songs:

"Oh, they're busting Dr. Leary / 'Cause the evening it was dreary / And the fuzz had nothin' better else to do. / We got sheriffs out the ass / 'Cause they're lookin' for our grass / And they hope to find a ton of acid, too."

Liddy tried to get Tim to make an incriminating statement but got nowhere. Their conversation soon degenerated into a series of insults:

Tim said he doubted that the townspeople of Millbrook really objected to his presence and forecast that "the time will come when there will be a statue of me erected in Millbrook."

"The closest you'll get to that," forecast Liddy, "is to be burned in effigy."

Leary was amused.

"Policemen," he observes, "are usually fascinated by me and love to initiate deep conversations. In their hearts they cherish envy and a secret hope that I am right . . . Liddy snarled about narcotics, addiction, the murder weed, moral corruption and running us out of the county. That's a tape I'd like to have played back . . ."

(G. Gordon would later run for Congress on the local Conservative Ticket as "The Cop Who Ran Timothy Leary Out of Town." He lost, but used his new reputation as a "drug expert" to get hired as a member of the Nixon White House team which burglarized Watergate. "I put Liddy in the White House," Tim would later observe. "Liddy put me in jail and Nixon in the hospital

and blew the whole country up in pregnant anarchy.”)

G. Gordon's Big House Dope Raid aborted, in the end.

Tim hired a good lawyer who got the original search warrant declared null and void. Very little grass had been found, anyway, and all prosecution resulting from the raid was finally dropped.

In terms of public image, Leary was clearly the winner since the visiting journalists portrayed the attack as an uncalled-for roust.

On the way to jail for mandatory mugging and fingerprints, Tim flashed his famous victory smile (complete with a two-fingered V-for-Victory sign) and the wire service photographers loved it.

From this time on, Leary always appeared on the nation's front pages smiling and V-signing triumphantly whether he was being busted, married, tried, convicted or taking a walk down the street.

But, smiling or not, Timothy was bound to lose in a long, merciless engagement with the law. He won the first battle but a horrendous war lay ahead.

From April of 1966, the heat got hotter. A second bust netted more dope and proved harder to get thrown out of court; it hung over his head for years.

The Dutchess County Grand Jury went into special session and demanded that Rosemary testify about "illegal activities" she'd observed in the Big House. Rosemary proved plucky and went to jail in "contemptuous" silence for 25 days rather than fink on her lover and his friends.

Jackie also found himself frequently in and out of the county jail, although not charged with any specific crime. (On one occasion Sheriff Quinlan ordered the kid's highly-prized flowing locks cut down to regulation convict length just minutes before he was bailed out.)

Tim was very upset about his son's problems:

"Jackie observed continual police visits to his house," he said. "He saw the continued serving of subpoenas on his family members, and every one of his teen-age friend who had ever visited the house. Imagine the effect of this on a 16-year-old.

"Those persons were cross-examined, bullied and threatened by district attorneys without the presence of counsel. Jack's friends were regularly subpoenaed to the Grand Jury and then coercively interviewed privately in the district attorney's office in complete violation of the law. Jack lived through this period knowing that his friends were being pressured to give evidence against him and his family . . ."

Paranoid public pressure against psychedelics began to wear down the resistance of both Leary and those others who had earlier championed mind drugs for both medical and altruistic reasons.

On April 7, 1966, Sandoz Pharmaceuticals (despite the millions they'd invested in psychedelic research) announced they were now withdrawing sponsorship from all current experiments because of "public reaction to illegal uses of the drug."

On April 21, a tired and drawn-looking Leary told 800 followers at New York's Town Hall that they should waive all their normal constitutional rights for an entire year and willingly refrain from the use of psychedelics.

"I think we should voluntarily stop doing what has caused anguish and confusion for those who do not understand," he said with weary resignation. "The tendency is to fight. It's an easy temptation. I don't think we should fight; I think we should love.

"You who have taken psychedelic drugs know enough now to turn on without drugs. If you don't, I'm going to teach you. I'm going to make a series of public messages to teach you how to turn on without using drugs."

In Washington, Senator Thomas Dodd (a conservative Democrat from Connecticut) spoke out loudly against *all* use of the psychedelics. He wanted Congress to pass tough new laws prohibiting LSD possession and, in May, both Leary and Art Kleps were subpoenaed to testify before the Dodd-Chaired Senate Subcommittee on Juvenile Delinquency.

Tim would appear in a rational and conciliatory fashion. He got a neat, short haircut, put on a respectable old professor suit with a narrow polkadot tie and his Hathaway shirt (complete with button-down collar) and then headed towards Washington.

His appearance before the subcommittee was relatively short (about 25 minutes) and he wasted a large part of it engaged in a silly and acrimonious debate with Senator Robert Kennedy (not a member of the subcommittee but "visiting" for personal publicity reasons).

Tim admitted that the growing general use of psychedelics had provoked a national crisis but he called it "a crisis of challenge and promise." He reminded the senators that psychedelics are "non-addictive, non-toxic and anti-narcotic . . ."

And added:

"My position is that energy is not dangerous if it is used wisely. There is nothing to fear in LSD. There is nothing to fear from our

own nervous system or from our own cellular structures . . . On the basis of statistics so far, I would say there is more violence, insanity, friction, terror in the cocktail lounges and barrooms of any large American city on any one Saturday night than in the entire 23-year history of LSD use. The so-called peril of LSD resides precisely in its eerie power to release ancient, wise and, I would even say at times, holy sources of energy which reside inside the human brain . . .

"Now who is ready or even eager to deal with this eerie power? Apparently in the United States today, it is the young. LSD is frightening, but mainly to those who have not taken the drug. During the last few months of heated publicity and of occasional bureaucratic hand-wringing about LSD, one simple question has remained unanswered. Why? Why are hundreds of thousands of our most intelligent, gifted, best-educated young people choosing to expose themselves to this new and admittedly strange experience?

"I have come here today to suggest an answer to this question. My answer, like the LSD experience itself, may be a stiff dose for those who are unwilling to look at the record of history.

"We are faced today in America, and we are faced today in this room with socio-biological problems which are rather unique in human history. We have at hand new energies easily available which are accepted eagerly by one generation, the young, and which are abhorred by the older generation and, what is worse, we have a communication breakdown between the two generations, which I think is obvious from the testimony we've listened to today.

"The use of psychedelics today such as marijuana, mescaline, LSD, is out of control in the United States. We have been told and we read in the papers reports from sociologists that from between 15% to 50% and, in some cases, up to 65-70% of our college students are experimenting with these mind-opening chemicals.

"And, whatever the statistics were last year, I think we can be assured that they are going to be larger next year. The growth rate so far is staggering.

"Now, I am not alarmed by this situation per se. There are many sources of energy in the United States today which are out of control: alcohol, nicotine, air polluting engines. The challenge of the psychedelic chemicals is not just how to control them but how to use them. Restrictive legislation which creates a new class of millions of college-educated, white-collar criminals is obviously not the answer.

"Research, training, knowledge are the only solutions to this

problem. But who should use these substances? Who should be trying them? Who should do the research? Here we reach the center of the problem, a communications breakdown between the generations."

Leary proclaimed that he favored more laws controlling mind drugs and wanted the government to issue "licenses" to those who wanted to turn on. ("To obtain such a license," he explained, "the applicant should have to meet physical, intellectual and emotional criteria. I believe that the criteria for marijuana — which is, without a doubt, the mildest of the psychedelic drugs — should be about those which we use to license people to drive automobiles. Whereas the criteria for licensing of LSD, a much more powerful substance, should be much more strict — perhaps the criteria now used for airplane pilots might be appropriate . . .")

Leary suggested that "Psychedelic Training Centers" like his own Millbrook operation be set up all across the U.S. to teach the proper use of LSD. He implied that, should the government approve (and even fund) such centers, then those with the most experience handling psychedelics (clearly he meant Timothy F. Leary) should be put in charge of the entire program.

Once acid-users learned the new rules of the LSD "game," then the attendant social problems would vanish.

Senator Robert Kennedy simply wasn't buying such a line.

Speaking as a kind of "Champion of Clean-Cut Youth," Kennedy made Leary seem no more than a lecherous old drug addict trying to seduce innocents. He interrupted the Good Doctor frequently during his testimony.

Tim was not up to the Kennedy challenge. He backed down all over the place and, a few days later, sent the senator a self-serving letter which suggested that the use of LSD be totally banned except inside a system of new and federally-run "Trip Centers."

Kennedy was not much appeased.

"I would have felt better," he told the press with a politician's moral superiority, "if Dr. Leary had talked this way one or two or three years ago."

With Timothy growing visibly meeker in the Washington lime-light, Good Old Art Kleps decided it was time to get Dowright Mean and Nasty. He told the incredulous senators that if acid heads were busted and Acid Movement leaders like Leary went to jail, "this country will face religious civil war."

"Any restraint we have shown heretofore in the dissemination

of psychedelics will be ended. We can, without difficulty, render most of the prisons in the United States inoperative, if it comes to open conflict."

Kleps said he was particularly incensed about Leary's bust and conviction in Laredo and he promised that "on the day the prison doors close behind Tim Leary if these ill-considered laws of religious suppression are upheld by the courts, this country will face religious civil war."

Art praised Tim as "a great religious teacher" and said that "the books he has written, the papers and so on constitute the creed of our church . . . We regard him with the same love and respect as was once reserved by early Christians for Jesus, by the Moslems for Mohammed, or the Buddhists for Gotama . . . I see no moral difference whatever between putting out religious leader, Timothy Leary, in prison for 30 years and the incarceration of a rabbi in a concentration camp by the Gestapo of Nazi Germany."

When the senators got over this propagandistic assault, Kleps informed them that he had his own sure fire solution for the "LSD Epidemic." Take more acid and join a church — his own.

"We will take anybody," he proclaimed. "We take people at face value."

What church?

Kleps was talking about the "Neo-American Church," a creation of his own highly interesting imagination and the well-publicized entity which had captured the attention of Senator Dodds and brought on the subpoena which put Kleps before the committee this day.

It happened this way:

Art had gotten bored just hanging around Millbrook and playing the usual acid games back in 1964-65. (Tim and the Crew came to regard Art as a "Cosmic/Comic Drunk" as fond of whiskey as of LSD.)

So Kleps went off to found a brand new "acid religion" with himself as the "Chief Boo Hoo." (Theologian Alan Watts refused to join because that title sounded "too crybaby for me.")

Lacking any real structure or gospel (except for Kleps' book *The Boo Hoo Bible*) and headquartered wherever the ex-psychologist happened to be hanging his jeans, the "church" was slow to grow.

Anyone who put up \$5 by mail was a member. In return, he got Art's booziest blessing and an occasional newsletter.

The Boo Hoo scurried back and forth across the landscape living off whatever came in by mail. By the spring of 1966, he claimed the church has 500 “members.”

Kleps’ “theology” was spontaneously eccentric and madly original. He considered himself a “Nihilistic Solopist” which meant that “Life is all a dream — what’s more, it’s all *my* dream.”

The truth?

“Being stoned is knowing the truth . . . The truth is whatever you’re thinking at the moment.”

Church Motto:

“Victory Over Horseshit!”

Art was not against bullshit per se, calling it “the free, playful, entertaining flight of ideas . . . The great masters have all been bullshitters . . .

“Horseshit, on the other hand, is downright crap . . . Horseshit is contrived, derivative, superstitious, ignorant. We might take Gurdjieff as an example of a master bullshitter and Meher Baba as an example of a master horseshitter.”

Goals of the church:

“Money and Power.”

First Commandment:

“Don’t Poop Parties.”

Church Symbol:

A large, fat, ugly, one-eyed toad. (There was a rumor going around at this point that a certain kind of “Divine Toad Sweat” was a natural psychedelic: if sipped judiciously, it got you high. So Art went ahead and called the Church Newsletter *Divine Toad Sweat*.)

Other Church Officials (when he could find them):

The Regional Boo Hoos, the Bee Hees (their old ladies), a Grand Vizier, a Metaphrast of the Emanations, a Chief of Protocol. And the Transultrametasuperpanhypersebastocratomater of Vermont (Her Fragrance Mary Jo Call).

Membership?

“Many of our members,” Art proclaimed, “are damned fools and miserable sinners. Membership in the church is no guarantee of intellectuality or spiritual wisdom; it may even be possible that one or two of our Boo Hoos are opportunistic Charlatans.”

This kind of Dogma did not much appeal to traditional theologians. But it was just the stuff to turn on Merry Acid Heads who liked to poo-poo (and boo-hoo) the absurdities of organized religion

(including Timothy Leary's self-righteously pious "Voyage to the East").

A few days after his appearance in Washington, Kleps returned to Milbrook (finding himself something of a "conquering hero"). Most of the old crew were gone — including Alpert, Metzner and Michael Hollingshead. It was amazing how entire populations came and went while Tim Leary remained.

He met Bob Ross, well on his way to becoming a Big House Major Influence. (Kleps called him a "saturnine fellow" who sought to turn Millbrook into "a cabbage patch with himself as chief manure spreader . . . a true, know-nothing primitivist.")

The house was "a deserted cattle barn. Everyone was dressed in dirty, colorless clothes, and grunts and terse comments about the weather seemed to be the general order of conversation during the day."

Exotic customs had developed.

There was always at least one person engaged in an acid trip out in the Meditation House in the garden. Each evening a bell rang to signal the changing of the guard and a new "meditator" arrived to take the place of the departing one. There was a huge quantity of acid available.

There was also the usual crowd of journalists — more now than ever before and more willing to blandly accept whatever current nonsense Leary was putting down.

A case in point was Tim's famous *Playboy* interview (conducted that spring) which established him in the national consciousness as some kind of a Sex Saint and Prime Acid Stud.

Tim now claimed that acid was the miracle aphrodisiac which men over 40 (like himself) have sought since the beginning of time.

(Out in the Sticks, the readers sat up and took notice. Now here was something *useful* for the nation was entering a massive sexual revolution and everyone wanted more and better orgasm. Screw All This Oriental Mysicism — Let's Fuck!)

Tim told *Playboy*:

"There is no question that LSD is the most powerful aphrodisiac ever discovered by man."

Why, then, had he kept this juicy secret to himself so long?

Tim explained that the world was not ready for such information before but the Time Had Now Come.

(He also noted that he was suffering so much harassment

from the law that such a revelation might bring on even more trouble.

"The three inevitable goals of the LSD session," he added, "are to discover and make love with God, to discover and make love with yourself and to discover and make love with a woman . . . One of the great purposes of an LSD session is sexual union . . ."

Playboy's reporter was breathless with admiration. "We've heard about sessions in which couples make love for hours on end," he panted, "to the point of exhaustion — is that true?"

"Yes," Tim affirmed without batting an eyelash. Acid, he said, might give you "several hundred orgasms." It had increased his own sexuality "a thousandfold."

Was it true that Tim could have "two or three woman every night" if he wished?

The Acid Guru modestly admitted that a charismatic person like himself could easily satisfy every woman's longing for "a hero, sage-mythic male to open her up and share her own divinity."

Sure, he got a little on the side, but he preferred to stay mostly involved in deep affairs one woman at a time rather than to engage in "compulsive body-grabbing."

Since Tim found that the faces and figures of *all* women were embodied in the *one* woman he was currently making out with, there was no need to play the field. He claimed he'd been "extremely monogamous" during the preceding six years.

Those who knew Tim well could quickly see the humor in much of this absurd banter but all too many *Playboy* readers took Leary seriously, rushed out to score some black market LSD for an orgy that very night and experienced disastrous results.

Acid is tricky; especially when sex is involved.

"Personally," says Art Kleps, "I have found acid to be as sexually distracting as it is intensifying . . . Acid is always pushing beyond . . . Getting laid seems like something you might as well put off until tomorrow. If you insist, anyway, it's absolutely true that the experience is in a class by itself. It's like taking on central casting.

"But people who use acid in this way are *tamasic* types in almost every case. I have found that they're devoid of higher aspirations or interests beyond the satisfaction of their personal needs and untrustworthy on that account. If you want to get ripped off, or betrayed, just associate with couples who spend all their time on trips balling."

LSD researcher R.E.L. Masters disagreed with Tim for reasons which were even more urgent.

"The overall effect of the *Playboy* article," he said, "has been to give the impression that LSD is the world's greatest aphrodisiac. In a single intercourse, people are supposed to have hundreds of orgasms. Moreover, frigidity, impotence and homosexuality are likely to be cured . . .

"Such claims about LSD are not only false, they are dangerous. By suggesting that this drug is a powerful sex stimulant . . . desperate people will fail again, but this time in a state of heightened suggestibility that can do them grave harm . . . Tim Leary's claims, which are causing much distress, are at least 90% false and nonsensical."

Timothy never replied to the Masters attack. He was too busy hiding out in the woods that summer as Sheriff Quinlan (the Sheriff of Nottingham as Acid Robin Hood and his Merry Band used to call their opponent) continued to harass the world's most notorious LSD colony up at Millbrook.

Tim and his followers moved into the woods to live in canvas tepees. Since the weather was warm, it was more fun than staying inside the gloomy old Gothic mansion. Besides, just how do you get a search warrant for drugs secreted somewhere inside a portable tepee located on a hallucinatory elevation known as "Lunacy Hill?"

Inside his tent, Tim sat back and watched the sheriff's helicopter hovering overhead on one of its many missions of surveillance.

He thought he could see the figure of G. Gordon Liddy with his eyes glued to a pair of black binoculars "straining for a white-streak glimpse of some naked woman emerging from her tepee . . .

"We treasured those moments of surveillance," added Tim "feeling a strong bond of affiliation with all wild, free creatures on this planet gazing up in surprise at armed agents, Sci-Fi spies in government motor ships . . ."

Chapter Fourteen

Living in a tepee up on Lunacy Hill is droll fun but Leary knows he has to go back out in the world soon to gain support for his fight against repressive drug laws (and his own Laredo conviction).

In early 1966, he concentrates his efforts in such locales as New York's East Village, the Haight-Ashbury District of San Francisco and the Fairfax Area in Los Angeles.

Here the "Psychedelic Activist" finds a ready-made audience, a new electorate willing to believe almost anything he says.

Development of these "intentional communities" (critics "call them "Youth Ghettos") is one of the most interesting social developments of the late '60s.

Occupied on a semi-permanent basis by thousands of full-time dropped-out non-conformists (popularly called hippies), their weekend population is inflated by even more thousands of tourists and visiting "flower children" in from the suburbs or a college campus.

("Flower children" generally conform to the more common middle class mores during the week but make it down to the "scene" occasionally to play Dharma Bum, drop acid, dance to psychedelic rock, wear hip threads, love beads, vacant smiles and fresh-picked posies.)

In Battleground New York, thousands of the young and hip, driven out of increasingly-fashionable Greenwich Village by high rents, swarm into the ancient, crumbling Lower East Side to occupy decayed cold-water tenements. (They retaliate by calling it the "East Village.")

In the vast parking lot and all-night drug store which is Los Angeles, commuting has always been a way of life and even the turned-on young must commute because few can afford to actually *live* along Fairfax Avenue, a once-staid, largely-Jewish shopping area.

Fairfax is soon full of hang-outs, head shops and counter-cultural newspapers like the *Los Angeles Free Press* and the *L.A. Oracle*. (Over on less-fashionable Melrose Avenue, a gutsy, more-political little paper called *Open City* has its offices in a former hippy coffeehouse.)

When the kids aren't eating corned beef sandwiches at Canter's Delicatessen or shoplifting erotic poetry at the Kazoo Bookstore across the street (owned by the *Free Press*), they're generally in transit from Fairfax to the nearby Sunset Strip, whory old nightclub annex to

Hollywood Celebrityland.

Over on the most-travelled dozen blocks of the Strip, the sidewalks are so narrow that two freaks can hardly stand side-by-side and police regularly harass long-haired youths seen walking (in Free-way City, pedestrianship proves criminal intent).

Late in '66, the kids respond with the town's first "Youth Riots" centered around a popular hang-out called Pandora's Box. Cars and buses are stoned; dozens are arrested with broken heads and tear-gas-reddened eyes.

Here and there, along the Strip, a nest of hippies nestles among stucco hovels or takes over some crumbling, two-story former whorehouse where \$100 call girls plied their trade back in the days when mobster Mickey Cohen controlled the action with a customized Thompson submachinegun.

Hippies thrive beneath ragged rows of dying palm trees whose upper branches disappear in shitbrown, smoggy skies. They camp in the soon-to-be-demolished cottage where a dying F. Scott Fitzgerald once shacked up with his Hollywood gossip-columnist girlfriend.

The interchange between the colorful (and "ecstatic") youth community and the older hustlers of Cinemaville gets fast and frantic. (One of the newcomers is a certain Charlie Manson who uses his crew of sexy hippiegirls to win over jaded rockstars and bit-part actors. They lead him straight to the doomed Sharon Tate.)

Hollywood hippy pads are full of day-glo posters, strobe lights, the best in stereo hi-fi phonographs.

Their curtains closed against the smoggy sun (and hiding the bugs and dirt) they often look like stage settings for such Grade B potboilers *about* hippies as "Riot on the Sunset Strip" and "The Trip." (No accident, since these pads often double as sets.)

Staying at home in L.A., staying stoned and watching your stroboscope makes sense since the street hippies are fair game for a corps of manic cops who think they're Divinely-Appointed Agents of Cosmic Justice. Red-eyed squad cars zoom in on "suspicious" gatherings of street people like the Thought Police in a Ray Bradbury science fiction flick.

Things never get as populous and colorful on the eastern side of the Mississippi, but a number of interesting and highly-stylized scenes develop in several cities.

In Boston an acid cult led by Mel Lyman takes control of the principal hip newspaper, the *Avatar*, and calls together community

meetings (generally called "Love-Ins") on the Boston Commons before total-freak-out-paranoia drives them to spend all of their time building a high stone wall completely around Lyman's rented house on Fort Hill.

In Cleveland, the scene gravitates about the Wade Park college complex then spreads up Euclid Avenue to East Cleveland where the suicidal poet D.A. Levy cranks out his fascinating *Buddhist Junk Mail Oracle*. Head shops, boutiques and bookstores open up along Coventry Road.

In Detroit, a highly energetic, proletarian trip centers around a commune headed by poet/publisher John Sinclair (Trans-Love Energies). Love-Ins and Be-Ins draw thousands out to the parks. Tight bonds are forged between hip young whites and angry blacks (an alliance which blazes into joint sniping and arson when Detroit blazes into armed rebellion in the summer of 1967).

Other small youth ghettos (each with its own underground newspaper) develop in Austin Texas (the *Rag*), Philadelphia (*Graffiti* and *Yarrowstalks*), the college town of East Lansing, Michigan (the *Paper*), in Seattle (the *Helix*), up in Vancouver, Canada (the *Georgia Straight*), in Chicago (the *Seed*), in San Diego (*Good Morning Teaspoon* and the *Door*), in Berkeley (the *Barb*).

Two papers — the *Oracles* of Los Angeles and San Francisco — would become the semi-official organs of the Psychedelic Movement and would unwaveringly portray Timothy Leary as its Leader and Prophet.

It is San Francisco's Haight-Ashbury District which becomes the most crowded and spectacular Youth Scene in America.

The community takes several years to develop.

By early 1964, several hundred non-conformists have moved quietly into this polyglot, multiracial neighborhood and seem to blend in as unobtrusively as the eccentric plaster filigrees tacked onto the front of those many Victorian houses which give this once-elegant, parkside community its deteriorating 19th Century charm.

About 20,000 people live in 60 square blocks centering around the intersection of Haight and Ashbury Streets. It's a rather sophisticated population and, at first, the new wave of students, artists, musicians and bearded habitues of the local beerbars and coffee-houses is quite welcome.

The newcomers give Haight-Ashbury a creative shove into the

future; at least they're white.

(Massive integration has been an uncomfortable ordeal for the older citizens of the Haight. By late 1965, the area's about a third black; property values plummet and storefronts stand empty for months.)

Blacks, hippies, acid cultists, old time Marxist radicals, conservative property owners: quite a potent mixture.

Early in 1966, the lid blows. On January 3, the brothers Ron and Jay Thelin open the world's first "Psychedelic Shop" near Masonic Street on Haight. They offer a wide variety of hip paraphernalia — water pipes, roach clips, books, records and posters centered around the drug experience. There's also a "Meditation Room" which doubles as a community gathering place for discussions on common problems and ideals.

By fall, the Thelins are backing Haight's first neighborhood newspaper, an *Oracle* which is more a black-and-white, multi-purpose bulletin board and gripesheet than the exercise in optical acid evangelism it will later become.

Haight's now the storm center, the dynamo which shoots currents of freaky uprising into the larger city.

Haight will organize the first public circus built around LSD (the Ken Kesey-dominated "Trips Festival" of January 21-23 held in the huge Longshoreman's Hall).

Haight is the sparkplug which ignites the fabulous acid rock ballroom scene (primarily the Avalon and the Fillmore).

Haight is home for such musicians as Janis Joplin, the Grateful Dead and Jefferson Airplane. Its musicians create a new style; its artists produce handbills and posters publicizing the dances in a new form of "acid art-nouveau." Its multimedia wizards invent fantastically complex new sound and light shows to alternate with the bands in the great ballrooms.

National mediamen quickly focus on Haight, cover the Trips Festival and the ballrooms, photograph free food and drugs being handed out in the Golden Gate Park Panhandle each day by the Diggers, see anarchistic altruism in action.

Haight becomes an assignment editor's delight as thousands of kids respond to the wave of sensational publicity and flock to Haight to join in the "Politics of Free."

Entrepreneurial commerce sniffs money and quickly moves on the scene.

More acid is sold in 1966-67 in the Haight and on the Sunset Strip than all the rest of the country put together.

Other new "industries" thrive on the great wave of visiting tourists and flower children with money in their jeans. Soon there's a glut of posters, pot-smoking accessories, jewelry — especially "love beads" and roach clips. Some of this stuff is plain junk but some of it is produced by a new class of handcrafters who will work their way out into the general population in coming years as millions of "normal" Americans begin to value one-of-a-kind creation over machine monotony.

Although Timothy Leary remains, in the mind of Haight's residents, something of an "East Coast" figure, he's also the Number One Hero and more than welcome here.

He's careful to keep close tabs on the quickly-changing scene and makes frequent visits to the West Coast (which is, in reality, his original stomping ground).

It's a complex milieu and it soon produces a flood of articles and books of half-informed explanation.

The nation as a whole wants to know why these "Intentional Communities" have come into being and why thousands of their kids are now running loose across the landscape looking for a new scene, a new way of life. Why are they so eager to unplug themselves from traditional jobs, homes, marriages and obligatory stints in the military? Why have they come crowding into the Haight, the Fairfax, the East Village?

An anonymous San Francisco poet analyzes their needs and inclinations:

"Our conflict," he writes in a mimeographed street manifesto, "is with job wardens and consumer-keepers of a permissive loonie bin. Property, credit, interest, insurance, installments and profits are stupid concepts.

"Millions of have-nots and drop-outs in the U.S. are living on an overflow of technologically-produced fat. They're not fighting ecology, they're responding to it.

"Middle class living rooms are funeral parlors and only undertakers will stay in them. Our fight is with those who would kill us through dumb work, insane war, dull money morality."

It's clear to both participants and onlookers that these kids are going through a period of massive change both personal and social. It's also clear that psychedelic drugs are the prime catalysts

of this change, the solvents which quickly dissolve the artificial restraints imposed by automatic education, half-caring families, economic bondage and habitual lethargy.

But drugs did not create the initial discontent; the society and the times did that. Injustice and racism did it. The death of John Kennedy and, with him, the belief of millions that liberalizing change can be accomplished within the system. The endless escalation of the Vietnam fiasco. The deadly dull institution of Lyndon Johnson's manifestly cynical "Great Society" which quickly proves itself to be a corrupt compromise without purpose or the smallest shred of idealism.

An observant young New Yorker named Richard Goldstein studies the youth ghettos late in 1966 and concludes that:

"Lyndon Johnson has created the hip community. The flower children are his kinfolk; The twin cosmologies of love and withdrawal are his legacy . . . Lyndon Johnson has turned the 'Now Generation' off social concern and onto themselves . . . The Great Society does its thing and the flower children do theirs."

Hip young people, he says, regard politics as "a superficial waste of energy."

Yet he observes that "the Love Cosmology, for all its concern with interpersonal relationships, evades thorny issues like poverty or injustice. The state of perpetual seige with which hippies approach existence is as deliberate a response as the confident optimism which made college students proselytizers in the early '60s."

Novelist Saul Bellow explains the movement in another way.

He notes that dropping out is nothing new in this country. "Americans," he says, "have a way of seceding when conditions displease them . . . When they do not secede publicly, they do it internally, subjectively. The early settlers were separatists, and separatism is still an important American phenomenon. Under certain pressures, when people feel they are being conned, snowed, put on or bamboozled (the very abundance of terms for this is itself a sign of great sensitivity to the phenomenon) they abstract or remove themselves. They light out for the territory ahead, like Huck Finn, or become sages at Walden (a rare reaction today) or take pot or LSD."

It's apparent that "hippies" have no stock philosophy or game plan — not even Tim Leary's.

They try out a little of everything, sampling and tasting, chewing and spitting out selected hunks of religion, sociology, dreams and

visions, utopian expectations from every possible source.

But certain trends are evident; there are significant areas of general agreement.

Everyone on the New Scene shares a commitment to *some* kind of massive change, whether it be only personal or extend to all society. Everyone wants to get stoned and laid.

Everyone seems willing to live with fewer *things*, provided they can find ways to make life more interesting and creative. Most seem profoundly skeptical about nationalism and its Number One Product, war.

They have little use for politicians, want fewer repressive laws and taxes.

Everyone wants to try new ways and see where they lead. The conversations on these topics are complex and never-ending. It helps to make this an intellectually stimulating milieu. But all too often the action gets way behind the words, and it all ends up as no more than *talk*.

People get spaced-out and lazy behind a huge drug supply. They want to throw the baby out with the bathwater — discard the reasoning process taught by the materialistic society they hate and, thereby, destroy their own ability to deal rationally with that very society and thus doom their fascinating experiment with “intentional community” to a dumb-ass, unglorified end.

Since the prevailing slogan of the day is “Fuck Leaders” and no one can say from day to day which concepts and which gurus are predominant, a realistic portrait of “Hip America” during this period must focus more upon the troops than the would-be generals.

Richard Alpert liked to tell a story about a local flower child whom he felt was typical of thousands on the scene.

Just before going to India (in the spring of 1967), Dick spent a good deal of time hanging out with street people from all over the country.

He lived, at first, in San Francisco, then travelled south to Los Angeles to do a little “Missionary Work.” He described an early encounters with his “typical L.A. flower child”:

“Last night,” he recalled, “I drove up and down the Sunset Strip. I picked up hitchhikers and talked to them. What a trip! You see, you’ve done something for them. You’ve picked them up and there I am in this brand-new rented Chevrolet and I’m wearing this square suit and who in the hell am I to be picking them up in a new

Chevrolet and a suit?

"And they get in with bare feet and the whole scene, you know. And they sit there and they're sort of *caught*, you know. They look away. They try to avoid me, but I *did* pick them up, after all so I have the right to ask them the opening question because I've done something for them. So I say, 'What's your life like here?'

"Eccccccht! A really *square* question. And it takes about four questions before this guy finally realizes he's not dealing with who he thought he was when I ask him something like, 'Is it mainly speed or acid?'

"You can see how quickly the guy goes through his changes. What fun! They're so beautiful and they're so simple.

"Like, this kid I picked up was from Minnesota — he was completely acne-faced and then he had his hair kind of greasy, it was over everything.

"All you saw was this beautiful, big sheepdog look that all the kids have now. A very cuddly-looking sheepdog. If he'd had short hair, he'd just have been another acne-faced teen-ager, very shy and all.

"Here he is, like, from Minnesota and he's come out here. I said, 'What do you do?'

"He said, 'I sleep all day and, at night, I hang out in Hollywood and along Fairfax Avenue; I go back and forth. We're all there.'

"I said, 'Does all this satisfy you?'

"He said, 'I know that sooner or later I'm going to have to get a job and cut my hair and have children and a wife, gotta have a job.'

"Going through my whole trip, I said, 'What if you could live in a community up in the mountains with other people and work and support a wife and kids and still have your hair and your whole scene?'

" 'I'd like that.'

" 'What do you use?'

" 'Oh, I use pot and hash and a little speed.'

" 'Did you ever take LSD?'

" 'No.'

" 'Why not?'

" 'Well,' he said, 'your friends come on about it being so great but all those magazine stories — it's scary! I want to be able to go back home.'

"And that's your Flower Child from Minnesota. And there are so many more out there like him. They're not in this game for keeps.

"What they're seeking is a moratorium from the square scene

they're sure to go back to. They need about three years of it, knowing they're going back, but finding out about themselves. Sleeping during the day, hanging out at night, listening and being on the scene, getting high and open.

"And that's why more kids are starting to drop out at a younger age before they have to face the draft. At say, 15 or 16.

"Because then they can go through a whole drop-out period, a moratorium period, and then be reclaimed by society, come back to school, beat the draft that way.

"When they get back, I'm hoping there will be enough freedom by then in the classrooms to make education interesting. If it isn't, they're going to make it that way. Because these kids just aren't like the kids who, in the past, went through the traditional period of revolt and then came back to the fold.

"Mothers say to me now, 'I look in my son's eyes and it frightens me. I don't know my son. He might just as well have come from Mars.'

"Because the kids have dropped out of their parents' value system and they're not about to get back in. And when they go back to school, they will demand they be taught things that really interest them, things that they really need, not all the bullshit that's handed out in education at the moment.

"Like, it may be of use to you someday because somebody else thought it might have been useful to them half a century ago.

"Like, I see kids dropping out, returning and then picking and choosing knowledge, being fascinated by parts of psychics, parts of medicine, parts of mechanics. Putting them together and coming up with new machines, new techniques, new ideas . . ."

By the time it's all over, there are many thousands of kids just like Dick Alpert's Flower Child from Minnesota wandering in and out of the nation's youth ghettos.

It becomes a very populous scene, indeed.

The dropped-out, full-time hippies are there. The visiting flower children are there. Millions of their horrified-but-interested elders come tripping through, trying to find out *why* their kids are doing all these outrageous things.

Brigades of Dirty Old Men arrive to hustle up young cock and pussy. Punks and street gypsies float in to con the easy marks. Hells Angels and burn-artist dope dealers rip the golden petals off a flowery dream.

While the scene develops and degenerates, Timothy Leary beams down upon it like a beatific ikon. The public comes to regard him as the Chief Prophet and Pied Piper who brought together the entire phenomenon.

In September of 1966, he decides to take advantage of that vast misconception and, in the words of Jean Houston, Leary invents "a new American phenomenon — Science as Show Biz."

Tim is about to become history's first "Psychedelic Super-Star."

Chapter Fifteen

When Timothy Leary stepped into the spotlight on opening night (September 20, 1966) to perform his first “Psychedelic Religious Celebration” in New York’s Village Theater, the more cynical reviewer considered him just another Seven Day Wonder milking a lurid international reputation for all it was worth. Talent, they said, had little to do with it.

Time magazine, for instance, called his performance “an Off-Broadway potboiler” but predicted he’d do “socko box office” since he provided “all the right production values: religioso gimmicks, weirdo music, sexo fantasy, all boffo.”

More thoughtful reporters (like Diana Trilling of the British publication *Encounter*) took these strange public events quite seriously. (There would be seven celebrations in all, running from September 20 through January 28, 1967.)

Ms. Trilling called them “ritualistic theological events” noting that “there was a sermon, prayers by Dr. Leary, even a moment of silent prayer on the part of the ‘congregation.’”

“Unmistakably, a spirit of devoutness permeated the auditorium.”

Thus, she perceived Tim’s true purpose in presenting his mixed media “happenings” — the promotion of a brand new religion (the League for Spiritual Discovery — LSD for short) founded up at Millbrook the previous summer.

By now, Leary was completely engrossed in the theological aspects of the acid experience. He called himself “a prophet, a spiritual teacher. In other times, I might have been called a messiah or a guru or a shaman or a medicine man . . . How ironic and ludicrous that an American Irishman should be forced into sainthood!”

Ms. Trilling was quietly amused by such extravagant claims but hundreds of less-discerning young acid heads took Tim at his word and jammed the Village Theater that night expecting instant revelation. (For those less credulous, the show provided some fascinating glimpses into the latest convolutions of the Leary cult.)

Life at Millbrook had changed a great deal during 1966, a year of amazing growth and intense persecution for the Acid Movement.

Late that summer, 16 members of the old Adanda Yogic Ashram

(led by former solidier/minister/show-biz impresario Jim Haynes) moved to the Big House to join a dozen Learyites already in residence.

The presence of Haynes and his Hindu followers quickly changed the atmosphere of the place; religious thought and symbolism predominated and this suited Leary just fine.

He'd been talking about founding his own "religion" for a long while and said that the "slow invisible process of becoming a guru, a holy man" began for him in 1962.

The actualization of these long-held theological intentions occurred in the latter half of 1966.

The first meeting of the "incorporators" of the League for Spiritual Discovery was held at Millbrook on August 21.

Tim called the LSD "an orthodox religion dedicated to the pursuit of the divinity within and the external glorification of God." He said the group had three primary characteristics:

"1 - Enthusiastic acceptance of the sacramental method by the young, the creative, the racially and politically alienated — repressive opposition by the orthodox priesthood and secular power holders.

"2 - A recognition that the search for God is a private affair — that the temple is the human body; the shrine is within the home, the communion-congregation limited to family members and close friends. The rituals, original and personal, spring from experiences of the small worship group.

"3 - There is no reliance on priesthood, dogma, stereotyped rituals, social-political protection. The leaven works underground. Friends initiate, teach, prepare and guide the uninitiated."

Nevertheless, Tim set up LSD operations at Millbrook in a rather formal way.

On October 11, the "League Guides" elected Leary as "First Guide."

On December 21, the initial annual meeting of the Guides Board was held in the Big House with nine members. Tim acted as "President."

Millbrook was formally declared a "monastery, a seed ashram, a sanctuary and spiritual shrine."

On December 31, the old Castalia Foundation was legally phased out and its liabilities and assets transferred to the League.

Three categories of membership in the LSD were created:

At the top of the heat were the "Guides" who had to be complete "renunciates" (drop-outs). They lived at Millbrook, were

financially supported by the League and, in turn, had to hand over all personal income — including money from lectures, books, films and recordings. (This would mean that Tim, as usual, would kick in most of the money needed to pay Millbrook's bills.)

Guides were to "reach and prepare" the next group of members — the "Associates" who could only be initiated by Guides and who practiced "the sacramental and meditative methods" only at "shrines" located in their homes.

(This meant that you smoked your grass and dropped your acid in front of "a visible aid to worship" like a crucifix or a statue of the Buddha — or even a color photo of your favorite guru, Tim Leary.)

The third category of members were called "League Friends" and these were people who had not yet been initiated ("turned on") but who wanted to get more deeply involved.

Associates were nominated by two Guides who were usually personal friends. This tended to keep the League a tight little clique of close buddies (although groups outside of Millbrook were urged to go out and "found your own religion").

The League's "Official Symbol and Seal" was a "Four-Leafed Lotus" set inside of a small circle. (Trust a stoned-out Irishman like Tim to come up with that mythological vegetable.)

The League had only two "Commandments":

"1 - Thou shalt not alter the consciousness of thy fellow man."

"2 - Thou shalt not prevent thy fellow man from altering his own consciousness."

Day-to-day operation of the League was direct and simple: Tim Leary had the final word on everything.

He was to preside over all "Membership Meetings" (in effect, the daily bull sessions held in the Millbrook kitchen).

He was Chairman of the Board of Directors.

He appointed all committees, checked out all the books and records, signed all the checks and kept all the other members in line.

This, in effect, made Tim the "Pope of Dope."

Leary also got busy during this period writing the League's first "catechism and guide book" which would be called *Start Your Own Religion* and be printed by Jim Haines' Sri Ram Ashram (richly illustrated with photographs of Tim in attitudes of prayer and leadership).

Despite promises in assorted magazine interviews that he would

not proselytize, Timothy had decided by the fall of 1966 that his League must get involved in "Public Illuminations of the Human Race." (And at \$3 or \$4 a head in the 2,500-seat Village Theatre, such "illuminations" might go a long way towards paying the escalating bills at Millbrook where Tim now found himself supporting "40 adults, 20 children, 12 dogs, 11 cats, a flock of geese and a dozen lawyers.")

His hour-and-a-half-long "Psychedelic Religious Celebrations" would, supposedly, reproduce "typical acid trips taken by average Americans."

To achieve even a mild facsimile of the undulating light and sound patterns often produced by LSD, Tim's performers would use "mandal, mudra, prayer, media-mix, symbol-overload, multiple projection."

To wrap things up, the now-ecstatic audience would be treated to a "Sermon-Lecture" by the First Guide himself.

To get his audience properly keyed up, Tim organized the first part of the show as a 40-minute-long "psychedelic demonstration" which was, in essence, no more than a sound and light show relying on methods pioneered during the past decade by artists and "happening" wizards both in America and Europe.

Members of Tim's Millbrook crew had experimented with such techniques since 1965 and they'd been greatly sophisticated on the West Coast during Ken Kesey's Acid Tests.

As Tim himself explained, the "demonstration" involved "about 20 people using light machines, stroboscopes, multiple projection cinema. There will be six, seven or eight sources of sound — some live and some taped.

"The screen will be undulating with 10 or 12 or 16 sources of light that is duplicating what happens in the nervous system when it's turned on, when it's open to all of the energy which is flooding in.

"Now, weaving through these cellular forms — which is the language of the nervous system — and weaving through these pulsing energies will come the myth — if we do the Christian celebration, we take the life of Christ.

"And you see hundreds of scenes of the life of Christ flashing at you — as though you've gone back down through your protein memory bank which contains 60 generations of memories from forebearers who have been influenced by the Christian myth.

"Music will be flowing out of the screen, the music of 2,000

years of Christian worship — the music of Ray Charles and Billy Graham, Palestrina and the early Coptics.

“What we try to do is duplicate and reproduce and hopefully induce the psychedelic effect without the drug. Our aim is that the average Christian should gain deeper understanding of the power, the energy, and the ancient meaning of the Christ figure.

“Another time, we present the Buddha myth. Another time, that of Mohammed.”

Diana Trilling saw the Christian show and called it a “brightly-colored collage of undulating blobby fluids running into and around each other overlaid with slides and films full of religious symbols, events in Medieval history, contemporary movies portraying the ugliness of city life . . . A kind of Psychedelic March of Time.”

She was even less impressed with Leary’s “sermon,” finding herself distrusting his language and style, although she felt that “Dr. Leary is nothing if not sincere. His language could not be less ornate or theatrical.”

But she felt Tim’s words contained “only the illusion of coherence . . . It is only when one applies oneself to it that it eludes the grasp.”

(After nearly an hour of this kind of “honesty,” she found herself yearning, once again, for “the contrivance of theatre.”)

Nevertheless, Ms. Trilling gave Tim credit for being “a professional charmer whose microphone was a natural extension of his infatuate ego . . . his staff and his rod, his auxiliary drug, his surrogate selfhood.

“But succeed as he may in making converts to his religion, as a self he wears the pale but indelible marks of doom; you see it as soon as he takes the microphone in his hand and invites the spotlight. As a self, he has the invincible anonymity of a television master-of-ceremonies . . .

“Even announcing his best-shaped slogans, Dr. Leary himself failed to take significant shape except in a form already made iconographic by night club and television personalities. The essential quality he conveyed was that of a schoolmaster acting the master-of-ceremonies in a school show — a good-looking, tired, essentially vulgar, still-boyish teacher, histrionic, equally pleased with his popularity among his students and the privileges of office which he could exercise as occasion demanded.”

The reporter from the *National Review*, Don McDonagh, called

Tim's sermon the show's weakest link and said "it was compounded of undergraduate enthusiasms for universal explanations based on freshman chemistry or biology and a slightly pulpy philosophical outlook."

Newsweek was more sympathetic, calling Leary a true religious leader, "a lean, handsome Messiah fighting to legalize his mind-expanding drugs as the new sacraments of the age."

The *New Yorker* saw Tim as "disheveled, his face showing fatigue and strain. He looked like a shipwrecked sailor and very much alone."

After receiving a quantity of mixed and bad reviews, Timothy decided to pull out all the stops. He hired a press agent and then staged a parade through the mostly-hippie East Village just before the last of his New York extravaganzas ("The Illumination of the Buddha").

He rented a flatbed truck, mounted a 10-foot-high, gold-painted papier mache Eastern Idol on top and ran it through the streets with big signs affixed advertising "THE BUDDHA — ST. MARK'S THEATRE."

Then Tim and "other Religious Leaders" posed for photographs in front of the statue.

The newspapers ate it up.

Leary's publicist was an energetic pro who told reporter Tom Nolan that, at first, "everything between Leary and me was beautiful. Everyone loved everybody else; the work was a pleasure.

"And then he thought we weren't doing enough for him . . . He started coming up with gimmicks.

"For instance, he wanted to have bubble-gum cards made up with mantras on them and have them sent to the soldiers in Vietnam who would read the mantras and realize the futility of war . . .

"The thing about Leary, I think, is that he was a great salesman . . . He was a huckster. I remember he always wore the same suit with the same green pea soup stains on the lapel. He was worried about becoming old-fashioned."

In January of 1967, Tim took his "Illumination of the Buddha" show on the road.

Five performances were scheduled on the West Coast. Three were set for January 19-21 in the 3,000-seat Civic Auditorium at Santa Monica (where Oscars are generally given out each year). The final two in Berkeley Community Theater (January 27) and then

across the bay (January 28) in San Francisco's Winterland Auditorium.

This trip proved to be the most eventful swing west in Tim's long career.

He staged his five "religious celebrations," appeared at the January 14 Golden Gate Park Human Be-In, saw other "leaders" of the New Scene in a "Hippie Summit Meeting" aboard Alan Watts' ferryboat home in Sausalito.

All of this gave him the greatest audience yet and verified that he was the "Leading Philosopher and Hero" of the youth movement.

Tim's reception in Santa Monica Civic Auditorium was warm — if a little confused. The place was full and most of the audience entirely sympathetic (except for one Little Old Lady who threw rotten eggs at him yelling, "You ruined my son with your devil drugs!")

But the very size and impersonality of the place precluded any feeling of involvement and most spectators went away feeling that they'd witnessed just one more tasteless Hollywood spectacle.

Tim's return to his old stomping ground in Berkeley was anti-climactic.

The *Berkeley Barb* was, by then, the leading voice of student militancy in Northern California and it refrained from announcing Leary's performance until the very day of the show then suggested that peace movement people demonstrate against Leary in front of the theater to protest his anti-political stance.

(When Tim saw the story, he held up a copy of the rather ungainly black-and-white *Barb* and compared it to the brilliantly-colored — and *very* psychedelic — *San Francisco Oracle* which he held in his other hand. "See this!" he told a crowd of admirers. "This is an ugly, hateful Iron Age newspaper." The *Oracle*, on the other hand, was "the paper the Buddha would read if he were here today.")

In its next issue, the *Barb* retaliated by panning Leary's Berkeley show and noting that the hall was only half full. Many in the audience walked out, it said "before Siddhartha got illuminated."

This poor reception depressed Timothy. Near the close of his performance, he looked dubiously at the microphone and dramatically wondered aloud what he was doing there with this electronic gadget in his hand . . . "What am I doing in this rather implausible situation, in such a ridiculous thing as show business. I'm not going to win any Academy Awards . . ."

At the end of his San Francisco show on the following night, Leary announced that he was now definitely through with show biz.

By then he had good reason to quit since, that morning, he'd read Ralph Gleason's review of the Berkeley show in the *San Francisco Chronicle*. Said the usually tolerant Gleason who, this time, had apparently gotten a burr up his ass:

"The Berkeley show (?) opened with a rock band. The Outfit it was called, and it was okay for a high school dance.

"They played a while and Dr. Leary, looking like a character actor in 'Rain,' walked on stage dressed in white pajamas, sat cross-legged in front of four candles, lit them, and one promptly went out.

"He picked up a microphone and began to deliver the same speech we have been hearing the past couple of weeks bit by bit in interviews. This time he gave it all at once in a monotone, holding the mike in his right hand and waving with his left . . .

"The audience was an audience, not participating and that was a stone drag, since there was nothing to watch. The light show was antique by Bay Area standards . . . The trip became a travelogue with Fitzpatrick O'Leary guiding us with gun and camera down the psychedelic canal . . .

"If this is an LSD trip, I'll take Mickey Mouse."

Chapter Sixteen

The year 1967 began in San Francisco with a Psychedelic Spring. It blossomed into a notorious Summer of Love and ended with the Fall of Haight.

In New York and Los Angeles, this intergalactic tourist season opened on Easter Sunday with dual "Love-Ins" in Central Park Sheep Meadow and in L.A.'s dry-hilled Elysian Park.

On April 15, many thousand members of the same group of hedonic non-conformists joined their more-political brothers and sisters (with angry parents) in the first National Spring Mobilization Against the Vietnam War.

For the first time, the oil and water elements of personal and social revolt began to mix. Their techniques were quite different, but their aims were identical. Both groups wanted "peace and freedom."

A true national "movement" was born.

All through April, May and June, similar Love-and-Peace demonstrations sprouted up from coast to coast like errant dandelions.

For the first time since the Depression Days of the 1930s, a massive popular uprising had developed spontaneously all across the continent.

This Movement — bastard child of a pacifistic/moral Mama and an anarchistic, drug-taking Daddy — yowled, stretched, grew like the hardy, illegal weed it was.

A trembling Older Generation freaked out in fear.

Politicians rumbled.

Revolution was in the vibrant air.

Anything seemed possible this unforgotten spring and summer; little was accomplished.

Why?

All the built-in reasons for this tragic failure were evident from the very beginning. The energy, the conviction, the numbers were there; sound judgement, political commitment were not.

Timothy Leary spent most of the spring and summer of 1967 in Millbrook. He was busy founding his own "religion" and re-organizing his "tribe." He seldom ventured out — except to deliver college-campus lectures at \$1,000 per appearance.

But Tim's physical presence was not really necessary. His thoughts and constantly-smiling photographic image were everywhere. His ideas were echoed (and badly misquoted) by every two-bit hustler and stoned-out street gypsy on the scene.

Leary said acid was good for you (but, in the beginning, he'd insisted on correct set and setting, reliable trip guides and highly structured trip plans).

"Acid," echoed a mob of eager, itchy kids, "is good for you." Then they added: "Any time, any place, in any quantity, the more the better."

Soon the streets of the youth ghettos were filled with staggering, doped-out visionaries screaming untranslatable revelation at every passerby. Hundreds of bad-trippers ended up in hospitals and loonie bins, neatly confirming long-held establishment prejudices against the psychedelics in any form.

Leary said "drop out" but he was talking about a conscious change of lifestyle reached after careful deliberation.

The kids took him literally. "Run away," they said. "Leave school without a second thought. Quit your job. Abandon your family."

Tim said that after you dropped out, it might be a good idea to move to the country and join cohesive new "tribes."

But inside industrial America, circa 1967, tribalism was no more than a vague celluloid myth, Cowboys and Indians stuff.

The action, the fun, the great public freak-outs were all in the cities and that's where the kids emigrated, not in tribes but one-by-one.

Leary said that he despised all political activity.

Again, the kids took him literally and destroyed all hope of community. No cohesive, workable structures would emerge in the youth ghettos. No one was allowed to speak up for the growing (and politically potent) population of young immigrants and hold off the escalating wrath of city councils, building inspectors and heavy-handed cops.

Passive, confused hippies became everyone's favorite punching bag during the "Summer of Love," 1967.

Tim felt that the summer was his own personal high point, a Golden Age of Psychedelic Renaissance. But, for the most part, he was careful to stay inside the isolated Duchy of Millbrook ignoring the increasingly-bad action out on the city streets.

Gutsier observers remained in communities like the Haight-Ashbury all through 1967 and could clearly see the bloody handwriting on the wall as early as April, long before Scott McKenzie urged a teen-age lemming migration by singing "If You're Going to San Francisco" (and every kid without firm plans for the summer stuck a wilted flower in his dandruff-enriched hair and hightailed it out to the Golden Gate).

A sardonic old beatnik named Chester Anderson could see what was coming.

He organized San Francisco's fabulous *Communications Company* deep in the Haight and proceeded to crank out a fancily-mimeographed (Gestetnered) street journal which accurately described the degeneration of the entire hippie scene. His best forecast was called "Uncle Tim's Children."

"Pretty little 16-year-old middle-class chick comes to the Haight to see what it's all about," wrote Chester, "and gets picked up by a 17-year-old street dealer who spends all day shooting her full of speed again & again. Then feeds her 3000 mikes & raffles off her temporarily unemployed body for the biggest Haight Street gang bang since the night before last.

"The politics & ethics of ecstasy.

"Rape is as common as bullshit on Haight Street.

"The *Oracle* continues to recruit for this summer's Human Shit-In, but the psychedelic plastic flower & god's eye merchants, shocked by the discovery that increased population doesn't necessarily guarantee increased profits at all, have invented the Council for a Summer of Love to keep us all from interfering with commerce.

"Kids are starving on The Street. Minds & bodies are being maimed as we watch, a scale model of Vietnam. There are people — Our People — dying hideous long deaths among us & the Council is planning alternate activities. Haight Street is uglyshitdeath & Alan Watts suggests more elegant attire . . . The selectively-expanded consciousness does not notice misery. Misery is not beautiful.

"The HIP merchants — the cats who have sold our lovely little psychedelic community to the mass media, to the world, to you — are blithely & sincerely unaware of what they have done. They're as innocent as a busy-fingered blind man in a nudist colony. They don't see hunger, hip brutality, rape, gangbangs, gonorrhea, syphilis, theft, hunger, filth. They walk in their own beauty down Haight Street & if they see the shit at all, they deplore it & say that Somebody

should do something about it. Sometimes they complain about shoplifting.

"They do not realize that they & Uncle Timothy have lured an army of children into a ghastly trap from which there is no visible escape. They do not see that they are destroying a whole generation of American youth . . .

"And why hasn't the man who *really* did it to us done something about the problem he has created? Why doesn't Doctor Timothy Leary help the Diggers? . . . Are Alpert & Leary and *The Oracle* all in the same greedy place? Does acid still have to be sold as hard as Madison Avenue sells sex? What do these Nice People mean by 'Love?' "

Chester Anderson was not the only commentator disenchanted that season with Leary's "Politics of Ecstasy."

Down in L.A., even such normally-sympathetic underground newspapers as the *Free Press* and *Open City* were less than enchanted with the public image Tim projected during a typical mid-1967 press conference held in a fancy Hollywood Hills house.

Wrote the *Free Press* (after discovering that this so-called conference was little more than an unofficial acid dealers convention):

"Leary stationed himself cross-legged in a modified lotus position on the floor. He looked bored . . .

"Then some greaser announced the *raison d'être*, which turned out to be the new, improved Les Crane TV show. Leary will tape the first show tonight, appearing in an exhibition match with Max Rafferty.

"Are you still in show business?" asked the *Freep*.

"No," said Tim, "I've dropped out and turned the whole thing over to the Beatles." (A very *in* remark which draws appreciative chuckles from the modishly-dressed acid dealers.)

The phonograph plays *Lucy in the Sky with Diamonds* for the fifth time. Les Crane himself appears to promote the upcoming talk show and Leary sits there "calmly winking at everyone whose eye he catches through the whole hassle. By now he looks as if he were suffering from advanced ennui . . .

"Press people begin to drift out. As each leaves, Leary clasps hands in front of his face and nods like Gunga-Din to him. Each nod is accompanied by a wink.

"I imagine him in pre-drop-out days at student gatherings. At least three jokes per lecture. Maybe he winked a lot then, too . . ."

Some weeks later, *Realist* Editor Paul Krassner visited the San Francisco *Oracle* offices to find the staff debating about a psyche-

delic portrait of Tim Leary which was proposed for an upcoming front page.

Two drawings were in the running. In the first, Tim's head was surrounded by numerous light rays ("holy emanations," the artist called them).

In the second, there was a very clear, Christ-like halo around the Acid Messiah's white locks. Some members of the staff felt that both these marks of divinity were absurd. But, in that time and place, such discussions were commonplace.

Paul got bored with these antics and went out onto Haight Street to watch the action. He found a new breed of panhandler saying, "Mister, can you spare a quarter to expand my consciousness?"

In one store window, he noted the photograph of a pimply-faced kid "whose homeliness would transport Lee Harvey Oswald to matinee idol status." Next to the photo was a letter:

"I, Peter Albert Roy, have experienced under the drug LSD the total loss of exterior EGO, and as a beginning I shall state that I am a total Virgin in the physical sense of the word.

"I am also looking for a sincere girl to teach me the fundamentals of sexual love for I have never known the feeling. I am not Homosexual nor do I wish any male intervention to bother me about this matter. Would someone please help me?"

Back at the *Oracle* office, Paul sat down to be interviewed by several of the newspaper's writers. They insisted that he *must* be having religious visions now that he was taking LSD.

"But atheism is the central factor of my life," Paul protested.

"Acid automatically provides religious visions!" they insisted. Hadn't Paul seen God at least *once*?

"Yes," he replied. "There was a different God I didn't believe in . . . My definition of religion is that it's a socially-acceptable form of superstition."

"Let's talk about revolution," suggested one of the more-tactful reporters trying to shift gears. "Do you think there's any such thing as revolution in America?"

"There are several," said Paul. "There is a black revolution. There is a psychedelic revolution. And there is a technological revolution all going on simultaneously. Some of them are related . . . For instance, there are those who feel that the race problem can't be alleviated except with the use of LSD. So, like, it's all part of the big revolution."

Asked the *Oracle*:

"What kind of change do you see happening in the U.S. with all of these revolutions happening at the same time?"

"More arrests," said Krassner most *Realistically*.

A prophetic observation for Haight-Ashburby's young nonconformists faced increasing police repression that summer and fall and they had absolutely no way of fighting back.

The only long-term effort to bring any form of community organization to bear in the Haight was undertaken by a utopian street-theater group popularly known as the Diggers (and named after an ancient English organization of agrarian socialists who shared all they raised with the poor). But not even this tough little band could manage a continuing social effort of any size in the face of total acid anarchy.

The *Communications Company* provided a good record of what the Diggers were trying to do:

"Six months ago," wrote Chester Anderson, "you watched two guys bring a milk can full of turkey stew into the Golden Gate Park Panhandle and start the Diggers. Two weeks later, free food in the Panhandle at four o'clock was advertised in the *Barb* and it never missed a day.

"Somebody asked, 'Why free food?'

"And anyone answered, 'Free clothes.'

"The first Free Store opened in a six-car garage on Page Street, and it was small and the crowd knew each other, and someone had written Winstanley on the door. And then the rains came and the roof fell in. The landlord was harassed by the fuzz and said, 'Please' . . . And someone said it was nice while it lasted.

"And the Diggers grew.

"At 520 Frederick Street the second free store opened and everything was regular again: free food all the time.

"Lt. Korelac headed a panty raid on the joint, charged one of the two guys with operating an opium den.

"And the place folded with hot dog bike trash trying to show somebody their cocks.

"1775 Haight Street became the second wave. Greta Garbo and things happened. Like birthdays in the street. Benefits for the Diggers were thrown all over the place with no admission, cover or any charge, and free food was back in the park.

"Soon a pipsqueak prelate offered the Diggers his help.

"The Diggers changed hands and money suddenly became a necessity. 1775 needed rent money. People needed bail money, lawyer money, gas money, and the Diggers took donations. Let's buy Armenian Hall. Let's buy a bus! Let's buy property somewhere! And free food got plenty scarce.

"Newspapers ran articles on the Diggers and their mythical hero, Grogan, and the stage got a little bigger.

"A new breed slipped in and sat in the office getting \$16 rewards for turning in runaways, cashing \$175 checks into their personal bank accounts, and didn't do a fucking thing for nobody! Ever!

"Factions grew. Turner was going to have Tobacco killed, and Apache wanted to confront the cops, and nobody cared anymore.

"Somebody quietly opened a Trip Without a Ticket on Cole Street and someone else put the Page Street garage back together as a children's arts and crafts workshop, and the street filled to a bulge, and Sunday dance concerts in the park were getting to be a drag and 1775 was now a closed shop complete with tenure and seniority. 848 Clayton was abandoned to the selfishness of sidewalk bike riders. 1775 and 848 opened as free crash pads but fell prey to linear structure & quickly declined into a narrow commune and a broad shambles, respectively. And free food hasn't been around for a long time . . .

"The *Chronicle* calls The People the love generation. Well, love is a slop-bucket and we are the children of awareness, but our courage has yet to manifest itself within the floating community . . . We put down the merchants, the bullshitters, the hustlers, and we sit around and it's all the same and there's nothing new under the sun, and free food seems a long time ago; because we're playing the game of the 1930's — we're the new cry babies — and James Dean's tears have finally taken root in a shallow, weak-kneed series of cabals which expect someone to take care of their livin'.

"Some revolution."

Late in March, Haight-Ashbury had warned the City of San Francisco that at least 100,000 footloose kids would swarm into town during the summer of 1967.

HIPPIES WARN CITY, headlined the *Chronicle*.

Food, crash pads and health care would be needed. Could the City's political leaders help out. Why not open Golden Gate Park as a mammoth free campground?

On March 22, the Establishment said No Deal.

POLICE CHIEF WARNS HIPPIES. No campground. No encouragement of any kind.

On March 24, the conflict escalated.

MAYOR WARNS HIPPIES TO STAY OUT OF TOWN.

The cops, health department, building inspectors would be used to discourage hippie immigration. Harrassment would become a daily fact of life.

On Easter Sunday, 1967, a major confrontation occurred between the cops and hippies during a "mill-in" staged on Haight Street with lots of dancing and doping but no autos allowed by the anti-mechanistic new residents of the area. The automobile-oriented police responded with guns, clubs and mass arrests.

On the next day, the community called a press conference to announce that, in the following summer, "200,000 to 300,000 kids will hit the Haight . . . We need help but the establishment is not cooperating with us. We are under seige. We are at war."

The *Oracle* rose to the occasion, warning all of these new residents to bring a lot more than "flowers and bananas."

It was clear they would also need sleeping bags and rucksacks, extra food (100 pounds of brown rice cost only \$12), camping equipment and warm clothing for a typically cold and foggy San Francisco summer. Bring proper identification. Bring lots of money. (Most of it would go for dope.)

Haight-Ashbury, by then, had become the nation's number one Psychedelic Supermarket and dealing grass, acid and speed was the primary source of income for most of the permanent population. Haight was now the Acid Capital of the World, a supply depot serving the entire United States.

At least five major chemists were operating, at this time, in the Bay Area. They produced an estimated 200,000 doses per week and retail prices fluctuated from a high of \$8 per hit to an absolute all-time-low of 50 cents.

One gram of relatively good LSD wholesaled for about \$2,000. The best stuff (synthesized by Acid King Augustus Owsley Stanley) cost \$4,000 per gram (and contained 3,500 to 4,000 hits). Owsley was then the Undisputed Master Alchemist of the Day — he'd accept nothing but new \$100 bills in payment for wholesale lots.

(In all fairness, it should be noted that he gave away about half his product as "donations" and it was sold at love-ins and rock concerts to finance community-minded projects like the Diggers and

the *Communications Company*. He constantly improved his product, got new pill presses and turned out a total exceeding 4 million doses.)

Few of the batches produced by any one laboratory exceeded 1 million doses. To differentiate between manufacturers and production cycles, acid was put out in many forms and colors.

In 1967, they included White Lightning, Blue Dots, Yellow Dots, Pink Dots, Purple Wedges, Purple Flats, Purple Owsleys, Orange Wedges, Green Caps, Blue Caps, Brown Caps, Paisley Caps and Pink Wedges.

Quality control was unheard of.

Individual doses varied both in the quantity of true LSD contained and the amount of "contaminating" ingredients that might be added. (Methadrine was frequently added to "energize" a hit since meth was cheap and easy to produce.)

Some caps and tabs contained as little as 50 micrograms of LSD; some had 500. Dealers often lied about the quantity contained and they often claimed six or seven times what the pills actually had in them.

"A particular brand does not stay on the street very long in the Haight-Ashbury," commented Dr. David Smith, who had a more accurate perception than most of the true dimensions of the acid trade since he was director of the Haight-Ashbury Free Clinic and his staff treated hundreds of victims of overdoses and bad stuff.

"Usually acid is not manufactured in sufficient quantity to sustain a prolonged sales campaign," explained the Good Doctor. "Also, when a particular brand has been accepted as 'righteous,' phony copies are quickly brought out by the competition.

"Take the 'blue dot' for example. It was an aspirin tablet splashed with a blue dot on one side, probably applied by an eye-dropper and containing a hit of fairly good LSD. After the 'blue dot' had won consumer approval, tablets of Vitamin C or aspirin (without LSD) began to appear dotted with blue food coloring or blue ink."

Late in June, the Haight Clinic faced the strongest and most unpredictable psychedelic yet distributed in San Francisco.

It was a synthetic called STP which produced intense trips that lasted as long as two-to-three days. The effects could not be turned off with normal tranquilizers.

About 5,000 hits of STP were handed out free at the June 21, 1967 "Love-In" held in Golden Gate Park; 60 freaked-out kids ran for the clinic wanting to come down and 13 were hospitalized. (STP

was also one of the prime ingredients in "Pink Wedges" which showed up in November sending 18 frightened kids into the clinic in one day.)

This uncontrollable dope-selling scene and the public circus along the main street brought an amazing variety of new residents and visitors to the "Hashbury."

It got so colorful, in fact, that on April 2, the Gray Line Tour Bus Company started a regular "Hippie Hop" to bring tourists out to the Haight from the downtown hotels. They called it "the only foreign tour within the continental limits of the United States." (Chester Anderson claimed that the busses were "twice hermetically sealed against contamination by street, dope, love, dirt, hippies, free. Especially free.")

In came a parasitic flood of old winos, young jailbirds, sex freaks and mental patients, smalltime hustlers, con men of every description. The Hell's Angels tried to take over the street scene, making themselves the "People's Police" — and trying to corner the dope-dealing industry with indifferent success.

On March 21, a 32-year-old psychopath named Charles Manson was released from the Terminal Island Federal Penitentiary near Los Angeles and wandered up to Berkeley. He hung out, at first, on the University of California campus playing the part of a "wandering minstrel," quickly picked up a following of young hippiegirls and, within a month, had moved his "tribe" over to Haight-Ashbury where he rented a house at 636 Cole Street.

Manson's landlady was an ex-nun named Mary Ann and he convinced her that he was both Jesus Christ and a very sexy Devil.

By June, he had a good-sized following of spaced-out hippies — mostly female. They moved into a building behind a Digger crashpad over on Waller Street (which later became known as "The Devil House").

In August of 1967, Manson gathered his tribe of Hashbury recruits and took them down to Southern California where the pickings were fat.

He got out just in time.

By August, police sweeps of Haight Street had become routine. Big time professional dope dealers had moved in to take over the once-amateur business. And they got *very* pushy about it.

On August 3, the body of an acid dealer named "Shob" was found in his apartment. His right arm — the dealing one — was cut

off at the elbow.

On August 6, one William E. Thomas (known to his pill-dropping clients as "Superspade," was found dead at the foot of a cliff in nearby Marin County. There was a bullet hole in the base of his skull. Shootings and knifings, rape and street assault became all too common in the Haight-Ashbury.

Racial unrest added to the growing conflict.

Unlike their beat and civil-rights-activist predecessors, the current wave of white nonconformists would neither imitate nor accomodate their more-numerous black neighbors in the district.

An ugly, violent stand-off resulted between increasingly-revolutionary blacks who'd never had any privileges to renounce and these unsympathetic middle-class drop-outs who grew up in suburbia and cared little for black needs and mores. On top of that, they had the nerve to move into a neighborhood which was bound to become an extension of the San Francisco ghetto and they were competing for turf which the black already considered *his*.

These new hippie arrivals cared little for the problems they had created and they seldom stayed around long enough to get involved. Exact figures on their total numbers are impossible to get. But they probably exceeded 150,000 (coming and going) during 1967.

For this population, an historic turning point was October 6, 1967. This was exactly one year after the personal possession of LSD had been made illegal by the California State Legislature and the resulting (10/6/66) mass protest in Golden Gate Park had shown the entire world that a self-conscious community of acid heads existed in the Haight-Ashbury.

By October 6, 1967, it was clearly time to "bury" the doomed name and image of "hippie." Those early residents who had not already left for the calmer countryside were just about to split. Anyone who remained had to learn the tactics of ghetto streetfighting.

This was the day when Ron Thelan closed down his Psychedelic Shop after staying open all night to give away what was left of his merchandise. In his window he posted a final message to those Summer of Love visitors still stupid enough to be around:

"They need you more in Nebraska."

On the morning of October 6, 1967, a mock funeral was held to formally mark the "Death of Hippie and the Birth of Free Man."

A huge imitation coffin was filled with "artifacts" of the

disastrous summer just passed: strands of long hippiehair, faded rock posters, badly-mimeographed poems, crudely-formed roach clips and "hippie buttons." There was even a smelly dog turd or two.

The box was then carried by a mob of "Honorary Pallbearers" over to the Golden Gate Park Panhandle area and burned in front of bemused reporters and photographers.

Probably the best "obituary" marking the passing of "Hippie, Devoted Son of Mass Media" was printed in a little street paper called the *Haight-Ashbury Tribune*.

"There were those among the original mourners who wanted to bury the whole Haight Street scene, instead," noted the *Tribune*. "And there were those logical minds who claimed that if the Mass Media had breathed life into 'hippie' in the first place, then it should be Mass Media who interred 'hippie' along with 'beatnik' and 'dirty commie' and other sprightly ecomiums of fearless journalism. And, finally, there were those who denied that anything at all needed burying, despite the smell about the premises . . .

"To some observers it was obvious that 'hippie' — that friendly, non-violent, bearded cat with flowers in his hair, a ready smile, an open heart and an endless supply of free dope — had died a long time ago, smothered by an excess of plastic love and trampled underfoot by bums of all ages.

"A frail youth from the start, desperately in need of peace and tender loving care, 'hippie' died a dirty death. It really wasn't the Mass Media who did him in, nor the locust-like tourists intent on enshrining him in the family photoalbum along with Grandma at Niagra Falls — it was the pudgy-faced young con artist who stole the guitar of the chick hospitalized in an auto accident, the plump, coal-eyed little girl who sold a smile for 'any spare change, only a penny,' and had Daddy's chauffeur pick her up after she had milked the suckers, the skinny, rat-faced punk — and the dozens like him — who whispered, 'Wanna buy a lid? Want some acid?' from darkened doorways and then proceeded to burn his trusting compatriots from Grand Rapids and Iowa City and Gary, the unknown thief who stole the donation cans from the Free Clinic, the 'hippie' panhandling in front of the Foghorn who beat up an old man more intent on lecturing him than kicking in, the drunken bums from Howard Street who had heard that everything was free and were eager to score a pint, the straights who came looking for trouble and were prepared to create it if they didn't find any, the youthful nature

lovers who turned the front of Golden Gate Park into a garbage can, the teenage dealers who didn't hesitate to switch their youthful clients from the sacraments of acid to the delights of meth and smack, the young free-loaders skilled at accepting everything and contributing nothing and — far from least — the All-American boy who one calm summer night unzipped his fly in front of the I/Thou Coffeehouse and pissed on the entire scene . . .”

By October 6, 1967, what remained of Haight's original “charitable” organizations were tattered and exhausted.

They had started as emergency measures to help broke and hungry kids on a short-term basis. But they soon became the “accepted thing” and their free food, clothes and lodging were supposed to be “given upon demand, and the word quickly spread throughout the country that you could go to Haight-Ashbury and get everything free.”

The *Tribune* concluded:

“The kids came in and said, ‘Go ahead. Do your thing. Feed me.’ Those who tried to help lost themselves in giving, rather than asking people to do something for themselves. I think we're all exhausted now — I think the whole community is exhausted . . .”

Mass media would, of course, go right on using the term “hippie” well into the 1970s, but all the Tender Young Charm of the term was definitely dead and gone.

And those hardened Haight Street Veterans who hung on after Hippie's Funeral were no longer willing to hand the cop who arrested them a flower. Now it would be a fist to the jaw, a boot to the groin, perhaps even a bomb or two tossed gratuitously into the district's police station.

A fascinating “Haight Street Riot Leaflet” written late in 1967 clearly reflects this new state of mind:

“Let's take ourselves seriously for a moment,” it says. “Cosmic comedy aside. We're beautiful people. Our men are tough. They have skill, guile, balls, imagination and autonomy. Our women are soft, skilled, fuck like angels; radiate children, scent and colors like the crazy bells that mark our time. / This is the race that almost died in Tenaflly and Minneapolis. This is what we've salvaged from the horror. / This is it. HOW WOULD YOU LIVE? Figure that out. Let your death follow that decision.

“OUR LIVES ARE AT STAKE.

“To cut your hair, to wear disguises, to go back is SUICIDE.
Our LIVES ARE AT STAKE.

“The STREET is what you *all own together*. Meet your brothers on it. You are a class of people; blackwhitetexmex, hellsangelchinkspicwop all boil down to STREET. Get to know each other. Talk now, while there’s still time. From the heart . . . eyeball collisions . . . collusion.

“PALES: Learn blackness. Your life will depend on a black thing. Whitey can no longer tell the difference between ‘us’ and ‘them’ . . . He’s right for once. Blacks will teach you about righteous anger, courage. Talk to them. Tell them about the place you left.

“BLACKS: Pale brothers and sisters are *not* white men. Don’t confuse them. Many have good information stolen from white schools. Tap it. Use it. The panther does not attack the lion. Both kill the hyena.

“THE CLASS YOU MAKE TOGETHER WILL MAKE THE REVOLUTION.

“Know the streets. Where can women and children be sent in a hurry? When you cop, where do you blow? Confrontations are death. Imitate guerrillas: cop and blow. We know how to get the police to Haight now. What will they find the next time we call them?

“Patience does *not* mean postponement. Learn your turf, your weapons, your allies. ETERNITY IS RIGHT NOW.

“LOVE! PROTECTING YOUR WOMEN FROM ASSAULT. WALKING A STREET YOU OWN. YOUR OWN FUCKING MEAT.”

By mid-1967, the Black Panther Party had formed across the Bay over in Oakland and it began setting the style and tone of the entire anti-establishment movement.

The Panthers talked armed self-defense and proved they were serious by marching on the state capitol with their weapons.

Hip white people looked toward black revolutionists for leadership. The new “Bible” was *Soul on Ice* by the Panther’s Defense Minister Eldridge Cleaver (who then had no use for compromise of any kind).

This increasingly insurgent, blood-red aura of generational militancy stood in stark contrast to Tim Leary’s pale blue philosophy of introspection and drop-out followed by total non-involvement.

For a short while the two ethics would co-exist and life at Millbrook went on as if all had not changed. For a *very* short while.

Chapter Seventeen

In the late spring of 1967, the Big House at Millbrook had changed very little from the year before, except for the addition of a huge, two-story face called "The Universal Man" painted across the central portion of the front wall and the erection of "a formidable metal monstrosity of vaguely telescopic appearance named Narid" which was set up on top of the wide porch roof.

(Tim was often photographed in front of this section of the house, preferably bare-chested and mounted on a snow-white horse like a bleached-out Indian warrior.)

Although he remained Millbrook's Chief Provider (to the tune of about \$6,000 a month when the Gothic barn had to be heated), Leary no longer could summarily eject dissenters from the estate.

Jim Haine's Sri Ram Ashram had made a separate deal with landlord Billy Hitchcock and gotten control of the old carriage house out in back of the mansion; they moved in as soon as the weather warmed that spring.

A few weeks later, Art Kleps — who'd suddenly gotten "serious" about operating his Neo-American Church — managed to score the stone gatehouse down by the highway (and far from Tim's autocratic control).

Now three "religions" were headquartered on the Old Deiterich Estate — the Sri Ram Ashram, the Boo Hoo's tongue-in-cheek acid "cult" and Tim's all-too-serious League for Spiritual Discovery.

Leary's chief lieutenants were now Bob Ross and Rosemary Woodruff, whose strong influence on her lover became more visible each day which was fine with Jackie Leary who "thought more of her as my mother than Timothy as my father . . . She's very feminine, very graceful, very bright."

But Susan Leary (now a plump 19-year-old) was furiously jealous and accused Rosemary of being "a frigid, barren, evil woman who wanted to separate Tim from his children." In protest, Susan moved out of the Big House and joined the Ashram in the carriage house for a few weeks.

As full summer approached and the days got warmer and longer, hippies from all over the country trekked to Millbrook on their "religious pilgrimages." Few were welcome and the Big House crew

became expert at the Quick Brush-Off.

Newspaper reporters, on the other hand, were treated like visiting royalty. A writer from *Yarrowstalks* (Philadelphia's short-lived psychedelic tabloid) arrived in June to find that Tim and his followers had once again moved from the Big House out into "League Country," the 1000-acre west end of the estate. They occupied tepees on the crest of Lunacy Hill.

When *Yarrowstalks* asked why Tim had moved out of the mansion, he replied that he and his friends were now "guerrilla lovers dispersed through the woods."

"How do you bust the forest?" he asked merrily. "How do you get a search and seizure warrant for a mountain top?"

When Joe Dana, editor of the *Los Angeles Oracle*, dropped by, Tim told him that Millbrook had now become "an advanced experimental station where people are working on the lifestyle of the future. Starting in 1964, I became almost exclusively interested in what's going to happen in 5 years, 15 years, 50 years, 100 years. Where it's going. I'm looking beyond the obvious by-products of the psychedelic revolution, to the more distant future.

"I'm writing books which are science fiction utopian blue prints with LSD programs for my descendants up to the 20th generation, 500 years from now . . . For hundreds of thousands of years, men have been writing utopias — which is just their own fantasy trip of how nice it would be — COULD BE. At the present time, we can do more than speculate about utopias. We can actually start putting them into practice in pilot study, informal, fun ways . . .

"The conclusion I've come to after seven years of utopian living is that the basic problems are familial and sexual and that unless the individual has his sexual energies harnessed and harmonious, so that they're not spinning him off center, unless he has some enduring, growing family set-up, anything he does, whether it's just the by-product of his familial neurosis. It's obvious. I hate to say that because I was a psychologist for 15 years . . . I see group sex as a very, almost necessary stage.

"If there's anything I've learned from LSD, it is that this body is the temple of God but it's not the center. You have to learn how to manipulate the body, use the body, glorifying it, but then you go on to the next stage . . ."

Acid, he claimed, had not only changed his sexual attitudes, but had also "shattered some of my liberal, political platitudes . . .

"I feel that our racial background is much more important than the liberal establishment would like to think." He was no longer in favor of racial intermarriage "swirling every race and every religion around in some Waring Blender."

He noted that his hallucinatory experiences provided clear visions of his own true "racial background."

He'd clearly remembered how his Celtic ancestors copulated in a slimy bog near Dublin, how a French pirate great-grandfather burned Spanish galleons, how one ancestral, English-hating Leary had mouldered in the king's dungeons.

"Everything I've been saying about discovering your own racial identity, your own sexual identity, your own evolutionary history is to deepen and enrich your individual internal power and insight," he added. "Liberals and left-wing people, Marxists, are opposed to this individual pursuit. They want you to become a member of the proletariat or they want you not to become a Jew but to become an American liberal. They're attempting to wash out these seed-nific energies."

To short-term guests like Dana of the *Oracle*, Tim's life in the woods seemed simple and idyllic. There was plenty of acid available and one person kept track of it, handed out generous quantities and buried large stashes off in the underbrush.

But Tim often got bored; then he'd wander off to work alone in his study in the Big House, go lecturing at universities all across the country or go partying in New York.

The poet Lawrence Ferlinghetti encountered him that summer following a Timothy Leary Defense fund benefit in New York's seedy old Fillmore East Theater.

"It was the only time I really had much personal contact with him," recalls the writer-and-publisher. "The benefit had a full house and they were passing tin cups in the lobby for the defense fund. He'd invited me to come backstage afterwards so I went there and I said, 'Tim, there's a big crowd outside that wants to see you in the lobby.'

"He said, 'No. Let's go out the back way.'

"So we went through the stage door and took a taxi uptown to a party going on in Tim's honor in some huge mansion in the Upper East Side. I mean, I'm from New York and I've been around the town, but I hadn't seen a party or been in any circles like that for a long time.

"Like, there were waiters in formal clothes with silver trays passing out pot cookies and drinks. I remember one old dowager — a real New York, diamond-tiared dowager — who came running down this curved marble staircase singing out, 'I can fly! I can fly!'

"It was an ironic contrast. Tim had left this benefit in the Lower East Side as it used to be called, in the Fillmore East, which was a subculture crowd with the people passing tin cups in the lobby for his defense fund. And then we go to this elegant party uptown for him . . ."

Art Kleps blamed Tim's frequent visits to New York for the rapid increase in "undesirable" visitors coming out to Millbrook.

"Half the people I ran into on the roads were strangers," Art complains. "Every time Tim went to Manhattan, he would get drunk and invite everyone in sight up to Millbrook. The end of all this was clear . . . A wide-open psychedelic mob scene would not be tolerated for long in Dutchess County."

Sure enough, the increased traffic brought new "complaints" from Leary's neighbors to Sheriff Larry Quinlan. The Good Sheriff planned another General Roust.

He struck on a busy Saturday early in July, stopping every car going in or out of the estate, making 40 arrets for such "crimes" as "having dirty license plates" or "obscured windshields."

Kleps' wife, Wendy, was busted as she rode into town on her bicycle for "lack of identification." One of Jackie Leary's young friends was caught holding a small stash of marijuana.

Leary himself was picked up because he'd bounced a bad check (for \$8) on a Poughkeepsie sporting goods store whose owner was a personal friend of Sheriff Quinlan.

Timothy was furious, but it was now clear both to Tim and his patron, Billy Hitchcock, that the law-n-order hassle was getting too much to handle. Billy suggested that Tim take a trip as far away as possible and let things cool down. He offered the loan of his private plane and Leary left a few days after the bum check charges had been dropped. Rosemary and the kids moved back into the Big House leaving a disorganized mob of once-trusting Learyites still camped out in the woods without leadership or supplies.

"What am I supposed to do with all these people?" Leary asked Art Kleps just before he left the estate.

"Damned if I now," replied the Chief Boo Hoo. "I suppose they're a little up-tight because you're leaving."

"They're absolutely helpless," Tim sighed. "They expect me to support them for the rest of their lives. I'm not their guru, I'm their nursemaid."

Kleps was in one of his rare diplomatic moods and he said nothing about the manner in which Leary deliberately set up a paternalistic "tribe" in the first place. Tim cut out leaving the problem behind to settle itself; he didn't come back until December.

In the meantime, a flood of hippie visitors continued to pour in. (Including the acid chemists Augustus Owsley Stanley III, Nick Sand and Tim Scully who dropped by discuss plans for big new LSD labs with Mister Billy.)

In November, the now-nervous landlord posted signs warning that "No Visitors Are Permitted On The Hitchcock Cattle Co. Estate" unless they were personally invited there by Kleps, Leary, Haines or the Hitchcock brothers themselves.

That still didn't do it. The pilgrims arrived in unwanted droves and the local cops kept right on harassing them. On December 9, "The Great Millbrook Snot Bust" became part of the estate's hallucinatory history.

This time the resident cultural heretics suffered an all-out raid backed up by warrants against both Leary and Hitchcock charging such misdemeanors as "Conspiracy to Create a Public Nuisance" and "Criminal Facilitation."

Six other Millbrook residents went off to the pokey, including Kreps, Jackie Leary and Jim Haines.

As Kleps was led off to a waiting sheriff's car, he stopped to blow his nose. A watchful deputy picked up the sodden kleenex and turned it over to a fellow officer, asking, "What shall I do with it?"

"Book it for evidence," answered his stern-faced comrade. The uneasy cop picked up the kleenex by a tiny corner held deftly between his fat fingers, pointed it towards the opening of an evidence envelope and dropped it in with a look of hopeless disgust.

Hitchcock, Leary and other Millbrook bustees quickly got out on bail. Elaborate legal motions delayed Tim's trial on these charges for several years. Mister Billy got off by having his charges transferred from his person to the Hitchcock Cattle Corporation, a semi-fictional legal entity which could not be locked up.

To stave off rumors that the Millbrook scene was about to completely collapse, Leary decided to stage a well-publicized extravaganza of "Hope And Confidence."

Just a month before, he and Rosemary had formalized their long-standing shack-up with a "psychedelic marriage" ceremony staged at the peak of a mountain near Joshua Tree National Monument, California. To tie the knot even tighter, the newlyweds decided to stage a second marriage ceremony. This time it would be held on December 13 inside Billy Hitchcock's elegant "Bungalow" with both Art Kleps and Jim Haines officiating. Media from all over the world would be invited and Leary expected the resulting publicity to launch him into a new, more positive era of psychedelic recruitment.

Kleps described the ceremony he helped perform in his history, *Millbrook*:

"Surrounded by masses of flowers, Tim and Rosemary sat on a couch at the sunny end of the Library attired in splendid robes, looking like the king and queen of heaven surrounded by their court," writes Kleps.

"In the main room adjoining, the TV crew looked around them in dazed disbelief at all this evidence of couth and wealth . . . Once again, the public was getting an impression of Millbrook which involved beautiful people in a beautiful setting doing beautiful things."

Haines performed his part of the ritual first and then Kleps added a brief prayer. The two "priests" signed the second marriage certificate; Tim and Rosemary promptly hung it over the matrimonial bed.

A few days later, the couple flew to California to live, at first, in Laguna Beach and then in Berkeley. Tim had recently made important new friends in Southern California.

They would strongly influence the next few years of his life and help land him in the biggest mess he'd yet faced.

Among them were Michael Randall, Richard Feldt, Dion Wright, Calvin Delaney, Daniel Reagney and Roger Leasure.

Jackie Leary met several members of this Laguna Beach acid head community on their first visit to the Millbrook Big House in '67.

"They came up to see Timothy," he recalls, "but he wasn't there so I went out to talk with them and they told me how they'd brought all this pot out there and they were just telling me everything, you know. So I asked them if I could buy some from them and instead they just gave me a big bagful. It was good pot, too.

"So they told me about this store they ran in Laguna Beach called Mystic Arts and said I should come there.

"Later I did and ended up living in this guy's house — the

leader of the group, actually. And he seemed to be the main energy of the thing.

“He told me they’d been armed robbers before, supermarket robbers, and the way they got turned onto LSD was they robbed some dealer, took his stash, and tried it out and they really got turned on.

“Then Timothy taught them how to incorporate. He’d put out a book that told you how called *Start Your Own Religion* and so they did that. So they invited me down.”

By the end of 1967, Billy and Tommy Hitchcock had stood for all the legal harassment they were capable of. They decided it was now time to get rid of their psychedelic tenants once and for all.

Eviction notices were sent out to Kleps, Haines and Leary setting May 1, 1968 as the deadline for vacating the Hitchcock estate.

Despite this hassle, Tim managed to keep Mister Billy’s friendship and the multimillionaire long remained Leary’s main patron and financier. This pissed off Art Kleps who publicly charged that Tim had “turned tail” at the time of the eviction and left Millbrook without a fight.

Leary, he said, was a pushover with “a typical Irish peasant’s superstitious veneration for the rich Englishman on the hill.” Art swore that both he and Jim Haines would fight the eviction to their last breath.

But the Hitchcock brothers were men of the world and knew that a small bribe could expedite matters.

They ended up paying off Haines with \$25,000, giving Kleps \$10,000 and handing Timothy \$14,000.

Leary promised that he’d use the money quite soon for “a significant social purpose.”

Chapter Eighteen

1968, wrote Allen Ginsberg, was the year when the stand-off between generations finally erupted into open, worldwide warfare which completely transended all the "antique battles of Cold War and Race."

"We witness planetary confrontation," he declared, "wherein controlling Elders trapped in a suicidal mechanical consciousness deploy their destructive technology against their own children in the streets of their own cities."

1968 was Wipe-Out Year for Martin Luther King and Bobby Kennedy.

It was Take-Over Year for college students in Warsaw, Paris and Prague and at Columbia, Cornell, Princeton, Ohio State and San Francisco State.

It was Blood-Rage Year in the black ghettos of Washington, D.C. and Baltimore, in Kansas City and in Cleveland.

It was Resistance Year for an increasingly angry and determined peace movement, Give 'Em Hell Year for the Yipping demonstrators at the summer, '68 Chicago Democratic Convention who willingly faced down club-swinging cops, tear gas and bullets to get even with the hawkish underlings of Lyndon Johnson.

Never before in American history had so many people from so many different racial and economic groups gone out into the streets to openly challenge the system.

Berkeley was one of the storm centers of protest in '68 so it's interesting that Tim Leary would spend much of the year living in his old Berkeley Hills house on Queens Road where he could not help but absorb some part of the anger and frustration which arose from the embattled streets below.

Tim's initial move back to the highly-charged West Coast came in late 1967 when he rented a house on the ocean at Laguna Beach and got involved with the "Mystic Arts" world of Michael Randall and friends.

Tim was not entirely sedentary. He gave lectures, visited friends around the country, went back to Millbrook to clean up the final details of his eviction.

He was back in Laguna Beach on Thanksgiving Day, 1967 when

son Jackie was busted for being drugged out on the streets and was then thrown into a mental ward for "observation."

Jackie told his father that it was "an interesting experience being here. I've always wanted to know what goes on in a mental hospital; as far as I can see, only two or three patients are crazy. The rest are just sad or angry, or lonely."

Jackie was held only three days; his case was thrown out of court at the beginning of the trial.

(At about this time, reporter Tom Nolan asked an old friend of the Learys about Jackie and Susan. "His kids? Oh well, when I was there, Susan was very taken with the idea of being Timothee Leary's daughter; they had this father-daughter thing which they just played to the hilt. As for Jackie — when I saw Jackie, he was in what looked like the last stages of drug-taking — going over the brink. He never talked or anything; he just wandered around . . .")

Tim's Laguna Beach home was directly beneath the flight pattern used by Marine jets taking off and landing at nearby El Toro Air Base. Their angry whine slammed into Leary's consciousness and he soon found himself taking the Vietnam War more seriously. He wrote about this new awareness in the *Berkeley Barb*.

"Rosemary, eve of sunset, shuddered and groaned. Metal is destroying seed! Stop the war!

"I sat up. Frowning. Thinking.

"Rosemary said it again. Stop the war. Do you hear me? Stop the war.

"I was thinking about it the next day. Tiny Tim. Stop the war! Yes, dear. Sure thing. O.K. Right! Stop the war. But how? Demonstrate? Picket? Protest? March?

"I read the news that day. Oh boy. Dick Gregory had called a march on the Democratic Convention that August. Unless the war was over, President Johnson would go to Chicago over my dead body, said Dick.

"His dead body! Wow!"

Tim quickly got in touch with the black comedian, telling Gregory he wanted to be part of the Chicago action.

As usual, Tim was only half-committed and thought he could short-circuit the upcoming Chicago hostilities with wit and whimsey rather than joining in any kind of genuine political confrontation.

Stop the war, yes, said he. Kick Lyndon out of office, sure. But make the stand-off funny. Let's defuse the anger of black power

revolutionists.

Leary had money on hand to finance his Chicago activities — the pay-off from Hitchcock for quietly leaving Millbrook. Why not use it to fund a “nudist parade through the streets of Chicago?”

Tim would invite the black militants to take their clothes off and follow him down Michigan Avenue. Who ever heard of naked men attacking cops or armed troops? *That* ought to stop the violence!

(Leary, at this stage, had a number of quaint notions about American blacks. “LSD blackens the white person,” he once told an incredulous reporter. “Persons who continue to take LSD will drift closer to black persons. Blacks don’t have to take LSD as much as whites to find brotherly unity.” Black militants who read this sort of nonsense decided that Timothy Leary was a Natural Born Comic, kind of a Honkie Moms Mabley.)

After Tim contacted Gregory, he was put in touch with Jerry Rubin and Abbie Hoffman, leaders of the Youth International Party (Yippies) who were doing most of the organization for the Chicago festivities.

Leary came to like both Rubin and Hoffman but never quite understood what they were talking about.

For Yippies were the product of the dirty, dangerous Lower East Side of New York rather than an Upstate millionaire’s mansion or the more gentle psychic climate of Hippie California.

Yippies called themselves “Stoned Revolutionary Communists” who dug introspective acid-taking but who were also into bullets and bombs. They got their kindergarten lessons in streetfighting from tough-minded peers like the Up Against the Wall Motherfuckers group and the Jade Companions.

Hoffman often quoted Lenin when explaining his philosophy. Revolution, said he, “is the festival of the oppressed.” Or Che Guevara: “Whoever hesitates while waiting for ideas to triumph will never be a revolutionary.”

Abbie was convinced that “once one has experienced LSD, existential revolution, fought the intellectual game-playing of the individual in society, of one’s identity, one realizes that action is the only reality; not only reality but morality as well . . .”

Yet he was no dowdy, puritanical Marxist of the Iron Curtain variety. Abbie represented a brand-new, zipped-up, 1960s breed of cat who had little use for movements “built entirely on sacrifice, dedication, responsibility, anger, frustration. All those down things.

I would say, 'Look, you want to get laid more? You want to turn on with friends? You want an outlet for your creativity? Then get out of school, quit your job. Come on out and help build and defend the society you want . . ."

A big face-to-face meeting between Timothy Leary and the leading Yippies was staged early in 1968 in, of all places, Peggy Hitchcock's exclusive Manhattan penthouse.

Tim found Jerry Rubin much mellowed since they'd first met at San Francisco's January, 1967 Human Be-In. Now Tim called him "Merry Jerry, the Lycergic Lenin, the Grass Guevara, the Mescaline Marx."

Leary immediately outlined his plan for a Nude Parade through the streets of Chicago and the Yippies couldn't stop laughing. Then they realized Tim was serious.

He went on:

"We have to start talking like the majority," he insisted. "To talk about ecology and astrology and be beautiful and make everyone love us and see we are more fun. We can win the establishment over. We can win everyone over."

Yippie Stew Alpert summed up the hard-nosed response his buddies gave to that kind of stuff:

"Doctor Tim," he said, "could never go beyond a kind of hedonic hucksterism. He's a very old-fashioned guy. I've always thought of him as being not quite hip. In believing that everyone in the nuthouse could be appealed to with a mixture of reason and Utopian bullshit. Dr. Leary is really a very Progressive College Professor whose ideas, despite everything, are 30 years older than reality."

So Stew's friends put Tim down as "a rogue . . . but a damned interesting one."

"Underneath his jive," concluded Albert, "was a contagious love of life and freedom. It was never his words, which were obviously foolish, but the uncontrollable joy in his soul which attracted me and most of his friends and followers . . . Those who know Leary comment frequently on his immense ego, and it's true that success spoiled him rotten. He believes he can do anything and out-manipulate everybody."

Tim's big meeting with the Yippies finally got down to rational specifics. They announced that at least 100,000 demonstrators led by caravans of SDS members and Yippies would be on hand.

They expected a "rock festival atmosphere" to prevail. Chicago activists would be headed by Rennie Davis and the town's ghetto blacks would do their own (probably violent) thing over in home territory on the South Side. They warned white radicals to keep the hell away.

Dick Gregory, on the other hand, thought that all the action should be integrated and he invited the Yippies to march with him through the South Side.

Another meeting was planned, this one to clear up the strong disagreement between whites and blacks. It would be held a week later and be attended by militants from Chicago and New York as well as national anti-draft movement leaders, the original organizers of the October, 1967 march on the Pentagon, the Yippies, Timothy Leary and members of the underground press.

It was a mess.

"After a while," Leary recalls, "I made a rap. The only political issue was generational. Youth versus the menopausal. The old power-holders were highly organized and completely in control of all the mechanical muscle. The young were numerically stronger but disorganized and scattered. A natural alliance was forming among young blacks, young Latin Americans, young pacifists, the young hip. But the strategy must be neurological-electronic, not muscular-mechanical. The tactics of dramatic confrontation.

"Bolshevik bomb-throwing was out. The new bombs were neurological. You don't blow up the Czar's palace. You blow minds. Total revolution was the goal. The old system was finished. Our task was to bring it down on our terms. The laughing, gentle, sensual drop-out. Not on their terms — violence, blood, fire . . ."

The blacks thought all of this was a crock of shit.

"What's all this bull, Whitey?" they scoffed. "When we got what you already got, then we'll talk about droppin' out and all that shit. But until then, you do your thing at the convention and we'll do ours in the ghetto. Just don't get in the fuckin' way, Jim."

A few days later, Tim and Rosemary flew to Chicago to give a lecture and were met at O'Hare Airport by a local Yippie who wanted to "arrange everything."

Tim said, OK. Set up a press conference. Also, find us a cow and a lantern.

"The following morning," Tim recalled, "the bearded Yippie met us at the hotel and drove us to the Cow Barn at the Lincoln Park

Zoo. There were several police cars and TV-radio trucks.

"Mrs. Leary and I posed with the lantern in front of a cow and said this time we were going to 'light up Chicago' and not burn it down. LBJ wouldn't be able to walk the streets in August unless he was barefoot with a flower in his hair. Rock dancing on the airstrip at O'Hare. The reporters and cameramen were grinning. One cigar-chewing cameraman asked Rosemary to kick the lantern over. She just grinned."

Having milked the upcoming Chicago demonstrations for all the easily-available publicity they'd yield, Tim decided it was now time to get the hell out of the entire affair. He wanted no part of the violence that was sure to occur.

On March 31 (April Fool's Eve), Lyndon Johnson provided Tim with a perfect excuse for crapping out. LBJ "abdicated," saying he would not be the Democratic presidential candidate in 1968 under any circumstances.

This left Vice President Hubert Humphrey as the logical candidate and did not change the political situation particularly since Humphrey had become a noted hawk during the Vietnam hostilities.

Nevertheless, Leary now declared that demonstrations in Chicago were no longer necessary.

"Chicago," he insisted, "was now irrelevant. Call off the million teeny-boppers. Call a constitutional convention. Invite every group in the country to send representatives. Start a new political game so that men and women can grow freely and in peace."

The Yippies ignored him and went ahead with their demonstrations. In the end, they succeeded in bringing down the Democratic Party in the next elections booting Richard Nixon into the Presidency (a result which was not particularly beneficial to anyone on the left).

By the end of April, 1968, Leary decided he'd had enough of East Coast activism and said he'd go home to live in Berkeley where he would soon organize his "own" country and write his "own" Declaration of Evolution.

Shortly after he got back to his home in the hills, Tim was visited by *Berkeley Barb* Editor Max Scherr who'd buried old differences with Leary and become a close friend.

Max used to frequently visit the Queens Road house, a clean, modern, two-story structure built of weathered redwood and plate glass. It was full of Danish modern furniture and right on the edge

of being luxurious.

Most of the lower level was given over to a huge living and dining room with the west wall (facing San Francisco Bay) made of plate glass with a door opening onto a large sundeck. The kitchen was efficient and full of modern appliances.

"There were usually 10 or 12 people there," Max recalls. "All beautiful young people. God, they were beautiful! Some of them, you know, with their clothes off or partially off — decollete or negligee or whatever you want to call it. Just the nice, meaty parts showing, you know. The folds and creases.

"Tim had just received a letter from some guy, a poet. I don't remember what his name was. And Tim said, 'These poems are just beautiful.'

"And this was a letter with something like eight poems in it. What he did was to skim it, look at it quickly and, believe it or not, memorized them all. It displays what kind of a mind this guy has.

"He glanced at these poems that night with all these young people around him clinging to every word. It was in his bedroom and he was sitting on his bed, and he put them down and he said, 'They're just beautiful!'

"And we said, 'Read us one.'

"And he gave me the letter to look at thinking I'd be interested and I looked at the poems and he recited them from memory perfectly. Then he went out on the porch and it was night and it was in the spring.

"In the spring you get really clear nights in Berkeley. The wind drives the clouds away and there isn't any fog. And he told all the people there . . . he said, 'You know, you really ought to know the zodiac up in the sky. You really ought to know.'

"And he started pointing it out, pointing out the different constellations of the zodiac, where they were at that particular hour and what course they would be taking.

"He lived in a really beautiful house. There were all kinds of things from India over the fireplace and across the main room. There was a mat that covered a quarter of the living room and the big plate glass doors looked out over the bay. It seemed to be always open and it led out to a porch made very simply out of two-by-fours right out over the bushes and trees on the steep slope underneath. There were all kinds of mats on it, so you didn't have to lie on the two-by-fours. It was almost Oriental. It was a holy house, you know, a fool's

holy house.

"I mean, this was a guy who was a wise person. He was wise to the point of being a fool. There was nothing virtuous about him. He wasn't a virtuous person, except that he had *virtues*. Know what I mean? Genius was one of his virtues; another of his virtues was that he was really *big*. He had an expansive view of the universe. He knew it was a cosmos. He was not petty. I loved Tim; he was a real *person*."

Max felt that Leary had become something of an "acid-holic." By now he'd given up his once-a-week trip routine and was dropping LSD like candy because he seemed to have nothing else better to do and seemed uncomfortable without the drug in him.

"They were dropping constantly," reported Scherr. "And he drank a lot of wine. But the thing is, you see, he also dropped acid just the same as if he were drinking, you know. And there was no timing to it. He'd just drop acid, you know. He didn't want to deal with anything like reality.

"But Tim doesn't blot out on acid; I don't think acid controlled Tim. I think Tim controlled acid. He had that glorious thing that so many acid-takers wish they could have and that is to be able to do what they want with the drug; he was in absolute control."

Several of Leary's old East Coast buddies soon followed him to the West. Like Billy Hitchcock, who purchased a fashionable home in Sausalito while continuing to sell stocks for the New York firm of Delafield and Delafield.

On the side, Mister Billy bankrolled several underground acid manufacturing operations, one run by Nick Sand and called "D & H Research." Labs were set up in the Bay Area communities of Windsor and Point Richmond, both of them within 40 miles of Tim Leary's Berkeley home.

The Point Richmond operation produced about one million tabs in a single cycle (enough to produce \$300,000 in profits).

The Windsor operation cranked out 10 million tabs before it was closed down in the summer of 1969. Most of this product was retailed on the streets as "Orange Sunshine" and it was a brand that Leary constantly endorsed, calling it "pure gold."

Tim and his family travelled frequently to Laguna Beach during 1968.

On August 1, they became official members of a legal partnership running the "Mystic Arts Enterprises." By the end of the year,

the Learys had moved onto the 300-acre ranch operated in a rural area of Southern California (Idyllwild) by the Brotherhood of Eternal Love, a non-profit "religious corporation" set up according to Tim's instructions in October, 1966 by Randall and the other Mystic Arts partners.

Narcotics agents would later claim that the Brotherhood was no more than a front for wholesale smuggling of marijuana and hashish and for the manufacture and distribution of LSD.

They insisted that by 1968 Randall and friends were bringing grass in from Mexico in 100-pound lots and smuggling hash from the Near-East "by the ton."

By the end of their investigation of the Brotherhood in 1973, the narcotic agents had seized one million tabs of Orange Sunshine, enough LSD powder to make another million doses, six hashish oil laboratories, thirty gallons of hash oil, three tons of raw hash, a pill press, \$7 million in cash and bank deposits. And, oh yes, 13 pounds of cocaine. They claimed that all of this was Brotherhood property.

Secluded Idyllwild ranch was supposedly the main Brotherhood distribution center.

Not all of these charges were ever proved, but it was patently clear to well-informed observers (like Jackie Leary) that an awful lot of good dope was changing hands in their vicinity. Jackie claims the government exaggerated the amount.

"The Brotherhood was very small," he protests. "It wasn't the largest acid distributor. At one point, it might have been the largest acid producer but it wasn't all that steady.

"I mean, they put out a large bunch of LSD and that was a lot of dope and it was a mistake to put it out all at once and it got very hot. But other people put out more LSD, producing maybe a million doses over a period of several months instead of one day."

Whatever the truth of the matter may have been, law enforcement agencies zeroed in avidly on the action at Idyllwild and Laguna Beach. If Leary wanted to stay away from legal persecution, he managed to choose one of the worst places in the world to reside.

The cops were soon everywhere.

One local undercover detective reported that most Brotherhood members had already suffered at least one drug arrest, that cars coming to and going from the ranch carried acid to points as distant as Reno and Tucson.

He said he'd heard that "cash from Mystic Arts goes to support

Timothy Leary” and that when he visited Brotherhood homes, he often found Tim’s photo “over the bed or on some wall . . . They refer to him as God.”

Drug busts (like the ones Jackie suffered on June 26 and August 5) accelerated. Only the relative inaccessibility of the ranch kept off full-scale raids until 1969.

(Charles Manson’s extended “family” was also suffering from strong doses of Southern California justice after his group camped out in Topanga Canyon and Leo Carillo State Beach, both near Los Angeles. Long-haired hippies were fair game. Pot busts, according to Manson’s biographer, Ed Sanders, “created hatred” and led to Manson’s “switch from flowers to knives.”)

But, for a short while, the Idyllwild ranch was a safe haven. Its clean little farmhouse was surrounded by a circle of seven canvas tepees.

When Tim and Rosemary were not living in the house or a tepee, they’d go off in the hills by themselves to camp.

It was a hard, twisting, five-mile drive to the ranch from the nearest major road, Highway 74. Several locked gates had to be opened and an approaching car could be spotted 10 miles away.

When it got too close, lookouts popped up from nowhere to ask the outsider his business.

The ranch soil was fertile and vegetable patches provided much of the food for an average of 35 to 40 residents.

A lavender-painted barn stood near the house with a patch of green corn growing beside it. (No beef cattle were raised since almost all the Brotherhood members were vegetarians.)

In the winter, high mountain snow would drift across the land and ice would cover a large stock pond (which doubled in the summer as a swimming hole). Cold springs provided all the drinking water needed.

“We live up high in the mountains,” Tim once told Tom Nolan. “We have no electricity unless we go and feed the generator ourselves. No TV, no radio. We bring our water in; we grow our own food . . . We feel we’re just doing what the affluent bourgeois middle-class member will be doing in 20 years. But we’re doing it now — sort of like time-travellers.”

Visitors seldom came by uninvited, but two of the more frequent guests were the twin brothers David and Dennis Martino, both well known in Brotherhood circles.

They were short and slight (5'5", 125 pounds). David was the more vigorous and romantic of the two and he soon fell in love with Susan Leary. They were married in 1971.

At the same time, Dennis became one of Tim's faithful disciples, much to the disgust of Jackie Leary who figured him for no more than a small-time, bad-news dope dealer.

"He was always trying to get these hash-smuggling trips together and he never got one going," Jackie recalls. "He knew some people who were going out on trips and he went along when he could . . . usually the ones he went on fucked up."

Life for the Learys remained high and happy out on the ranch until December 26, 1968 when carelessness and slow-thinking landed them in the unfriendly hands of the law.

Jackie tells how it went down.

"Rosemary and Timothy and I and a bunch of people were up at the ranch," he says. "And Rosemary, Timothy and I were going to drive down to Laguna and Rosemary had a bunch of hash and a little piece of acid and, uh, we were smoking grass on the way down. So we got into Laguna, into this canyon which is just a little, dead-end street. Everybody who lived there were, like, dealers.

"So they parked and were dropping me off. And I was gonna get out but I saw a police car and I didn't want to get out of the car while the police car was there. And the cop got out of his car to see why we were just waiting in the middle of the street and he came over and he recognized our car immediately, a big, blue Ford station wagon. It's a small town.

"So this cop just wanted to be obnoxious. He recognized Timothy and said, 'Will you get out of the car?'

"And he searched the car and the two roaches were probably there. I don't think they were planted because Timothy had been smoking in the car. I remember when we got into town, I said, 'Well, we should roll down the windows so we can get the smell of pot out of the car . . .'

Several weeks later, the arresting officer, Neal Purcell, told the Orange County Grand Jury his version of how the arrest occurred.

He said he stopped the car at about 11:15 p.m. and then asked to see Tim's identification.

When Leary rolled down his window on the driver's side, Purcell said he smelled marijuana smoke and he also noticed Jackie acting strangely.

He told Tim he was going to search the car. Leary protested that "you have no probable cause to search my vehicle."

The cop said like hell he didn't, said he'd smelled grass and that Jackie was acting like a nut.

Purcell managed to talk Tim and Jackie out of the car, but Rosemary balked.

"No, I won't get out unless my husband tells me to," she insisted. Tim finally got her out and the cop began a thorough search. He immediately found two roaches in the ashtray on the right hand side of the dashboard.

"I could see two hand-rolled cigarettes lying in the ashtray among the other cigarettes," he testified. He assumed that they were made of marijuana and showed them to the Learys.

"Big deal," said Tim.

The cop handcuffed him and began a body search. Nothing.

Then he searched Jackie and found a clear plastic bag containing "several purple-white pills" and a small chunk of hashish. Next he turned towards Rosemary.

"She was clutching a fur-type hat," Purcell testified. "It was a hood-type hat and she was clutching it with both hands right up to her chest area."

"You need a police matron to search me," she said.

"That's right," said the cop. "We're not going to search you out here."

Rosemary started to pull the hood up over her head but it wouldn't stay put.

"I just reached over and pulled the hat," Purcell recalled. Inside he found a green cloth purse full of marijuana, two dozen tabs of acid and a hunk of hashish with the word "Love" scratched on one side.

Tim, Jackie and Rosemary were hauled down to the Laguna Beach jail and booked for drug possession.

Leary didn't know it yet, but this seemingly minor arrest would prove to be the worst disaster in his life.

Chapter Nineteen

Tim Leary's Orange County drug bust could not have occurred at a worse time or in a worse place.

The nation was already in the midst of a "drug panic" as the use of psychedelics hit suburbia in a big way and terrified parents (many of them judges, politicians and influential businessmen) came to regard the High Priest of LSD as "The Most Dangerous Man Alive."

This "panic" had helped to elect Richard Nixon President the previous November. He would be inaugurated January 20, 1969, less than a month after Tim's December 26 arrest.

Nixon had publicly sworn that he'd "get" Leary and other leaders of the counterculture.

As Watergate would clearly show a bit later, Nixon's men (including the "drug expert" G. Gordon Liddy who soon had the Presidential ear) were not particularly squeamish about the methods used against even their more obscure enemies.

A year or two earlier, Leary might have talked or bargained his way out of the dilemma and once again slipped from the legal net.

But with trial scheduled in the first months of the Nixon Era in a conservative county long dominated by the John Birch Society, the odds were heavily against him.

Tim's attorneys studied the situation with grave foreboding.

They were already working overtime to keep him out of stir and one serious mistake at this crucial juncture could bring down a mountain of misery on their client's charming head.

Technically, Tim was already a convicted drug smuggler. He'd been out on appeal bond on the Laredo grass conviction ever since 1966. Should that conviction be sustained, a 30-year sentence lay ahead.

Tim had already lost one round in the appellate procedure when (on September 29, 1967) the U.S. Fifth Circuit Court of Appeals upheld the Texas sentence and rejected Leary's claim that he had the right to smoke marijuana because it was a religious sacrament used in his Hindu worship.

A few weeks later, U.S. Attorney Morton Sussman asked the court to revoke Tim's appeal bond because the defendant continued

to publicly advocate "the use of psychedelic drugs by students and others of immature judgment and tender years and is regarded as a menace to the community so long as he is at large . . ."

To keep their client free, Tim's lawyers filed a new appeal challenging the validity of the Federal Marijuana Tax Stamp Act under which he had originally been convicted. (The Act required grass smokers to buy stamps each time they purchased dope and this would, of course, tip off both federal and state cops who would promptly arrest them. It was clearly a matter of self-incrimination.)

The U.S. Supreme Court agreed to hear this final appeal in the spring of 1969 and agreed that Leary could stay out on bond until their judgment was rendered.

Also hanging over Tim were several old Millbrook charges long put off but never completely quashed.

To make matters worse, several complex new investigations were afoot at the beginning of 1969 including a big, expensive one authorized by the Nixon administration (and pushed by G. Gordon Liddy) in which the Bureau of Narcotics and Dangerous Drugs (BNDD) would study the affairs of both Leary and the Brotherhood of Eternal Love.

Nevertheless, Tim was able to celebrate one clear cut victory. On May 19, 1969 the Supreme Court threw out the Laredo conviction in a landmark decision which nullified the Tax Stamp Act and provided grounds for appeal by hundreds of then-imprisoned grass users.

Leary was jubilant with this historic triumph produced by a long and grueling fight through the courts.

He called May 19 "the happiest day since the Emancipation Proclamation."

Advocates of drug-law reform regarded the decision as a turning point and forecast that other unjust laws against psychedelics would now be repealed.

"Tim Leary has cleared the way for decent marijuana legislation in this country," they declared. "Now is the time to move."

Within a week, Tim announced he'd run for Governor of California. He felt there was simply no way to avoid political involvement any longer.

He explained his position that spring to a *Barb* reporter as the two of them sat in Tim's Berkely hills house and watched National Guard helicopters spray tear gas on thousands of demonstrators below. (In the midst of the extended battle for People's Park which

led to several deaths, numerous shootings and arrests and the military occupation of the college town for several months that year.)

Tim was sympathetic with the demonstrators.

All these kids wanted, he said, was the right to grow flowers and occupy a small parcel of unused, university-owned land and the establishment had responded with a full-scale military assault. This was the kind of challenge Leary understood.

"If I'm governor," he promised, "the helicopters will be not be spraying down war gas, but love gas. The State Highway Patrol would be picking up hitch-hikers, not arresting them."

The reporter was surprised by Tim's sudden vehemence. Had Berkeley political activism finally gotten to him?

"My purpose is the same," he explained, "to turn on the world . . . My politics will be based on a system of rewards, not punishments. I'll meet the reasonable demands of the blacks . . . The police are going to be the richest citizens of California. They'll be richer and we'll be freer."

Leary said he planned to form his own political party. It would be known as the Free Enterprise, Reward, Virtue and Order Party (FERVOR, for short).

He'd get financial backing from "wealthy heads" (and dope dealers). He planned to stage campaign "Love-Ins" all over California featuring famous rock bands and "psychedelic alchemists."

Within a few weeks, the Candidate was flying back and forth across the state getting his campaign organized. Astonished airline passengers saw him walking up and down the aisles introducing himself.

"Hello," he'd say with that famous wall-to-wall smile and a firm handshake. "I'm Timothy Leary, your next Governor."

Daily newspaper reporters were a bit dubious about this campaign which promised Everthing for Everybody. He couldn't be serious, nor could he expect to win.

Tim just smiled and gave them the hippie V-for-Victory sign.

Jackie, on the other hand, was dead serious. He thought Tim stood a good chance.

"I used to tell him," says young Leary, "'Shit! You ought to be more political, talk about the war or something.'

"And he'd say, 'No, I can't get involved in that kind of thing.'

"I used to tell him, 'Thousands of people listen to you and if you'd talk about the war or something real, people would back you.'

"I told him if he got elected governor he could be the figure-head and I would take control. And he said, 'Fine. Fine with me.' And I was going to legalize marijuana and end the draft and do all sorts of things."

Despite the fact that Tim announced he'd "seriously campaign," the election was not until 1970 so most of his travelling in '69 was for personal business rather than politics.

He had to show up frequently in San Clemente (site of Richard Nixon's "California White House") where the Orange County Superior Court was hearing motions on Tim's December drug bust.

His lawyers were able to put off actual trial until February of 1970. But pre-trial appearances for all three defendants were mandatory and when Jackie failed to show up in spring of '69, the court ordered his arrest.

Tim, in reply, put out a mock *Wanted* poster for his son explaining the reasons Jackie might be hiding out. (It also illustrated the father's own rather strange attitudes towards his kid.)

Jackie, said Timothy, was operating under such "aliases" as Buddha, Krishna, Son of Light, Silent Jack, Adam and Christ. He was "19 going on 77" and had been conceived "2 billion years ago by a thunderbolt in the pre-Cambrian mud."

Jackie was a vegetarian and "a youth without a country" because he'd resigned his American citizenship rather than go into the army.

"Young Leary is a Libra with a compulsive commitment to justice and ethical righteousness which can make him an irritating social companion," wrote a father who was just now becoming aware of the fact the boy was badly estranged.

"Makes impossible demands for spiritual purity on friend and foe alike . . . He is as disappointed and disillusioned with his parents and their friends as any idealistic teen ager. . .

"He is the perfect symbol of our anguished age. A young man being forced to become, against his will, a classic heroic figure of our times . . . Ask any cop or a psychiatrist and they'll tell you. Jack Leary is crazy. A sad case of a fine mind ruined by bad parental upbringing, Dr. Spock and dangerous drugs . . ."

Jackie finally showed up in court to stand trial with Tim and Rosemary; the warrant for his arrest was dropped.

Shortly after Tim's announcement that he was running for governor, the Candidate and his wife flew to a Miami rock festival

to do some campaigning and then went on to Montreal where Beetle John Lennon and his wife, Yoko Ono, were staging a "Bed-In For Peace" in the comfortable Hotel Queen Elizabeth.

They'd pledged to remain in the sack until Vietnam hostilities ended (but boredom and bedsores drove them back into the world much sooner).

Accompanying Leary on this visit was Paul Williams, a bright young essayist and rock critic who saw the May 30 encounter between acid's High Priest and the King of Rock-n-Roll as a kind of divinely inspired Summit Meeting.

According to Williams' report, here's how Leary explained his "Politics of the Moment" to John and Yoko Lennon.

For true social and spiritual change, Tim insisted that "the time is now . . . We *are* political. You're so political that the American government won't let you into the country and I'm so political that they want . . . well, never mind.

"But they're worried about me, too. And Rosemary. And this politics has got to be the politics of life.

"People ask me, 'Are you serious about running for governor?' No, man, I'm not serious, but I can't lose. I'm not grim about it, though . . ."

Lennon's initial response consisted of nothing more than a loudly strummed guitar.

Undaunted, Leary charged ahead.

"I think it's getting more and more obvious that politicians create crises to keep themselves important," he said.

"Right," said Lennon.

"And in power," Leary insisted. "And it's all a scam. It's a hoax, the racial thing and the student thing. It's completely artificial, hyped-up, phony."

"Just like the round-table peace talks," answered Lennon, referring to his own favorite gripe, the faltering Vietnam peace negotiations. Then he explained the Bed-In protest which he and Yoko were taking to luxury hotels around the world.

The Learys and the Lennons began to get chummy like two couples sharing a backyard barbeque. They got around to comparing their respective land holdings and Lennon told about buying an island off the Irish coast which he visited occasionally by helicopter.

The only thing Rosemary could bring up to match was the Brotherhood ranch in Idyllwild.

Both couples seemed sure they had the *only* true answers for all the world's problems — peace, good drugs, magic and getting back to nature.

"We had this one place on our property in Millbrook," Tim interjected, "where there were just holy men. They were just people going around in robes and wouldn't talk and would only eat brown rice and when you went there you would never think of talking. You would never say, 'Well, the sheriff's at the gate.' "

He went on to describe his current holy retreat in the California mountains high above the Idyllwild ranch, a "Level One" place where there was "a seat in the rock . . .

"Two people can sit there and it's all pure. I would say it's a Buddha seat . . . Then we have a place called 'Level Two' which is where we have our peyote meetings on the full moon in the spring and summer, and there we have food and we live in the way man lived 1,000 or 10,000 years ago; it's human. Whereas you get to Level One and it's no longer human . . ."

Finding water near the Buddha seat on a mountain top was no problem, Tim added, since the Learys took a "wise friend" with them, a certain dingo dog from Australia who sniffed it out and "in about half an hour there was pure water."

"Nature provides," added Lennon with stoned-out reverence. "You can sort of trust."

"We've been given this thing, two billion years designed to do that and, uh, don't be afraid. Fantastic equipment there," Leary sort of said.

Absolutely floored by all this instant wisdom, Paul Williams got into the act with a somewhat dreamy remark about how "If you do it yourself, the water becomes holy and you're really going to care about it, right? You know, like, take acid in the morning and just start digging with your hands . . ."

After a suitable period of silent reverence, Williams decided it was time to sum up the "International Hippie Ethic" which Lennon and Leary were lightly describing. Said he:

"We're not starting a country in just one area and saying, you know, we're going to take this area. But all those different areas are all part of the same country, country-of-the-mind, you know. Like liberating a bed for peace here and in Amsterdam and the ranch, the communes, the holy places we've been to, wherever we are, are all the pieces of land that begin to form part of a new nation that is

simply growing towards itself. The political move is to go beyond space like one enclosed area and start unenclosed areas. We're really doing it."

(If you're spaced out enough, such talk seems unbelievably profound.)

Now Lennon played a few songs on his guitar and everyone joined in on the lyrics. Before the Learys departed, Lennon wrote them a special "Campaign" song for the upcoming gubernatorial race.

Tim took the new Lennon song back to Berkeley. Early in June he sang it for the *Barb's* Jon Jacobson and explained he'd gotten it while "back East drumming up support from enlightened old heads."

But Tim couldn't talk with Jacobson for long since he had to catch a plane for L.A.

On July 14, he was back at the Brotherhood ranch resting from his political duties when a young resident (Charlene Almeida, aged 17) drowned in the stock pond.

She was stoned out of her mind, of course, and Leary was arrested "for contributing to the delinquency of a minor" on the assumption that he'd supplied the LSD.

But the charges didn't hold since it turned out that Tim was in his tent some distance from his pond when the girl died.

He left the ranch for the last time on July 22, just 24 hours before Riverside County sheriff's deputies staged a huge raid which sent five Brotherhood members to jail on pot possession charges.

On August 4, Tim's old friend, John Griggs (who'd worked in the Laguna Beach Mystic Art store) died on the ranch from a drug overdose.

As police visits there became frighteningly regular, most ranch people left for safer climes and by the end of August the place was deserted except for a caretaker named Barbara who said her friends might return the following spring if police pressure slacked off.

"We'll try again," she told a visiting reporter, "when the snows are gone and the springs are running full and the ice is off the stock pond. We'll replant our garden and try again to be left alone and seek our peace in the isolation of the mountains."

On August 2, Timothy Leary hit the National Campaign Trail once again.

"His plane arrived at 5:23 p.m.," reported the *Boston Advertiser*. "Dr. Leary landed about a minute later. Problems of altitude."

Tim was wearing a see-through shirt, tight-fitting corduroy trousers and abbreviated desert boots. His long grey hair was pulled back into a pony tail.

He was warmly greeted by a large crowd of supporters who carried placards reading:

**VOTE FOR LEARY AND BE A HEAD
WELCOME, GOVERNOR LEARY
IRISH-AMERICANS FOR TIMOTHY LEARY**

Tim got up and gave a speech:

Noting that he'd started his life in Massachusetts, he said that the future lay not in the East but the West where he planned "to make California what it was 100 years ago, a wild and free state."

Tim's campaign was based on "the principles of individual enterprise."

A reporter asked if he was still preaching "the indiscriminate use of LSD."

Leary replied that drug use had nothing to do with politics but that he still took acid regularly. Pot, he said, "is the greatest."

"Dr. Leary moved quickly through the crowd almost loping along," said the *Advertiser*. "Once or twice his feet almost touched the ground."

Massachusetts newspapers (which had not forgotten the Glory Days of Leary and Alpert at Harvard) were also giving space that month to the quiet return of Richard Alpert (now Baba Ram Dass) from India. He was reported living on his father's estate in Franklin, New Hampshire.

Richard said he'd finally found true purpose in life and it was more than just dropping drugs "although psychedelics first demonstrated the possibility that everything was different.

"But they do not fill spiritual needs. I believe people will discover the real values. It will happen in stages and we must be patient and have compassion."

Tim got back to California in time to make a September 26 appearance in Orange County Superior Court where he was granted his sixth continuance on the December, 1968 pot case.

(Rosemary could not appear, Tim explained, because she was "in a Berkeley hospital having remedial female surgery which might allow us to produce another little Leary.")

He was still in Northern California in mid-December, 1969 to witness the famous free Rolling Stones rock concert at the

Altamont Speedway near San Francisco.

He saw this mob of graduate "flower children" immerse themselves in violence and murder, bad vibes, opiates and downers. "The drugs most on display at Altamont, particularly around the bandstand," Tim noted in a *Berkeley Barb* article, "were not psychedelic drugs but speed, smack and booze.

"The great Satanic figure himself, Mick Jagger, was belting down Jack Daniels bourbon from the bandstand, which I don't think is typically Aquarian Age and which I think led inevitably to the outbreak of violence . . .

"In a sense, Altamont was a microcosm of the overall political situation since 99% of everybody wants to get high and groove and love while less than 1% get their kicks from violence. This as certainly a laboratory demonstration for us at Altamont."

Late that fall, Leary appeared as a defense witness in the famous "Chicago Seven Conspiracy Trial" at which organizers of the August, 1968 demonstrations against the Democratic convention were tried for leading "riots in the streets."

Tim apparently meant well, but his statement clearly hurt the defendants more than it helped.

"When Timothy testified," recalls Yippie organizer Stew Albert, "he told the jury that Jerry Rubin cherished the memory of Robert Kennedy. I asked him, 'Tim, do you really believe that rap about Jerry digging Kennedy?'

"'No,' he said. 'But there's a young girl on the jury who does like Kennedy and I was winning her over.'"

"The young girl," says Stew ruefully, "was Kay Richards. She turned out to be the architect of conviction."

Tim's testimony also clearly showed that he *had* been part of the original "Chicago Conspiracy" and this made federal prosecutors even more determined to get him behind bars once and for all.

(They'd also recently read an article Tim had written for *Playboy* in which he admitted he'd actually smuggled marijuana across the border at Laredo in 1965. He stated his utter determination to abolish *all* anti-pot laws. And federal clipping services found a dandy little article he'd done for the *East Village Other* ("Deal for Real," September 3, 1969) in which he urged everyone to go out and peddle psychedelics. All of these clips were dutifully forwarded to the Orange County judge who'd soon preside over Leary's latest pot possession trial.)

So it was becoming increasingly clear to well-informed observers (like Leary's lawyers) that the Nixon Administration and its Attorney General, John Mitchell, were determined to *get* Tim this very year. They would put as much pressure as necessary on both the Orange County judge and the federal district judge in Texas who was about to hear the second case against Tim which arose out of the 1965 bust in Laredo. Both trials would be held in the early months of 1970 and both would prove to be disastrous.

The Texas case was complicated.

Although the U.S. Supreme Court had thrown out Tim's first conviction in May of 1969 (and, concurrently, had nullified the Marijuana Tax Stamp Act), federal prosecutors went right ahead to re-indict and re-try him for "smuggling" less than half an ounce of marijuana across the border more than four years before.

An obliging jury heard the case in Houston and rapidly found Leary guilty.

His sentencing was delayed so he could be shipped back to California to be tried on the Orange County charges.

In that matter, all three Learys were charged with pot possession while Jackie and Rosemary were also accused of holding LSD. The actual trial began February 9 with Tim proclaiming that his three attorneys — George Chula, Robert Law and Marvin Cooper — would "blow this thing out of sight."

But on February 19, the Orange County jury found all three defendants guilty as charged and on March 11 Judge Byron K. McMillan sentenced Tim to no less than six months and no more than 10 years for possession of just two roaches weighing only a few grams.

Jackie drew a three-month sentence and Rosemary was put on probation for five years but drew no prison time. (She was required to report regularly to a probation officer who would monitor all of her activities.)

Tim had been convicted on drug charges before, but he'd never spent more than a few nights in the hoosegow. His lawyers were still confident that he'd go free on appeal bond once again while they sought to overturn the Orange County conviction in the higher courts.

Crusty old Judge McMillan said "No Deal."

He'd read all the clippings forwarded to him by the Nixon administration and ruled that Leary could not go out on appeal bond

because he was no more than "a pleasure-seeking, irresponsible Madison Avenue advocate of the free use of LSD.

"I have read a great big article in which you urge young people go be drug dealers," said the outraged judge.

"Your honor," protested a terrified Leary who could see that the axe was about to fall on his graceful neck once and for all, "this is taken out of context!"

McMillan ignored him and sent Timothy off to jail right there and then. He'd remain locked up until the following September — six months of extremely hard time for a man of Leary's sensibilities.

Now it was only a matter of shipping the convicted prisoner back to Houston for sentencing in the federal pot smuggling case. It was swift and cruel.

U.S. District Judge Ben C. Connally (brother of the Texas governor who'd been shot in the same ambush which had taken President John Kennedy's life in Dallas in 1963) handed down a 10-year sentence and refused to let Leary stay free on appeal bond since he was a "menace."

"I have reason to believe," pontificated Connally, "that if Leary were at large he would pose a danger to other persons in the community. I think his conduct over the past years, particularly since the time that he was tried here before, has been such as to lead me to believe, at least, that he has openly advocated a violation of these laws. He has preached the length and breadth of the land, and I am inclined to the view that he would pose a danger to the community if released."

A bitter blow, indeed, for Tim was now 49 years old and, if he served out the maximum terms imposed by the two vindictive judges he would be 69 when he was finally free again. It amounted to a virtual life sentence and Nixon's underlings were smugly pleased.

As federal marshalls led him out of the Houston courtroom, Timothy passed a farewell note to his wife, Rosemary.

"These are the times which test the depth of our faith, trust and patience," he'd scribbled with a shaky hand. "Love cannot be imprisoned."

Rosemary wept. When she showed the note to her friends a few days later, it was crumpled and Tim's words were hard to read. Her tears had washed them away.

Chapter Twenty

Prison did not agree with Timothy Leary, not in the least.

"Jail honed him down to rib and soul," observed Allen Ginsberg. It made him face some bitter truths.

Jackie followed Tim behind bars on March 18, 1970. In a tragic reunion (which was far from "accidental") the two men were slammed into the same cell at Chino State Prison, a classification and forwarding station where new inmates were "processed" before being sent on to "minimum, medium or maximum security" pens elsewhere in California.

"So I'd been sent to Chino," Jackie recalls. "And I'd been there a few days and I had this armed robber in my cell. He was really nice and he was young. And so we talked, you know.

"So they told me to get my stuff together. They were moving me to another cell and I walked down to this whole new wing and we walked up to these bars and they said, 'Well, here's your new cellmate over here.'

"And so I turned around and there on the other side of these bars is Timothy. So it was far out. So we shook hands, you know. It was sort of very formal or something. And so they stuck me in his cell."

Both Learys suspected that a microphone had been planted in their new mutual cage and so, for the next few days, their conversation was sparse and careful.

"He was very upset and gloomy," Jackie remembers, "and he was saying he was gong to be in jail for a long time.

"I said, 'No! No! You'll be out on bail! You'll be out of jail before I am!' I remember telling Timothy that when he was real old, when he was 80 years old, he could come and stay with me. I'd take care of him. And he got furious."

Leary's recollections of Chino — which he compared to hell and his own experience there to that of Socrates taking the hemlock cup — are to be found in a fascinating little book published by Grove Press and called *Jail Notes*. He obviously hated prison; it made him both desperate and a little crazy.

Jail Notes says surprisingly little about the strange encounter between Tim and Jackie at Chino, although it was apparently the first time that father and son had spent alone together for many

years. He noted only that the boy appeared "with beard gone, long hair cut, looking tender, young, vulnerable."

Jackie remembers this time more vividly.

"We were together about three days," says he. "Then at 4 o'clock in the morning, he was shipped off. He was taking it real hard, you know. I was almost excited by prison, you know. It was a big experience for me, while he was really blown out by it.

"He was sure, you know, that he'd be in jail for the rest of his life and he was being sort of poetic about it, you know. He was going off at 4 in the morning and so I went to this bus up to Tracy. It was a strange trip. We weren't that close. We were just, like, friends."

Jackie was released by June. He says he preferred county jails to state pens since "in prison people are more flipped-out about, you know. doing 10 years or 20 years or whatever.

"There's very little supervision at Chino and anything could go on. There could be murders and rapes and stuff like that and the guards would never know about it until somebody either came and told them or they found a body or something."

Jackie discovered that being the son of the famous Timothy Leary was a real handicap inside prison walls.

"Just because my father was notorious," he complains, "I had to suffer."

He got "special attention" including regular harassment from guards and other prisoners who "singled me out because I was sort of a celebrity and made what was usually dull something more exciting. They sort of worked it up into a frenzy but I didn't have any real homosexual hassles.

"There weren't any real homosexuals; it was just another ego trip or power thing but nothing that really amounted to anything. They would come out and say and do as much as they dared to but, mostly, it was a lot of threats.

"There were about five of us who were vegetarians and we were the skinniest guys there. I traded my meat for vegetables but I still was awfully hungry."

While Tim was in Chino he found he had lots of time to catch up on his reading of the daily newspapers. One of the major stories he followed closely was the case of Charles Manson who, along with his acid-taking "Family," had been accused of murdering actress Sharon Tate and her Los Angeles house guests on the night

of August 7, 1969.

Manson was in jail the following October and his lengthy trial received massive press coverage all through that part of 1970 when Tim was in jail.

Newspapers often compared Manson and Leary claiming that both headed "LSD Cults." But such comparisons were far from apt for the two men had little in common.

They came from opposite ends of society — Manson from poverty and the penitentiary, Timothy from the peaks of professional psychology and academia.

Tim was self-consciously intellectual and considered himself a compassionate humanist. Manson was an uneducated, bloodthirsty devil worshipper.

Yet both had discovered the same "secret" (although Timothy was first to use it and Manson turned out to be only a second-rate "Acid Guru").

Both knew that a clever, methodical man who wanted others to follow him — to whatever destination, good or bad — could program a large number of people into blind obedience through the use of LSD.

Tim wanted to recondition his followers into beatific saints. Manson wanted only sex objects and dutiful slaves who would kill for him in helter-skelter frenzy.

Leary did not identify with Manson (although Charlie long admired his opposite) yet Tim still found the mass killer fascinating. As their paths crossed again and again during the early 1970's, Tim realized that fate had twisted their lives together in a way which seemed eerie even to a mystic like himself.

"Charles Manson," he wrote in *Jail Notes*, had spent 17 years behind bars, "214 months, 6,209 nights lying on bed raging."

Now that Leary was a "convicted felon" himself, he could not help empathizing with such rage and frustration..

Tim suffered his greatest agony through the spring and summer of 1970 as he waited for the high courts to grant his appeal bond and set him free.

Bad news in April when the California Supreme Court turned him down and a double-downer in May when the U.S. Supreme Court also rejected his appeal on the Orange County conviction.

There was a ray of hope on July 14 (Bastille Day) when District Judge Ben Connally over in Texas surprised everyone and agreed to

set an appeal bond of \$25,000 on the federal rap.

But this was of no immediate consequence since it did not affect the Orange County conviction which Tim must serve out before he would face doing time on the Laredo matter.

Tim had a number of fascinating experiences in jail.

One of the weirdest was being forced to take a commonly-used prison personality test called (you guessed it) "The Leary."

He'd written it himself during the days when he was a top researcher at Oakland's Kaiser Foundation.

Long jail days lengthened, and so did Tim's gloom. But, despite the bad news, Leary was not alone and forgotten. Powerful forces were working for him outside. The counter-culture heard his cries for help and responded with enthusiastic determination.

Allen Ginsberg was one of the most energetic fighters for Leary's freedom. He contributed generously to the defense fund and urged his friends to help pay Tim's "legal life-dues."

Allen insisted that "all who have benefited from Leary's humane, mind-expanding research will join energies to make money to finance legal defense for his freedom."

Thousands of copies of Tim's most recent LP recording (his sixth and called "You Can Be Anyone This Time Around") were sold across the nation with proceeds going to the defense fund.

Rosemary Leary hustled every dime she could lay her strong little hands on, estimated that at least \$5,000 would be needed by April and that Tim's total legal bill would eventually exceed \$100,000.

Rosemary never seemed to sleep. She set up benefit concerts and readings. She put out publicity, gathered in massive support from Tim's followers all over the world. She came to jail every visiting day and followed Leary from prison to prison — to Chino, Vacaville, finally to California Men's Colony West near the Central Coast town of San Luis Obispo.

She was not about to quit, no matter what.

If legal methods did not work, Rosemary had made up her mind she was going to use "any means necessary" to get her man out of stir.

Tim's May transfer to minimum-security San Luis Obispo got her thinking about the obvious — Escape!

By summer's end, an intricate plot was worked out involving Rosemary, at least one Movement attorney, a go-between working in

the jail and 40 members of the Weather Underground (then the most extreme wing of the young white left whose other favorite sport would be planting bombs in the toilets of major government buildings, thereby getting to the *seat* of the political problem in America).

Leary was secretly informed about all steps of the planning for his escape (and slipped enough colorless/odorless LSD each visiting day to keep him high most of the time he was in stir).

Tim's old dope-dealing buddies in the Brotherhood of Eternal Love signed up to provide the necessary funding for the escape. It would take no less than \$25,000.

Fake identity papers and passports were prepared and each detail worked out with agonizing care.

In his popular paperback book describing this famous adventure (*Confessions of a Hope Fiend*), Tim told of his long wait through August and the first 12 days of September while the escape plan was whittled down to practical reality. Much depended on his own daring.

For Tim would have to climb a tall utility pole and move hand-over-hand across a steeply-angled support cable which crossed above the prison's 12-foot-high cyclone fence.

If he made it without being spotted by guards inside the jail or patrol cars outside, he'd have to run over open land to a nearby road where he'd be met by members of the Weather Underground driving a getaway car. The revolutionists then planned to smuggle him out of the country and into exile.

One major question still had to be decided.

Should the Weathermen carried loaded guns or not? The once-pacifistic Leary voted for the use of loaded pistols, shotguns and automatic weapons. Prison had changed him a great deal.

Several days before his escape on September 12, 1970, Tim wrote a "Going-Away Manifesto" which showed the enormous scope of that change. He sounded like a fire-breathing, blood-thirsty revolutionist. Wrote Leary:

"There is a time for peace and a time for war. There is the day of the laughing Krishna and the day of Grim Shiva . . . Brothers and Sisters, at this time let us have no more talk of peace . . . The conflict which we have sought to avoid is upon us. A world-wide ecological religious war. Life vs. Death . . . Brothers and Sisters, this is a war for survival. Ask Huey" (Newton, who was also a prisoner that month at San Luis Obispo) "and Angela. They dig it . . .

Ask the free wild animals. They know it. Ask the turned-on ecologists. They sadly admit it . . . I declare that World War III is now being waged by short-haired robots whose deliberate aim is to destroy the complex web of free and wild life by the imposition of mechanical order . . . Listen. There are no neutrals in guerilla warfare. There are no non-combatants at Buchenwald, My Lai or Soledad . . . You are part of the death apparatus or you belong to the network of free life . . . Do not be deceived. It is a classic strategem of genocide to camouflage their wars as law-and-order police action . . . Remember the Sioux and the German Jews and the Black slaves and the marijuana pogroms and the pious TWA indignation over airline hijackings! . . . If you fail to see that we are the victims — defendants of genocidal wars, if you will not understand the rage of the Blacks, the fierceness of the Browns, the holy fanaticism of the Palestinians, the righteous mania of the Weathermen, and the pervasive resentment of the young . . . Listen Americans. Your government is an instrument of total lethal evil . . . Remember the buffalo and the Iorquois! Remember Kennedy, King, Malcolm, Lenny! Listen. There is no compromise with a machine. You cannot talk peace and love to a humanoid robot whose every Federal bureaucratic impulse is soulless, heartless, humorless, lifeless, loveless . . . In this life struggle we use the ancient holy strategies of organic life . . . 1-Resist lovingly in the loyalty of underground sisterhoods and brotherhoods . . . 2-Resist passively, break lock-step . . . drop out . . . 3-Resist actively, sabotage, jam the computer, hijack planes, trash every lethal machine in the land . . . 4-Resist publicly, announce life . . . denounce death . . . 5-Resist privately, guerrilla invisibility . . . 6-Resist beautifully, create organic art, music . . . 7-Resist biologically, be healthy, erotic, conspire with seed, breed . . . 8-Resist spiritually, stay high, praise god, love life, blow the mechanical mind with Holy Acid . . . dose them . . . dose them . . . 9-Resist physically, robot agents who threaten life must be disarmed, disabled, disconnected by force . . . Arm yourselves and shoot to live . . . Life is never violent. To shoot a genocidal robot policeman in the defense of life is a sacred act . . . Listen, Nixon, we were never that naive. We knew that flowers in your gun-barrels were risky. We too remembered Munich and Auschwitz all too well as we chanted love and raised our Woodstock fingers in the gentle sign of peace . . . We begged you to live and let live, love and let love, but you have chosen to kill and get killed. May God have mercy on your lost soul . . . For the last seven months, I, a free, wild man, have been

locked in POW camps. No living creature can survive in a cage. In my flight to freedom I leave behind a million brothers and sisters in the POW prisons of Quentin, Soledad, Con Thien . . . Listen, Comrades. The liberation war has just begun. Resist, endure, do not collaborate. Strike. You will be free . . . listen you brothers of the imprisoned. Break them out! If David Harris has ten friends in the world, I say to you, get off your pious asses and break him out . . . There is no excuse for one brother or sister to remain a prisoner of war . . . Right on, Leila Khalel . . . Listen, the hour is late. Total war is upon us. Fight to live or you'll die. Freedom is life. Freedom will live . . . WARNING: I am armed and should be considered dangerous to anyone who threatens my life or my freedom."

Finally, after almost seven months (207 days) of captivity, the gears were set in motion. At 9 p.m. on September 12, 1970 Tim planned to go over the fence by way of the thin steel guy wire. He painted his white tennis shoes black and also darkened a pair of gloves he'd wear to protect his hands.

Then he sneaked past guards and other prisoners, and managed to get to the base of the cable at the appointed time. He shinnied up this metal path to freedom and captivity receded behind him.

But halfway up, Timothy met a crisis.

He found himself utterly exhausted, unsure he'd be able to finish his perilous climb. He was 49 years old, out of shape after so many months in prison. He felt tired, used-up, afraid he'd fall off the wire and back down into the prison compound.

"I said to myself," he reported later, "that I started out as a good, clean-cut Harvard professor. How did I ever get into this mess?"

But he kept his nerve and rested while he hung perfectly still on the wire. A gun truck passed directly beneath. They'd certainly see him if they looked up.

They didn't.

Tim gathered his last ounce of strength and finished the arduous climb up the wire. He dropped his glasses during the last few feet but, luckily, they fell outside the prison enclosure.

Tim cleared the high, barb-wire-topped cyclone fence. Then he dropped to the soft earth below.

He was free!

"I put on my glasses in a very professional manner," he said a few months later, "and waved goodbye to the prison."

Then he ran to the highway, dodging and crouching so that passing gun trucks would not see him.

"I was waiting off the road . . . I flagged down a car . . . I was looking for the first car with young people in it . . . I was wearing a light blue sweater with a white T-shirt. I really looked pretty good, as a matter of fact."

The getaway car was driven by two girls aged 18 and 19 who'd obviously transcended Tim's "Politics of Ecstasy" and were now into revolutionary politics — guns and dynamite.

A total of four Weather Underground vehicles were involved in Leary's escape — the original getaway car, a camper to which Leary was transferred in nearby Morro Bay, another car with a police radio to monitor cop calls and avoid roadblocks, a fourth car to pick up Tim's clothes and dump them in a gas station rest room several miles to the south of San Luis Obispo.

They obviously figured that the police would find the prison clothing and think Leary was headed south towards Los Angeles. This would lead them to concentrate their search in that direction while the fugitive was actually travelling north towards the San Francisco Bay Area.

As soon as he was transferred to the camper, Tim began to disguise himself. He dyed his hair red and then cut it short while shaving the center of his skull clean to simulate baldness. He removed his false teeth and his hearing aid and assumed a vacant facial expression with popping eyes. He wore a business suit and a tasteless tie to become "William John McMillan," a conservative businessman aged 40 from Salt Lake City.

The Weatherman convoy drove through dangerous roadblock country south of San Jose with their fingers crossed and their teeth clenched. No one stopped them. The ruse had worked and the search for Leary was centered in the south.

After a few days hiding out in a safehouse, Leary was transferred to a farm near Redding, California where he stayed for about a week. Then he was flown to Utah where he met top leaders of the Weather Underground including Bernadine Dohrn, Mark Rudd, Jeffrey Jones and Bill Ayers.

Bernadine's sister, Jennifer, later told the *Good Times* newspaper about Tim's two-week journey through the American underground.

"It was an incredible experience for him," she said. "The first

night he was taken to a house in the City and found everything he could have wanted while he was in prison. He had a bubble bath and there was a refrigerator full of food and lots of dope. And the next day he was out on the streets walking around . . .”

Leary found the Weather People well-educated and highly-cultured. (It was a standing joke within the group that to become a Weatherman “you had to prove your father made \$30,000 a year.”)

Within a week, Rosemary had joined Tim and passports had been obtained with Leary portraying McMillan and Rosemary as “Miss Mary Margaret McCreedy.”

They purchased airline tickets to Madrid and departed from Chicago’s O’Hare International Airport right under the noses of FBI agents.

Tim’s newly-revolutionary messages were distributed across the country just as soon as he was safely in Europe.

Millions of pacifistic Learyites read these manifestos urging armed revolt with great distress. Tim wrote further explanations about the change in his politics and these statements seemed to confuse his former followers even more.

He claimed it was not Leary who had changed but the U.S. government. “We have always followed a philosophy of live and let live, love and let love, feel good,” wrote Timothy.

“But never did we suggest or imply that it was our duty or our trip to become masochistic pigeons or sit quietly like good Germans and let a genocidal robot police establishment wipe us out, one by one . . .

“Anyone who’s been through the whole LSD experience with us is an acid revolutionary now,” he added. “Dynamite is just white light, the external manifestation of the inner white light of the Buddha . . . The Panthers have showed us in Zen, existential fashion, that if you don’t stand up and defend yourself, you will lose your freedom, if not your life . . .”

Militants, like San Francisco attorney Michael Kennedy, hailed Tim’s new position as “a brilliant merger of dope and dynamite, flowers and flames . . .”

Richard Alpert, who was still a dedicated pacifist, summed up the general revulsion felt by many of Tim’s former followers. “One thing we do not need,” said Richard, “is one more nut with a gun.”

Chapter Twenty-One

By mid-October of 1970, Tim and Rosemary Leary were safely exiled in Algiers, revolutionary capital of a newly-created and strongly socialist Algeria where ingrained decadence still competed with puritanical Marxism.

The country — then eight years old — was the product of a long and barbaric war of independence against French colonialism. It was a safe harbor for leftist refugees from a great many places — Brazil, South Korea, all parts of Europe, most especially the United States. (No treaty of extradition had ever been signed with Washington. There were, in fact, no formal diplomatic relations at this time.)

One of the more exotic “governments in exile” headquartered in Algiers was that of America’s Black Panther Party which maintained its “embassy” in a white walled mansion high on a hill with a fine view of the sunny Mediterranean port city. The author (and convicted rapist) Eldridge Cleaver was in command.

Like Leary, Cleaver was a fugitive from California justice. He’d jumped parole in 1969 after an epoch shoot-out with Oakland police and fled first to Cuba and then to Algeria.

A handful of Panther comrades joined him the hard way — two hijacked an airliner and one escaped across the rooftops of Harlem under a hail of police bullets.

These were big, bad black outlaws — not the kind of gentle “flower children” who followed Timothy Leary without question back home.

Algeria was more than generous to the Panthers. In addition to the “embassy,” they’d been supplied with ample funds, cars and travel documents which allowed them to go out across the world preaching their own peculiar brand of revolution.

When Tim arrived, the Algerians were told he was an “Afro-American psychologist,” a fabrication which greatly amused Cleaver’s foxy old lady, Kathleen.

“I know Tim’s been through some heavy changes,” said Kathleen, “but he’s still *very* white.

Which proved to be a real problem, as did Leary’s sordid reputation as a “counter-revolutionary drug fiend.”

Yet Eldridge was feeling hospitable and promised to take Tim

under his political wing.

Tim's reputation as a "druggie" proved to be his worst problem since most of the new North African and Middle Eastern states were engaged in anti-drug pogroms. Dozens of American hippies were in jail for dope-smuggling.

Algeria was trying to suppress "all trappings of Western decadence" left behind by the French including "long hair, mixed marriages, beer drinking and surprise birthday parties."

A stoned-out "High Priest" they could do without.

Nevertheless, because of Cleaver's sponsorship, Algeria granted asylum to Timothy and Rosemary and the couple seemed welcome in the Panther embassy. ("In Algeria, the gun protects the flower," commented Yippie Stew Albert. "In Algeria, the flower becomes the gun.")

Stew visited a few days after the Learys arrived and he found Tim and Eldridge with their arms around each other busily exchanging prison stories.

"The same pigs who wanted to ice me are after Leary," Eldridge told Stew. "They hate him because he made their children rebel. Kids want to have love and not kill niggers and that's a crime in Babylon."

Tim said that he would now live "like a radical African." He'd even become a Moslem, if necessary.

"We're learning a new perspective on life from the vantagepoint of the Third World," he said. "For the first time in eight years we'll be able to live without police harassment and without the continuous threat of raids and repression. It's the first time we've been able to enjoy our love and we plan to do a great deal of writing and just enjoying life."

Nevertheless, it was clear to Albert that the new Leary/Cleaver alliance was far from an equal partnership; the big Black Panther was completely in charge.

("We had a lot in common," Tim would comment wryly. "It was a new experience for me to be dependent on a strong, variable, sexually restless, charismatic leader who was insanely erratic. I usually played that role myself.")

Stew was on hand October 22, 1970 to help Tim celebrate his 50th birthday. The Panthers presented Leary with a suitable toy to match his newly-militant politics — a loaded, .45 caliber pistol.

What a long way Tim Leary had come since 1960.

It had been only ten years since this intellectual, highly-

respectable Harvard professor sat beside a Mexican swimming pool and ate seven "magic mushrooms."

Now he was a wanted man, an internationally notorious fugitive and drug advocate hiding out in Algeria with quick-tempered killers who planned massive revolution.

By this time, the world media discovered Tim's whereabouts and Cleaver was besieged with requests for interviews. The Algerian government wanted to keep a publicity lid on Leary for awhile, so Eldridge came up with a ploy for getting Tim out of the country long enough for things to cool down.

He'd send him off to pay his respects to the Palestinian Liberation Front in Lebanon and Jordan accompanied by two members of the Panther staff and by Jennifer Dohrn, sister of Weather leader Bernadine Dohrn. It would be a "secret and unpublicized" trip and, by the time Leary got back, Cleaver figured he'd have things firmly in hand.

Tim's party left Algeria. But the Panthers did not reckon on reportorial ingenuity. By the time the "Secret Mission" had gotten as far as Cairo, it had all the elements of a travelling revival show trying to cross the Red Sea in the style of Moses.

Ms. Dohrn recalls that when the "secret" party arrived in Beirut, Lebanon they expected to be met only by members of the al-Fatah who would then sneak them into Damascus or Aman "depending on how heavy the fighting was in Aman that week."

They never met al-Fatah. But the press was there by the carload.

"We checked into this hotel," says Jennifer, "and got up the next morning expecting to go out and meet the al-Fatah people. We stepped out on this little balcony and found reporters on top of cars with telescopic lenses. Every time I opened the door, men would grab me and try to drag me into the hall to make a statement."

The reporters cornered Leary as he sat on his hotel toilet taking a morning crap.

"It was a total breakdown in communications," Tim admitted sheepishly. "We went to effect an underground guerrilla link and checked into the hotel in Beirut that all the newsmen who cover the Middle East use.

"It was a Beatles movie scene — reporters climbing up my drainpipe to find me."

Lebanon had no extradition treaty with the United States,

but when its officials learned Tim was in town they asked him to leave with all possible haste.

The next stop on the sideshow's itinerary was Cairo. After a quick look at the pyramids, they got tossed out of Egypt, too.

Newsmen were amused. They headlined:

ARABS PASS LEARY AROUND LIKE A HOT POTATO

"What makes this man think we want him here?" asked a puzzled Egyptian official. "We have known drugs and drop-outs for centuries; we know they are a curse."

Tim was put on the next plane back to Algeria and, when he reached the Panther embassy he found that Eldridge was furious with him. A "secret trip," indeed!

Now was the time for Tim's "political re-education." Maybe *that* would keep him out of trouble.

"Eldridge brough us a suitcase of books and said, 'Here! You're going to do your homework. Now keep your mouth shut, stay away from reporters, stay off drugs and stop promoting the use of acid. Get serious! Get political!'"

Leary knew he was in a fix so he compromised and said he'd do everything else but back down on his famous pro-LSD stand. Cleaver was not much molified.

There was something too high and mighty about both of the Learys and it rubbed him the wrong way.

(Reporter Michael Zwerin once noted: "Their *we* comes out somehow not just your run-of-the-mill collective. It's the two of us together way up here, enlightened. Follow *us* and we shall find Eden.")

Eldridge shunted Tim and Rosemary off to a small fishing village called El Djamila some 15 miles up the North African coast from Algiers. Perhaps *there* he'd stay out of the headlines.

Tim liked the place, although he quickly became bored with all this peace and quiet. They lived in a small hotel.

"Mornings," he recalled, "I would walk across the small square to the restaurant, drink strong coffee mixed with hot milk and eat sugared rolls with butter and rich jam. Then She would come dancing across the square, sparkling with teen-age delight."

He kept well away from Cleaver.

"We were kept isolated," Tim complained. "We'd heard about reporters looking for us, friends who couldn't get through the Panther

cordon. We were kept silent and immobilized.”

Tim’s mail was opened by Cleaver’s assistants. Dope was seized (he figured Eldridge smoked up most of the grass). Leary’s money was running out and “at this point we got the first flicker of The Terror. The exile blues. No passport. No money. No home . . . We were stranded light-years away in the socialist world income gone, Cleaver pressing for payments.”

The Panthers demanded \$10,000 and a bemused Leary noted that this was the same amount extorted by 19th Century Algerian pirates as ransom for important American hostages.

More complications.

Cleaver got the hots for Rosemary and tried to get Tim out of the way. Leary described the escalating stand-off in one of 17 versions he wrote while putting together the story of how he escaped from jail, landed in Algeria and struck out in a brand new ballgame called “Third World Revolutionary Politics.” (In this “script,” Tim is “Master of Time” and Cleaver is “The Space Minister.”)

“When Nino” (Leary) “and Maria” (Rosemary) “decided to depart, the Minister suggested they sleep separately that night because their falsified Space Papers were coded non-matrimonial and might cause confusion among the burotes at the Inn.

“Nino then politely but firmly told the Space Minister that he was confident that the people in this New World as on other planets would recognize their shared status and assign them a double room.

“The Space Minister then replied with an enigmatic smile that he did not want to act as Parole Officer in addition to his duties as Space Warden. Nino replied in the prison argot of the First World, ‘You don’t want to violate my parole, do you?’

Cleaver was less than pleased. He ended up not only violating Tim’s parole but subjected the Learys to a “Revolutionary Bust.”

As Tim recalls it:

“Just before Year End they moved into an apartment in the capital city of the Third World. In their recent incarnations they had never taken a city trip. Never owned a key to their home. On the day of their arrival the Space Minister summoned them and announced that the Revolutionary Council had ordered that they be kept under a 24-hour-a-day surveillance. When Nino protested the Space Minister explained that it was nothing personal . . . After four days of captivity they were released to return to their apartment

which was guarded by a Revolutionary Agent who smoked and read Mao and Bakunin, and spent hours in the bathroom combing her hair and listening to their conversations. The allies of the Space Minister in the Old World had cut off all funds and space supplies. Friends were discouraged. Ominous rumors isolated them. Protective custody. For six weeks they sank to their armpits in the city sewers, splashing frantically and spitting out squirts of ink and angry typewriter ribbons calling for help. Solitary confinement. Locked words. Echoes and re-echoes of their predicament magnified and struck the Sub-Planetary communications networks . . .”

Although the initial “arrest” had occurred on January 9, 1971, the outside world did not hear of it until February 5 when the *Berkeley Barb* broke the story.

“At 7:50 p.m. on Saturday, January 9,” wrote the *Barb*, “Timothy and Rosemary Leary suffered what Eldridge Cleaver termed a ‘revolutionary bust.’ Four of Cleaver’s Panther staff entered the Learys’ Algiers apartment shortly before their dinner guests were due. This was to have been the Leary’s first dinner party, and it was the immediate reason for the bust . . .”

“It makes me sad to have to do this,” said Cleaver. “I’ve been in jail, been unable to relate to it, and I don’t like being a jailer. But we cannot afford to jeopardize our work toward revolution in Babylon. We are hoping to teach Timothy a lesson . . .”

Eldridge told reporters that he put Tim away because some of the guests invited to dinner that night were, in reality, American intelligence agents who were about to use Leary as an avenue to get at the Panthers.

Eldridge was also pissed, it seemed, because Tim still refused to take his orders, most especially the ones that Leary stop using acid and telling the world to do it, too.

The Cleaver/Leary conflict became international page one news for several months. Reaction in the United States was fiercely divided.

This dissension was, in fact, a prime indicator that the old left wing American “movement” was now hopelessly split with Tim’s followers — the non-violent “Flower children” — furious at Eldridge for the “bust” and political militants praising him for this — and any other violent action he might take against all the people he labelled “pigs.”

Cleaver was determined to have the last word in the matter and

put it in a letter to the *Barb*.

"I'm speaking to you as a brother, as a revolutionary, as a Total Outlaw," he wrote. "And I have on my hand shit deeper than you know exists. In the middle of this shit, I've got Leary — Timothy and Rosemary.

"I'm in the shit that you're in, and in an extension of that shit out here, and I know, even if you don't, that all of this shit has to be dealt with at the same time as a whole . . . Nothing stands between us and the pigs, and we must kill them from both ends in towards the middle. I've already started, on both ends.

"I've said what I had to say about Timothy and Rosemary, and about Acid, the drug culture, the counter-culture, the youth culture, white people, white revolutionaries, the Movement, etc., etc., etc. Now I'm only talking about guns, relating to that, and to dead pigs . . . P.S. If some of you longhaired cats, motherfuckers, would get crew cuts, a 'clean shave,' put on a suit, white shirt and tie, and go down and join the local police, the Army, GM, AT&T, Ross' Dog Food, etc., etc. and begin imaginatively to turn that shit around, blowing it away, delivering crippling blows from inside, by sabotaging shit, ripping shit off, etc., etc. — such would be much more useful . . . P.P.S. Don't worry about Tim and Rosemary. Papa's seeing to them."

In April of 1971, Leary finally managed to bypass the Panthers and get protection as a political refugee directly from the Algerian government. He stayed away from Eldridge and his crowd, said less and less about politics and tried to stay high and happy as he moved back into detachment and disaffiliation. Tim became kind of a Psychedelic Tourist.

By then, Cleaver really *was* in shit deeper than anyone knew. His wife, Kathleen, had accused him of murdering her Algrian lover. Eldridge and Huey Newton had engaged in a series of angry trans-Atlantic debates by tape recorder and television and the badly fragmented Black Panthers chose sides with Newton's followers moving towards reform politics (running Panthers in Oakland elections) while Eldridge and friends opted for total warfare and backed the underground Black Liberation Army which assassinated cops in New York and New Orleans when not staging bank robberies and jailbreaks.

Algeria eventually decided that Cleaver was completely out of hand and, within a year after he'd made Tim Leary the victim of

of his "revolutionary bust," Cleaver was kicked out of the country.

Timothy was understandably bitter about his whole strange experience with Cleaver. He summed it up quite bluntly:

"Eldridge is totally AMERICAN," Leary proclaimed. "He doesn't really want to change the system. He just wants to RUN it."

Late in April of 1971, Tim was invited by Danish students to fly to Copenhagen to teach at the university there. He leaped at the offer since he was tired of Algeria. He contacted Danish publishers and friends in Sweden looking for a new country where he might find political refuge.

After cutting through miles of Algerian red tape, Tim and Rosemary obtained the necessary identity cards and visas and, on May 4, they boarded a flight headed towards Copenhagen by way of Switzerland.

Since he'd been told that American agents were waiting to arrest him at the Danish airport, Leary and his wife got off the plane in Switzerland. They decided to hide out in the town of Lucerne until things cooled down.

Just before he left Algiers for the last time, the "Master of Time" penned a poetic farewell to his old adversary, the "Space Minister."

"Revelation without revolution," said Leary to Cleaver, "is slavery. Revolution without revelation is tyranny."

Chapter Twenty-Two

For a century and a half before Timothy Leary settled within its mountainous borders, the Federal Republic of Switzerland had managed to remain neutral while merciless warfare raged all around it.

It provided peaceful sanctuary for generations of outlaws and exiles, including Lenin (who planned the October Revolution in Zurich), the Germans Herman Hesse and Albert Einstein (who fled to the Alps to escape the twin plagues of nationalism and anti-Semitism), Mary Shelly (who wrote *Frankenstein* on the shore of Lake Geneva a century before Leary resurrected himself with psychedelics), and the Irish novelist James Joyce who here devised a still-pertinent slogan for all disaffiliated artists and visionaries:

“Silence, Exile and Cunning.”

Switzerland was an self-satisfied and accomodating land of numbered bank accounts and fugitive millionaires and of discretely-profitable understandings between sophisticated police and not-too-wanted criminals. A place where hard cash and low profile could generally buy unofficial protection and semi-legal residence.

So precedent strongly favored Leary's flight from Algiers to Lausanne in May, 1971. Asylum should have been his for the asking since his “crimes” in the United States were considered little more than juvenile pranks in Switzerland where possession of marijuana might get you two weeks in the local jail.

(Jailbreak had long been considered an act of daring and resourcefulness. “It is an obligation on the part of a prisoner to escape,” explained one tolerant Swiss policeman. “We admire the man who has escaped well.”)

But, in the past, automatic Swiss asylum generally was for exiles who would not cause any trouble *inside* the little Alpine nation.

Leary was another matter.

He was a maverick general in a generational war which had hit even Switzerland. His arrival was viewed with considerable alarm by neat, tidy little bureaucrats who had rebellious younger sons of their own to deal with.

LSD had been invented here. Pot and hashish were already becoming major social problems and Leary could well end up as much of a menace in Cuckoo-Clock-Land as he had been in America.

Another factor to be considered was the manic determination of the Nixon administration to get Tim back to the U.S., whatever the cost.

By the time it was all over, Richard Milhous would even send his attorney general, John Mitchell, to Switzerland to bargain for Leary's extradition.

During the first seven weeks of his stay, Tim moved with intelligent circumspection. He and Rosemary lived in private homes and thereby avoided signing any hotel registers (regularly inspected by the police).

They stayed away from other Americans (especially hippies) and got their dope from rich and powerful friends with the most discrete connections in the world.

Among these Lausanne "friends" was a certain Michel Hauchard, a well-connected mysteryman who told him early in the game:

"You must be silent; let me be cunning."

Leary once described Hauchard as "a French millionaire . . . well-known international operator. Arms merchant. Smuggler. He's wanted by the French police and has arranged some sort of asylum here . . ."

Although Tim had planned to keep his guard up with Hauchard, Michel quickly got around him. He provided the Learys with a comfortable home, drove them around in a limousine, dined in the best restaurants, provided the company of gorgeous young courtesans.

There was lots of champagne, fast cars, airplanes and motorboats. There was a well-tailored crew of drinking companions including an ex-Nazi, an exiled Chilean diplomat too far to the right to please President Allende, playboys and gun runners, jet-setters and bordello-owners. That sort of thing.

Only a few months after Tim had pledged "eternal solidarity" with Brazilian Marxists who'd busted out of prison to get to Algiers, he found himself bending elbows with the very Rio di Janeiro autocrats who'd thrown his old revolutionary buddies into stir in the first place.

One of these high-rollers told Tim that torture, as practiced in Brazil, was "nothing more than an advanced form of political acrobatics."

Leary felt right at home.

The "Right-On Revolutionary" of last year had returned to his old Right Wing Libertarian philosophy. He gratuitously damned democracy and representative government as "brakes to evolution."

Tim heard a great deal about Hauchard's racy past. Michel especially liked to talk about his adventures with an ex-mistress named Joanna Harcourt-Smith who was off this season in Washington, D.C. hanging out with diplomats and intelligence agents. (It was Joanna who'd first "set up" Michel in the arms smuggling business by teaching him how to gamble profitably at Monte Carlo. Their parting was legendary for its rancor and violence yet Michel still loved Joanna. (The feeling was *not* mutual. She called him "an international gangster and French Grand Seigneur.")

Tim was looking forward to meeting her, if and when she decided to return to Europe. In the meantime, he had other things to worry about. Rosemary was restive.

She still wanted a baby, preferably a son who could be raised amid Swiss peace and prosperity.

She checked into a noted obstetrics clinic in Geneva during June hoping that surgery might correct a disorder of her reproductive organs which had, so far, made her sterile.

She recuperated rapidly and was soon promising to have all her future operations in the Alps because "I now run like a cuckoo clock."

Word that the Learys were in residence soon leaked out to the snoopish Swiss press which found itself fresh out of international intrigues this year. They began to hunt Tim and Rosemary with fervor.

Hauchard panicked and bundled up his fugitive guests for a 45-mile escape by Rolls-Royce to the ski resort of Villars sur Ollan in the Bernese Alps southeast of Lausanne.

There the Learys leased a clean, modern apartment on the first floor of an imitation chalet (for about \$500 a month) and settled down to peace and quiet with a fine view of the misty Rhone Valley off in the distance.

Rosemary prepared herself for impregnation. The doctors said it had to be done around June 30, the period of her greatest fertility.

But Tim would not be allowed to fulfill his wife's greatest need and expectation. One the very day he was supposed to play the long-demanded conceptual role, three Swiss cops arrived in a little Volkswagon to bust him on an Interpol warrant.

Tim was returned to Lausanne and locked up in a cold, stone prison where he became depressed and contemplated suicide.

Still it was not as bad as some of the prisons he'd been in.

His cell was neat and clean and the bed even had fresh sheets — marvellous hotel keepers, these Swiss!

Hauchard sent over a box of cheese and wine. There were also books, a typewriter and all the paper Tim might need to write the story of his escape from prison in San Luis Obispo nine months before. There was just one hitch to the arrangement.

Hauchard now had Tim exactly where he wanted him.

In jail and totally dependent. Michel said he'd provide money, and lawyers to get Tim out but, in return, Leary had to sign away all legal rights not only to the book about his escape but all writing he might do for the next *twenty years*. This could end up being quite a bundle, since Tim had sometimes received advances of \$50,000 per book.

"I own Timothy Leary," Hauchard proudly told his friends. "I have the notarized papers to prove it."

Tim swallowed his fury and settled down to work.

He had nothing better to do, in any case, since he expected to be locked up in the prison of Bois Mermet for at least a year while lawyers fought out the matter of his extradition to the United States.

The American government would demand he be returned and Leary would ask for political asylum trying to prove that he was not a true "criminal" (as the Nixon administration insisted) but rather an unpopular intellectual being persecuted for his heretical theories which were valid but way ahead of their time.

To do this, Leary would need money, lawyers, petitions for Swiss clemency from famous people all over the world.

Rosemary again became a one-woman defense committee hustling support and money from every possible source.

Some \$40,000 came from America, \$20,000 of it from the retired theology professor Walter Clark who regarded Tim as a kind of Personal Saviour because of an early Harvard acid trip they took together. (Clark had to mortgage his home to get the money and he did it without a moment's hesitation.)

On the East Coast, poet Allen Ginsberg organized support among famous writers (many were members of the P.E.N. Club). He got them to sign petitions for Tim's immediate release.

On the Pacific Coast, support was organized by Bob Barker

and Michael Horowitz whose San Francisco Bay Area Prose Poet's Phalanx wrote a "Declaration of Independence for Doctor Timothy Leary" on July 4, 1971 and sent it off to the Swiss on Bastille Day (July 14).

This "Declaration" contended that the original pot charges had been used against Leary as a subterfuge simply because the U.S. government wanted to lock up a noted political and ideological heretic.

They claimed Leary "was sentenced for philosophy . . . imprisoned for opinion . . . detained for ideological heresy . . . At stake in this case is Dr. Leary's freedom to manifest his thoughts in the form of poems, psychological commentaries, dialogues and essays of literary nature."

Among the signers were Ginsberg, Arthur Miller, Michael McClure, Ken Kesey, Lawrence Ferlinghetti, Robert Creeley, Lenore Kandel, Anais Nin, Alan Watts, Kenneth Rexroth, Diane di Prima, Philip Lamantia, Ted Berrigan, Phil Whalen, Herbert Gold and Laura Huxley (widow of novelist Aldous Huxley).

Many of these people had supported Tim's earlier defense funds and they continued to stand behind him year after year, bust after bust.

Protests were also mounted in Switzerland where hundreds of young people petitioned their government for the High Priest's immediate release. Such a deluge of well-coordinated pressure (plus a friendly bribe or two) finally turned the trick.

On August 6 (just a week before the U.S. extradition papers arrived and five weeks after he was arrested), Leary went out on \$18,500 bail. The conditions of release restricted him to living quietly in one place. But he was damned glad to be free.

"Rosemary and I came to Switzerland for many reasons," Tim told a group of reporters who met him as he walked out the prison gate. "We hope to live here under the great symbolic aura of Herman Hesse and Carl Jung. We're time travellers and hope to stay because of a tradition of freedom."

"Perhaps we'll raise some children," Rosemary added with pathetic hopefulness. Then the two went back to Villars to wait out developments.

Tim had a bad jail hangover. Being locked up for more than a month had shaken his confidence and he was no longer sure he'd beat the extradition proceedings. He felt tired and grey. He watched

himself “prefect the art of falling apart.”

Rosemary, on the other hand, was restless and continually irritated with him. She was miserable about her inability to have children yet wanted as much sex as she could get.

In his present mood, Tim could not deliver and the marriage was clearly dissolving before their eyes.

One of Rosemary’s old admirers came visiting from America — a vigorous young man who’d desired her for years.

At this crucial juncture, Tim went off to a Swiss clinic for an ear operation that would finally allow him to function without a hearing aid. He left Rosemary and her admirer alone.

When Leary got back in October of 1971, he found that nature had taken its course. Rosemary was no longer his. She left him on October 22 — his 51st birthday and the 16th anniversary of the suicide of his first wife, Marienne.

For several weeks Tim was understandably depressed. (“His life-indicator dials flick like death-watch beetles pitifully near zero. Carrion memories buzz his head.”)

But the old Leary charisma soon returned and faithful friends and new followers crowded in from all over the world to amuse and flatter him.

There were plenty of ladies on hand for one-night stands. Journalists arrived surrounded by sychophants hoping to turn on with the Acid King himself. They followed Tim around Villars like a hungry pack of psychedelic dogs.

Droll but distracting.

On December 29, the Swiss hit Tim with a double-whammey.

They ruled he could stay in their country only until October 31, 1972. But, at the same time, the initial American request for extradition was denied (as was Tim’s request for permanent political asylum).

One benefit of the new ruling was that restrictions on Leary’s travel around Switzerland were eased. He was allowed to go and live in an ancient villa in the town of Lugano some 200 miles east of Villars in the southern canton of Ticino.

This was warm, mountainous wine country, the “Riviera” of Switzerland and surrounded on three sides by Italy. It had special significance to Timothy since Herman Hesse had once lived in this same villa.

But Leary’s enemies back in America were not through with him.

Soon the Swiss were notified that new charges had been brought against Timothy back in California. A grand jury indictment had been issued charging that Leary was the leader of the Brotherhood of Eternal Love, that he was guilty of a "conspiracy to smuggle illicit drugs" as well as 28 other offenses.

Bail was set at \$5 million (should he be caught) and this, in itself, was newsworthy since it was the highest bail ever set in the United States on one man in one case. (This news also led to some dangerous misinterpretations. Bounty hunters got the idea that the Americans were willing to *pay* \$5 million for Leary, dead or alive.)

Orange County District Attorney Cecil Hicks justified this record "bail" by calling Timothy F. Leary "The Most Dangerous Man Alive" and claiming that he continued to "direct" operations of the Brotherhood from Switzerland. These operations, said Hicks, allowed Leary "to live comfortably and travel from place to place with no money problems."

With this kind of double-sword hanging over his head, Tim became increasingly nervous; he was afraid to spend many nights in the old villa at Lugano and often slept in other houses in the region so he'd be hard to find.

His other problem was boredom.

Switzerland was a small country and unable to provide the rich variety of hedonic and intellectual stimulation he'd gotten used to back in the States.

He did what he could, meeting with the few interesting writers, academicians and mystics willing to be seen in public with him. (One memorable evening was spent with Albert Hoffman, inventor of LSD. "It was a fantastic moment," Tim would recall. "There was an immediate mutual hit of pleasure and acceptance." They talked of alchemy, shamanism and time travel.)

But, even though he was accumulating a growing band of worshipful disciples who ran errands, did the cooking, kept him stoned, fucked and hidden-out, Tim was becoming lethargic.

"I've already gone through every freak in the country — all 49 of them," he said. Hippies now turned him off and "Hindu guru groupies give me a toothache in my third eye . . . There hasn't been anyone I could really talk to in about ten years."

Tim was clearly looking for someone who was both an intellectual equal and as quixotically animated as he.

He finally lucked out.

In wandered Brian Barritt and his old lady, "Liz The Cosmic Hoar." The two settled down in Lugano for a long visit and Brian went to work as co-author with Tim on what would prove to be the most popular (and most profitable) Leary book of all, *Confessions of a Hope Fiend*.

Barritt was a slim, wiry Englishman of 37 who'd been around as much — in some ways, more — than Leary.

"He looked as though he'd been through the mill and used everything," observed Richard Alpert. And that included opiates, cocaine and every other drug favored by the "Great Beast" (Aleister Crowley) who was a much-admired model in those days for both Tim and Brian.

Barritt was energetic and imaginative. He helped to make *Hope Fiend* the best stylistic job Tim had yet produced. When the two were not working, Brian liked to spend hours telling richly embroidered stories about the years he'd spent in British military prisons, about staying stoned in India, about the four years he'd done in English jails for trying to smuggle hash into London.

"If not precisely made in heaven," observed visiting friend Renfreu Neff, "the Barritt-Leary convergence was definitely imbued with any number of cosmic-comic overtones . . . These two literate mutants thicken plots with acrobatic dexterity and the offhand wit of those assured that the mad shall inherit the earth and the sane will maintain it in operating order."

Much of this amazing Leary/Barritt dialogue centered around Tim's growing preoccupation with two subjects — travel in time and outer space.

It was fertile ground for someone with Tim's imagination since, as he put it: "The future has been delayed, but since no one knows anything about it, the future can be invented and arranged to suit ourselves . . ."

Tim's speculations were interrupted by frequent (and often unwelcome) visits from journalists and old friends like Richard (Ram Dass) Alpert and Dr. Charles Slack (who went away horrified and convinced that Tim was now a heroin addict, a charge no one else had *ever* made against the man).

During the week that Renfreu Neff was on hand, Tim was visited by writers from *Rolling Stone*, *Saturday Review* and *Penthouse*. Video crews rolled in from both Europe and America. Tim also was working on an "electronic music" recording with a German group

called Ashra Temple. (He proclaimed that such communication was superior to words since "the nervous system operates most naturally and comfortably on the level of electronics.")

The *Penthouse* writer was considered a dangerous square. He was immediately dosed with hashish dropped into the first dinner he shared with Leary and had a fit when he found out about it. Tim was amused:

"If you go into Che Guevara's camps, you gotta expect you might get shot at or maybe get dystentary," he told Alan Levy.

Nevertheless, Levy managed to turn out an observant story on *Life With Leary High In The Swiss Alps*.

He immediately noted one unusual circumstance: Tim had no regular lady; he was just sleeping around with an assortment of young admirers. But Leary looked "chipper" wearing "a peppermint-striped shirt and white dude trousers like a road company Marquis de Sade."

Levy found Tim living in the old Hesse house, "a fresco-walled 15th Century Cardinal's residence right near a 12th Century monastery."

Here he met such retainers as the three Swiss — Rene who did the cooking, Marco, a voluptuous blonde named Patricia — and the American contingent which included Walking Horse the Train-Meeter (an acid-utopian and veteran of Wavy Gravy's Hog Farm commune), Dennis Martino, his old lady (Robin Viertel) and their son, Orion. Robin was a lush but slightly dense 19-year-old Californian who clearly worshipped her sawed-off old man.

Tim's daughter, Susan, had recently visited the villa with her husband (and Dennis' brother), David Martino.

The money for their trip to Switzerland and beyond came from the sale of Tim's old Queens Road house in Berkeley. After legal bills had been paid, about \$5,000 remained and it had been divided between Susan and Jackie.

Tim was also paying Susan "\$10 a day to write a diary and send it to us from India . . . That's \$300 a month and it's worth it . . ."

When Dick Alpert paid his short visit, Tim arranged a formal tour of "Hesse Country."

"We went to two places," Richard recalls. "We were in his first place and then we went down to Herman Hesse's house and then we went out to see his grave and all that business.

"Tim seemed to be around a lot of hip young drug users. There

was a lot of smoking and sniffing and stuff. I didn't feel it was a heavy scene — no one into needles as far as I could see. Most of them were young kids — quite nice, actually. Very young kids but very much into, you know, being excited about having acid with Tim Leary.

"Tim was busy being ripped off by and ripping off various people and I think we had a long evening on hash that was very beautiful. It was actually very loving. We had a good time.

"We had a really good time together.

"He was really happy I'd come and he made me feel very welcome and I had a beautiful day with him or a couple of days . . . There was still love between us, even though he'd been very put-downy of me and I of him.

"I guess I haven't gone out of my way to do it, but I've had to at times. I still admire him."

Life at Lugano floated along this way until late in October of 1972 when the Swiss authorities extended their absolute deadline for leaving the country to December 31. There would be no extensions. Tim *had* to be out of the country by New Year's Day, 1973.

He had nowhere else to go. None of the other countries he'd applied to were willing to grant political asylum and Richard Nixon's narcs stood waiting. It was an increasingly nervous situation.

During Tim's last days in Lugano, he had a violent falling-out with Dennis Martino and told him to get lost.

"Tim acted really rude to Dennis and told him to go fuck himself," Jackie recalls. "But I guess Dennis came back anyway, even though he'd been totally insulted."

Money in these final days seemed no real problem. *Confessions of a Hope Fiend* had been sold to Bantam Books and Hauchard/Leary received a fat advance of \$250,000. Exactly how much Michel kept and how much was handed over to Tim is not clear. But Leary was soon driving around Lugano in a nice little golden-yellow Porsche.

On December 13, the legendary Joanna Harcourt Smith met Timothy Leary for the first time. She used an elaborate subterfuge to find him and attract his romantic interest. Tim fell instantly in love although he had no idea of what she was up to and didn't really seem to care.

But Joanna knew exactly what she was doing. She had plans for the stoned-out ex-psychologist which would change his life completely.

Chapter Twenty-Three

Joanna Harcourt-Smith proved to be a fascinating little bomb-shell. Here's her biography as she once told it to an incredulous reporter:

Joanna was born on January 13, 1946 in the most expensive, high society hotel in St. Moritz, the Swiss ski resort. She received automatic British citizenship since her father was Lt. Cmdr. Cecyl Harcourt-Smith (and *his* father had been Lord Chamberlain to King George V).

Joanna's mother was Marysia Ulam, a Jewish aristocrat from Poland whose cousin was the nuclear theorist Stanislaw Ulam. (Stanislaw conceptualized the hydrogen fusion process which endowed humanity with the inimitable H-bomb. Being rather far-sighted, Ulam also patented the "Orion Starship" to get survivors away from the shambles his first invention would make of Planet Earth).

Early friends described Joanna as "one of those throw-away rich kids, rich in goods but starved for affection by parents who were much too busy to give her the needed attention . . . Sent off to boarding schools with a fat allowance but no love."

Her mother remarried. The new "stepfather" was Dr. Arpad Plesh, a Hungarian financier who shipped Joanna off to French and Swiss convents where she received a traditional Catholic education.

At the age of 14, Joanna ran away to Cairo where she met and married Mahmoud Okacha, a svelte young sophisticate much to her adolescent liking. There was a drawback.

Mahmoud's father was Egyptian Minister of Culture and National Orientation. He was in the midst of a well-publicized "Moslemization" campaign for Egypt and what he did *not* need was a teen-aged Catholic/Jew with British citizenship for a daughter-in-law.

The marriage was annulled and Joanna was escorted out of the country by a squad of soldiers.

Next, she showed up in the Lebanese capital of Beirut, a long-established refuge for spies and high-rolling swindlers.

She attended Protestant School there for a year, went to work (at age 17) as a television actress and newscaster, got involved in movie-making and helped produce a Cannes Film Festival prize

winner ("Baalbeck from the Other Side of the Mirror").

In 1967, Joanna, now a grown-up 18, appeared in Paris speaking French with a strange English/Arabic accent. She lived with the playboy-gunrunner Michel Hauchard as long as that was amusing. Then off to Switzerland to study political science at the University of Lausanne.

In 1968, the 22-year-old adventuress "joined forces" with a certain Alfred Heineken of Amsterdam (they were never short of beer). She soon wrote a strange anti-communist diatribe called "The Little Green Book — An Answer to Mao Tse-Tung" and got arrested while trying to personally deliver it to an unwilling Chinese Embassy in Paris.

Sex had no mysteries for Joanna Harcourt-Smith.

"I'm bi-sexual," she once told an underground journalist without the slightest hint of embarrassment. "I prefer a man to make love with but a woman — if she is very beautiful — can be very nice . . ."

She described herself as an intensely international and "planet-arian creature." She knew five languages and every trick in the book.

In 1969, Joanna decided that life in the United States might be rewarding. She landed in Washington, D.C. where she was seen out demonstrating for peace during the day while managing an illegal poker game nights in a Georgetown basement.

Here she met Jean-Claude D'Amecourt who served that year as director of the House Subcommittee for Library and Memorials.

Jean-Claude's family owned a famous realty firm which provided homes for important diplomats and politicians. Very profitable — and informative.

Joanna's third marriage (at age 23) provided her with an American visa and her second child — Alexis D'Amecourt, born early in 1972.

But wedded bliss again proved a bore and, for reasons Joanna never felt compelled to explain, she found herself in the fall of 1972 on the road to Timothy Leary's hideaway in Switzerland.

Joanna had a way of turning up in exactly the right place at the right (and most profitable) time.

Malicious gossips thought it more than coincidental that this half-Jewish teen-ager should appear in Egypt and Lebanon during the intrigue-filled years before Israel's victorious Six-Day War against the Arabs. Her marriage to an influential Greek millionaire

occurred just before the CIA-backed military junta overthrew the Athenian Republic.

Old friends also loved to chatter about her more notorious exploits — the orgies, gambling parties, the fast racing cars, the day she rode her bicycle through the scandalized main dining room in Monaco's Palace.

So *this* was the Joanna Harcourt-Smith who tumbled headlong into Timothy Leary's headquarters at Lugano, Switzerland during mid-December, 1972. In the right place at the right time again.

Tim was nervous and expecting the worst in a few weeks. He could be easily influenced to do whatever a clever little woman like Joanna had in mind.

Just why had Joanna sought him out? She never really answered that question but her evasions hinted at a great deal.

She once informed a *Rolling Stone* writer that she was far from being a typical doped-out hippie chick bearding her Acid Messiah in his den. Joanna had done lots of drugs and LSD was certainly among them, but she *detested* hippies, had little use for Love and Flower Power, boasted that "I've never read any of Timothy Leary's books. I just had this thing that I had to meet him.

"Something impelled me." She never gave its name, governmental rank or serial number.

On December 13, Joanna "somehow" managed to get Leary's secret telephone number. She called and left a message when she found he was not in.

He called her back. She describes the tender moment of their first audio contact:

"Then suddenly the phone rang," she says, "and I heard this voice that I now know and love . . . And I said, 'Timothy Leary! I've been looking for you all my life. And I've been trying to phone you for five days. This is beautiful. This is Joanna!'"

"And he said, 'All right. Where can I pick you up?'"

Robin Viertel clearly remembers Joanna's arrival at the Leary house. She introduced herself as Michel Hauchard's former mistress, pulled out two hits of very fine window-pane acid and ate the first one.

"Whoever eats this other," she prophesied, "will follow me."

Tim grabbed the second hit and gulped it down. The couple stayed awake all night speaking French and making love. Next day,

they announced that they had each found their “perfect love.” From then on, the two were totally engrossed in each other.

Within a week, they’d driven Tim’s golden-yellow Porsche up to the resort of Gstaad to go skiing. On Christmas Eve, they went over to St. Moritz to spend the holiday with artist Andy Warhol and on the following day (December 26) they left Switzerland for Vienna.

“We were going to make a short film against heroin for the Austrian government,” explains Joanna. “Timothy has always been against hard drugs.”

Why did he leave his Swiss sanctuary? Well, she explains, she felt in need of a trip. Switzerland is *so* confining.

It was a perilous thing to do and, to this day, it’s not clear whether or not the final decision to jump from the Swiss frying pan into the Interpol fire was Tim’s or the prodeuct of Joanna’s fevered imagination. Perhaps he didn’t care anymore. He only had a few days left in Switzerland, anyway and no other hide-out seemed available. The Escape Game was about over and he might as well have some fun while he could. And then there was the lady herself.

Tim really fell for this sawed-off, curvacious, brown-eyed little creature with the wide, cruel mouth, the lanky red-brown hair, all that energy, imagination and courage.

He clearly expressed his feelings in the book *What Does WoMan Want?*

Joanna, said Tim, is “a 21st Century Fox, all right. But there’s no room in her womb for mundane affairs . . . She’s crazy, loco, aphrodisia, dope-ridden, cock-mad.”

He concluded that if she *really* turned out to be a government agent, she’d prove a damned unreliable one and change countries as fast as she changed lovers.

By the time she was through with him, Joanna had become Timothy’s sole spokeswoman, his one solid link with reality. He was more than willing to put his fate in those smooth, artful little hands.

“I’ve been thinking about the magic of our meeting,” he told her some months after the fatal event, “and the mysterious power of our time together. A new reality began the night you arrived, a moment of total novelty, the first time in my life I felt totally at home, perfectly connected and in a new life in which I am whole, right, just content to be with you.

“Love every word, every moment, every smile. Perfect Love.

Life began when we met. Life is when we are . . . My love is with you, beloved Joanna, every long minute. Perfect woman. I remember when you said, 'I'm Joanna,' and the circuits clicked in my head and I laughed and I knew. Every second we were an hour together. It's perfect. Beautiful woman, beautiful wife, perfect love."

Dennis Martino joined the lovebirds in Venice and told them he suspected the CIA was on his tail. But Tim went ahead and made his anti-heroin film for the Austrians and then asked the government to live up to its end of the bargain.

"Where?" he asked, "are my Permanent Residency Papers, the ones you promised?" All he got were bureaucratic stalls and delays and, to make things worse, Joanna came down with infectious hepatitis. She turned yellow as a ripe lemon and said:

"Vienna no longer agrees with me."

She later claimed that "Timothy said he would take me somewhere I had never been before to get better. We wanted to celebrate my birthday in another country."

Joanna contacted an old girlfriend, Christina von Opel, heiress to the auto fortune, and Christina invited Tim and his enamorata to join her on a yacht cruise of the South Seas. They were to meet her on the Island of Ceylon in the Indian Ocean.

But how would they get there?

Between the three of them, Tim, Joanna and Dennis had less than \$1,000. So they skipped out of their rooms in Vienna (leaving all their luggage and a \$600 hotel bill behind). They borrowed a few bucks from the film crew Tim had been working with and caught a jet for Beirut.

Why Lebanon?

No extradition treaty with the U.S. And Joanna said she had old friends there who'd stake them to plane tickets to Ceylon.

No dice. Why not fly to Afghanistan? asked Joanna. She knew the Royal Prince in Kabul. Certainly *he'd* get them to Ceylon.

(She neglected to mention that the Afghan capital was full of American narcs investigating Brotherhood of Eternal Love connections there.)

They knew it was dangerous. Tim was travelling under his own valid American passport, travelling about aimlessly while the world's intelligence agencies watched him with great interest.

"We knew," said Joanna a bit too blandly, "that from the moment we got on the plane in Beirut, everyone in Kabul would

know that Timothy Leary and Joanna would be arriving.”

Rumor has it that a particularly fine reception was planned far in advance and that the rulers of this backward medieval kingdom agreed to less-than-legal extradition procedures in exchange for several million bucks of American aid money and a few surplus jeeps.

In any case, they had no sooner stepped from the plane than a certain Mr. Senner from the American Embassy marched up and grabbed Tim’s passport.

The date was January 13, 1973. It was Joanna’s 27th birthday.

“We walked toward the airport terminal,” says Joanna, “and Timothy was holding both our passports. We saw a little man with a moustache. He came up to Timothy very fast, presented him with a paper and said, ‘In virtue of Article So-And-So, your passport is revoked.’

“Thereupon, he snatched the passport out of Timothy’s hand. He didn’t even give us time to read the paper. The Afghanis then took my passport and took us into a room and made us wait awhile.”

(Dennis Martino was hustled off to a separate confinement area because he’d jumped parole on a California drug conviction and the narcs wanted to speak to him *very* privately.)

“So there we were in that room,” says Joanna. “And the Afghanis were ringing up the Americans. Then they took us to a police station where we tried to get back our passports and get our freedom . . . As we were walking out of the police station, about eight Afghani policemen separated us, pulling Timothy to one side and me to the other. We have perfect love, so we found perfect strength to pull away from them and clung, clung, clung to each other.

“We said, ‘What are you doing?’ They replied, ‘We’re going to put her with the women and you with the men.’ And that was a crime because we hadn’t committed any crime there. There was no reason to take us to prison. So we went back inside and we could not move from there and we weren’t going to be separated.

“The Afghanis were very annoyed and began to phone the Americans again . . . It was like Mission Impossible. Captain Neuer, a German policeman employed by the Afghanis, said we would be taken to the Plaza Hotel from the police station. They put us in a room without a window. We had no light but we could sleep together. It was lovely. There were six Afghani guards on the other side of our locked door and we stayed there for three days . . .

"So after the third day, they sent 10 men and said we'd have to go with them. We said that was all right with us if we could have our passports and two tickets to Beirut. They agreed to give us that. So I said to Timothy, 'We'll have to trust.'

"They told us the pilot had Timothy's passport and he would give it to us on the plane. We looked at each other, said it had to be perfect, whatever happened, walked up the steps of the plane and the Man appeared.

" 'Terrence Burk,' he said. 'American Narcotics Bureau. I'm here to bring you back to the United States. But I've got first-class tickets and Mrs. Joanna can come with you up to Los Angeles.'

"Burke showed me the tickets, \$1,083 for my ticket so that Timothy would come back. Very strange, the whole thing . . . Why was I brought back to the United States with my ticket paid for by the American government? I'm not his wife."

Why, indeed?

Why did the U.S. Bureau of Narcotics and Dangerous Drugs pay travelling expenses for a British subject who'd recently "abandoned" her American husband and their child. Why did they allow this woman obviously ill with infectious hepatitis through customs and the normal quarantine period such a disease would require?

No government official was ever willing to answer these tricky questions, although many journalists asked them.

As Tim and Joanna boarded the plane in Kabul, Agent Burke handed Tim a special "Identity Card" issued by Richard Schneck, American Consul in Afghanistan and stamped "DIRECT RETURN TO UNITED STATES ONLY." It was dated January 16, 1973 and listed Leary's occupation as "Philosopher."

The first leg of their trip took them to Frankfurt, Germany.

Joanna says that their captors "treated us like a king and queen . . . We had no money but the two narcs in Frankfurt went to buy me some French perfume and some French cigarettes. I borrowed fifty dollars from Burke, our guardian angel. They were every nice to us. After all, we could have jumped plane in Frankfurt."

The next portion of the flight home took Leary to London where he appealed for political asylum. This was summarily rejected by British officials.

The last leg — an over-the-North-Pole extravaganza straight to Los Angeles — was recorded by Joanna in an extended prose-poem called *This Transmission Was Kidnapped From Afghanistan For Your*

Enlightenment.

She noted that they were served as much champagne as they could drink and that, somewhere over the Arctic, Tim wrote the following note which gave her the right to be his official spokeswoman as soon as they got back to the States:

"The right to speak for me," it said, "I lovingly give to Joanna Harcourt-Smith, who is my love, my voice, my wisdom, my words, my output to the world for our love, etc. etc."

As soon as the plane landed in Los Angeles and they were back on American soil, Agent Burke put handcuffs on Leary and pronounced the fatal words:

"All right. You're under arrest. Turn around. You know the procedure."

Tim was hustled out of the plane and locked in a waiting prison van so fast that reporters who'd crowded the unloading area had no chance to speak with him.

The truck — surrounded by a convoy of 11 other police vehicles — inched through rain and rush hour traffic south to a solitary confinement cell in the Orange County seat of Santa Ana.

But Joanna seemed glad to see the reporters. She was perfectly willing to take Tim's place in the international limelight.

She seemed a bit hysterical, clearly jaundiced, said Leary had been "kidnapped" from Afghanistan in violation of all international law. She felt, nevertheless, that this was "the perfect time" for him to return home.

"The times have changed," Joanna declared. "And he has come back with solutions to America's problems — the pollution problem, the drug problem."

She called Tim "a totally free man," jail or no jail.

"He told me not to worry," she added. "He's happy to be back in California, regardless of the consequences."

On January 20, Joanna held a better-organized press conference in the offices of the "underground" *Los Angeles Free Press*. She played the part of the faithful lover and outraged champion of justice to the hilt. (Some reporters thought she over-acted the part. After all, she'd only known the man for a month.)

A few days later, *Free Press* Editor Art Kunkin visited Tim in his Orange County cell and observed that he was "not looking substantially different than he did several years ago when I saw him in court when he was tried for pot possession."

"Even though he's a 52-year-old grandfather, he has a spring and bouyancy to his walk and mannerisms of a man much younger in years. Perhaps the most startling thing about Leary's appearance is that his formerly-graying and wispy hair has now been dyed a very dark blue. It may sound bizarre — and it looks black most of the time, except when the light hits it at an angle."

Art then visited George Chula, one of the attorneys who'd defended Leary in the original Orange County drug trial and the one who'd work on this new case. Chula was gloomy.

He said it was going to take an enormous amount of money, public support and the best lawyers to get Timothy off the hook this time around.

Now Leary faced not only the escape charges (which could add five years to the 20 he was already stuck with on the original Orange County conviction) but he must also answer to a 29-count indictment in Santa Ana regarding his leadership of the multi-million-dollar drug-smuggling and manufacturing operations of the Brotherhood of Eternal Love.

With \$5 million in bail to contend with on these latter charges, Chula felt release was impossible.

Joanna took complete charge of organizing Tim's defense and raising the necessary funds. She formulated all press statements and decided who'd visit him in jail. (Many of his old friends now found themselves cut off the visiting list.)

"She's great. She's terrible. She's innocent. She's devious," complained Michael Horowitz, an old friend who wanted to help more than Joanna would allow. (Michael had become Tim's official "archivist" and taken charge of all his personal papers after the Berkely house on Queens Road had been sold.)

Early in February, Tim was transferred to the jail in San Luis Obispo so that he'd be ready in mid-month for his escape trial. He was shuttled back and forth to Santa Ana to be present at hearings on the Brotherhood charges.

He was visited in jail on February 10 by son Jackie and Richard Alpert.

"I felt very distrusting of Joanna," recalls Richard. "I felt she was very fanatic and slightly hysterical. More than slightly hysterical. I didn't feel safe with her at all. Which was a very intelligent and shrewd estimate on my part, as things turned out."

Jackie hated Joanna on sight and called her "The Tigress of

the Visiting Room” when Tim’s lover would not allow the father and son to speak privately. With Joanna around, Jackie complained, Timothy didn’t seem to want to talk to anyone else.

“He just wanted to sit there with Joanna, the love of his life or something,” he says. “I couldn’t stand her. I thought she was insane. She had this trip where she had this capacity for violence. Like, if you didn’t agree with her, she’d just totally flip out. She just got to the point where she was ready to attack.”

Jackie never visited his father in jail again.

On February 12, *Rolling Stone* reporter Bill Cardoso tried to see Tim at the San Luis Obispo jail but was turned away by the guards.

He did manage to get a glimpse of Leary talking with Tex Watson, one of the Charles Manson disciples convicted of the Helter Skelter/Sharon Tate murders in Los Angeles.

Cardosa found he had to settle for an interview with Joanna instead of Leary.

Joanna predicted — out of the blue — that Tim would be out of stir by April 13 whether he was found guilty in the escape trial or not.

Cardosa was a bit stunned and asked, “How?”

“We’ll simply leave our bodies,” said Ms. Harcourt-Smith with wide-eyed innocence. “We believe in miracles.”

Cardosa had heard of astral projection, but didn’t think it was a very effective way of breaking out of jail. He wondered just what in the hell this trange little Jewish/British/Arabic chick from Washington, D.C. had up her pretty sleeve.

Trial on the escape charges was set for March 13 and a lot of hard work still had to be done to prepare Tim’s defense. But Joanna seemed more interested in copping every available bit of publicity for herself.

She showed up at one luncheon interview with a *Barb* reporter on March 7 and proved to be both loquacious and hungry.

“I’m starving,” said Joanna as she settled at a well-laden table. She chased down a huge meal with a jug of wine and complained she’d been “running around all day and haven’t had a *thing* to eat.”

After consuming a slice of cheesecake and several cups of coffee, Joanna returned to her current “message.”

She said that she and Tim planned to go on a hunger strike and “fast to death” unless he were freed immediately.

"When I'm down to 30 pounds and Timothy is down to 50, they will still separate us," she added pathetically. "But then they will let us see each other one more time and then that's it. It's weird, isn't it? But I have no fears."

Just when would this tragic hunger strike begin?

"On April Fool's Day," said Joanna.

Nothing at all was said in such interviews about raising money and rallying general support for Leary's defense. Astral projection and hunger strikes would do it all.

Joanna's total reliance on miracles and her disdain for more realistic methods of freeing her lover hit a lot of people the wrong way.

She refused to allow important friends to either visit or write to him, sabotaged publicity unless it focused on herself, demanded total control of fund-raising, used up most of the money she raised on her own considerable expenses and then short-circuited the energy she had just generated.

Interviews with major papers were set up and not kept. Lawyers went unpaid and finally, in disgust, dropped Leary's case.

At least one cynical observer suggested that all of this constituted deliberate obstructionism.

"Joanna Harcourt-Smith," said he, "is nothing more or less than a paid government agent. And she's just taken Timothy Leary on the biggest buggy ride of his life."

Chapter Twenty-Four

Newspaper reports on Tim Leary's testimony during the March, 1973 escape trial in San Luis Obispo made him sound like a Raving Madman from Outer Space.

It was at this point that many of his former followers decided Tim had overdosed — both on acid and life. (Those closer to the situation could see that jail, particularly months of solitary confinement, did not *agree* with Leary. Not at all.)

As the trial opened, Tim introduced himself to Judge Richard F. Harris (and 12 upright local jurors) as “a philosopher and nuerologist” — that is a scientist who has learned how to enter areas of the nervous system much as people go through space or the stars to have experiences and record them for the benefit of mankind.”

Leary said he'd spent the last 12 years in this pursuit.

The most startling — and widely quoted — testimony of all was heard on March 27 when Defense Attorney Bruce Margolin asked Tim about the farewell message he'd left for his guards the day he escaped. (The note compared Tim to Socrates, Jesus Christ and the Jews in Hitler's Germany.)

“Could you explain to the jury,” said Margolin, “what you meant by those phraseologies in this poem?”

“Yes,” replied Tim, “my nervous system is in such a state that I live in many reincarnate levels . . .”

The prosecutor objected strongly but the judge silenced him and let Tim go on to describe his state of mind on the day of escape.

“I see what happened at the prison on September 12, 1970 as recurring events which happen over and over again,” he explained. “And we simply play out the same parts.

“I was calling attention to the reader of this, or the listener of this poem that freedom is always the issue and that philosophers of freedom have always been brought to trial for being dangerous to the state or corrupting the young. It happened in Greece to Socrates. It happened to almost every philosopher and prophet of freedom in history.”

“Did you say something about being able to see yourself in the context of history?” asked Margolin.

"Yes," said Tim. "My nervous system, as a result of 12 years of deliberate and disciplined research with drugs and different forms of yoga . . . I put my mind in different places.

"My nervous system essentially travels throughout historical times and to become Timothy Leary is like getting into a car and turning a key.

"It's something like — I'm not Timothy Leary most of the time. I'm not in the 20th Century. None of us are.

"It's just one small fragment of a nervous system that makes us think we are Chevrolets and Pontiacs. Actually we can leave our nervous system and that's the objectivity that I think you were referring to, Mr. Margolin . . ."

Both the judge and jury responded with a big, fat "HUH?"

Margolin decided he'd better run Tim through that "Car Part" again. Just what did he mean by "being a Chevrolet or a Pontiac?"

"I'm not Timothy Leary most of the time," Tim replied. "I get into this uniform and turn the key on and use the Timothy Leary identity to move throughout space and time as is necessary for the accomplishment of my mission and my survival so that I compare that part of my personality to a car . . . You can step out of your historic role and move into any other role.

"I know this to be true . . . I believe that the world belongs to the future. I see myself much more as a person from the future. I totally and sincerely believe that I am from the 21st Century and I believe that I am visiting here to play a historic role as one would visit a primitive tribe in New Guinea to pass on warning and counsel to keep from destroying this planet . . ."

The press corps was giggling by now; the jury looked stunned.

But Margolin kept it up. "On the day of your escape," he asked, "were you the car? Had you stepped out of the car when you wrote this poem?"

"At the time I was writing this poem I was not Timothy Leary," the defendant replied. "I could just as well have been called Socrates or those people who were burned at the stake in the Middle Ages or those apostles of freedom in Salem who said you shouldn't burn witches, which was 200 years ago in this country.

"I was no more Timothy Leary than I was any of these and people will, in the future, understand what is happening now just as we understood what happened in Salem 200 year ago."

The prosecutor started to object again, but the judge silenced

him and seemed willing to let Leary's testimony speak for itself.

"Did you feel on September 12th that there was something innately important about escape?" asked the defense attorney.

"Escape is the message of my life in every form," said Tim. "I was put on this planet for a short period and we have got to get off this planet within the next two or three billion years or we will all be destroyed."

None of this Sci-Fi visionary dialogue did Leary any good.

On April 3, the jury found him guilty. On April 23, Judge Harris handed down a six-months-to-five-years escape sentence which would be served *in addition* to Tim's original prison sentences.

This meant that Leary (now 52 years old) owed the State of California 15 years and the feds 10. If he served the total maximum on both raps, he'd be 77 when released. (A hostile parole officer later told Joanna that the state intended to see that Tim served every day of it.)

Tim also had the 29 Brotherhood of Eternal Love charges pending against him. In April of 1973 this mass of prosecution seemed overwhelming.

For the federal Bureau of Narcotics and Dangerous Drugs (BNDD) regarded their assault on the Brotherhood as the most important operation they'd undertaken since Richard Nixon beefed up the agency shortly after his inauguration (partly because of advice he'd received from Tim's old nemesis, G. Gordon Liddy).

BNDD began an intensive investigation early in 1970. By late summer, they'd busted two dozen Brotherhood members, seized two tons of African hashish, 30 gallons of hash oil and 500,000 hits of LSD.

On August 5, BNDD staged massive raids against Brotherhood suspects in California, Oregon and Hawaii. More than 200 cops and agents brought in 59 suspects, closed down two more hash oil labs and two marijuana "canning operations," netted huge piles of dope, \$40,000 in cash and five cars.

All of this led BNDD to claim that the Brotherhood (or BEL, as they liked to call it) had been smuggling in half a ton of hash (worth about \$4.3 million) every month.

The federal narcs also discovered a large number of false birth certificates and passports in the belongings of those arrested.

BNDD then claimed that the BEL was no more than an "off-shoot" of Tim Leary's old League for Spiritual Discovery. They

said that Leary himself helped organize BEL in October, 1966 and, that by 1967, Tim and his friends were "trafficking in and publicly encouraging the use of LSD for mind expansion."

Money for Tim's personal expenses and his endless court fights was supposedly raked off the top of the BEL drug profits. The Brotherhood also financed Leary's 1970 escape from San Luis Obispo, they claimed.

"With Leary as a fugitive," said BNDD, "the Brotherhood deteriorated from a psychedelic-religious subculture into a profit-oriented criminal enterprise. The Brotherhood continued to grow and expand its drug trafficking activities until it had set up a major smuggling network.

"Its members used false identification and forged passports to travel about the world making illegal purchases of hashish and other drugs for import into the U.S."

This hash-import operation, they claimed, was run by a certain Robert Andrist who organized expeditions to Africa and the Near East. (Afghanistan was a favorite source.)

Hash was then hidden inside cars being shipped to the U.S., inside furniture, even inside hollow surfboards.

"The Brotherhood used numerous businesses for the sale and distribution of hashish, LSD and cocaine. Members have been linked to health food shops, juice bars, psychedelic shops, record stores, surf equipment stores, used car lots, a rug company and a beach club."

On October 3, 1973, BNDD provided even more details to the Senate Judiciary Subcommittee. A bureau spokesman testified that:

"In many ways, the evolution of the drug trafficking activities of BOE is a tragic illustration of the cynicism into which the youthful drug revolution of the mid-1960s has fallen."

He claimed that the Brotherhood had become a kind of "hippie Mafia" although it had originally been founded on the basis of Tim Leary's anti-materialistic ethic, "Turn On, Tune In and Drop Out."

After Tim moved West in 1968, he said, the little town of Laguna Beach, California became "The Psychedelic Drug Capital of the World."

BNDD claimed that from 1966 to '68, the Brotherhood flourished "by dealing in 100-pound lots of marijuana smuggled in from Mexico and by trafficking in LSD obtained from such sources as the Sandoz Chemical Works in Basel, Switzerland . . .

"By the time our investigation reached its peak in the spring of

1973, no less than 750 of its members had been positively identified as participants in criminal activities that spanned the globe. At its peak, it had 3,000 members and had profited to the tune of over \$200 million in its illicit operations . . .

“In the summer of 1968, Brotherhood members travelled to San Francisco in an attempt to secure a permanent source of supply for LSD — which they found. The LSD was called ‘Orange Sunshine’ and the laboratory was to be set up in December, 1968.

“In March, 1969, the first batch of ‘Orange Sunshine’ LSD was made by Brotherhood members in a laboratory located outside of San Francisco.

“Slightly under one million tablets were produced in this first endeavor. Numerous millions were to be made in the next four years. Until the recent enforcement success, this product, which has now disappeared entirely, was found in quantity all over the world.”

BOE was also allegedly involved in making and marketing hash oil (one quart contained 15,000 doses and it was a lot easier to smuggle and sell than bulky marijuana or somewhat more condensed hashish).

“From 1966 to 1971,” said BNDD, “members of the Brotherhood travelled throughout the world using false identities with passports obtained under assumed names. Their operations were virtually untouched during this period of time. Because of their mobility, no one was really aware of the extent of their activities . . . Local authorities were aware of the Brotherhood’s existence but could not penetrate the organization’s outer wall . . .

“According to several sources, the Brotherhood paid \$50,000 to the Weathermen to see Timothy Leary, their spiritual leader, set free. The individual who collected the money to pay the Weathermen was Mitchael Boyd Randall . . . Randall retained the services of two attorneys, Michael Kennedy and Michael Tigar . . .”

BNDD went on to charge that while he was exiled to Algeria and Switzerland, Tim continued to exercise a major influence in BOE affairs and that he was “visited constantly by the higher echelon of the Brotherhood organization.”

The feds claimed that in only seven years BOE became a “\$100 million operation.” Part of the profits, they said, ended up in the pockets of Tim’s old friend, Billy Hitchcock, who supposedly financed part of the operation.

Many BOE leaders were arrested in 1971-73. They included

George Oliphant, Donald Hambarian, Michael Pooley, Gordon Johnson, Eric Chastain and Michael Randall. (Randall jumped bail and disappeared in April of '73.)

Among the chemists accused of operating BOE acid labs were Augustus Owsley Stanley, III, Tim Sculley, Nick Sand, Ron Stark and Lester Friedman. (Stark, they said, invented hash oil. Friedman was a former chemistry teacher at a college in Cleveland, Ohio.)

In February of 1972, Billy Hitchcock was indicted by a federal grand jury for income tax evasion in his BOE deals. He panicked and decided to cooperate fully with the feds. For starters, he sent the Internal Revenue Service a nice little check for \$500,000 to cover "possible fines and back taxes."

Then Billy advised his old BOE buddies that he was about to tell all. It was time for them to either run or join him in finking.

Due to such tactics (and the use of his enormous fortune), Billy managed to get off without serving a day in jail. But Scully was not so fortunate; he was sentenced to 20 years. Friedman faced a two-year term in stir and Owsley was forced to pay \$142,276 in back taxes and a \$5,000 fine.

Nick Sand was to be tried in a San Francisco federal court in December of 1973. Tim Leary planned to be a star witness for the defense.

In the meantime, Leary was serving some very heavy time up at maximum security Folsom Prison. Now that he was a convicted escape artist, Tim would no longer be shuttled off to "country club joints" like San Luis Obispo. From now on he could expect the worst prison had to offer.

He arrived at granite-walled fortress Folsom in May of 1973 and was immediately thrown into solitary confinement in the deepest, darkest dungeon he had yet seen.

He was able to talk to prisoners in adjoining cells through air shafts. The first day was memorable.

He later told Joanna Harcourt-Smith that he heard a voice in the nearby darkness saying:

"This is the bottom of the pit. Nobody gets out of here. It is bliss here."

Then the spine-tingling voice of doom, turned to its new dungeon mate:

"I have been watching your fall, Timothy Leary," it said. "LSD is like the invention of the wheel, gunpowder and the Chinese."

Tim was startled. He discovered this Voice from Hell was that of the convicted murderer Charles Manson who was now locked down beside his favorite old Acid Guru.

Manson passed over books and supplies and did what he could to make Tim comfortable. In the following days, the two had plenty of time for talk. One of their conversations went several steps beyond the surreal.

"When it's all energy and your whirling in the universe, what do you see?" asked Leary of Manson.

"Death and time," said Charlie.

"I see life," said Leary.

"It's all death," said Manson.

"It's all love," said Leary.

"I hang onto death," said Manson.

"I live by love," said Leary.

After the two cons were pulled out of the Hole and returned to Folsom's general population, they became good friends.

"They liked each other very much," observed prison psychologist Wes Hiler who knew them both in jail. "As a matter of fact, Manson said that Leary should be installed in the old Hearst castle at San Simeon as the new Pope, the Pope of the Religion of Life taking the place of the Pope of the Religion of Death which he considered the Catholic religion to be because he was raised in a Catholic orphanage."

Joanna brought up visitors to Folsom soon after Tim got out of solitary, poets Allen Ginsberg and Lawrence Ferlinghetti.

"Folsom must have been quite a shock for Tim," says Ferlinghetti. "He'd always been in health-farm prisons up to then. He was in what they called 'protective custody' and we had to talk to him through a glass window.

"He looked pretty shook up. Of course, they'd cut his hair and he had this sort of glassy, blue-dreamy look in his eyes. Just sort of like in a daze. (But Allen didn't have that impression at all. Allen thought Timothy was really in great shape, very coherent.)

"I didn't think Tim was flipped out or anything. The whole place was this big Death Trip. I mean, it's really terrible for someone with Tim's sensibilities to be thrown into this Death Trip place.

"We were only allowed to stay about 20 minutes. There was a lot of talk about — a lot of strife — about who was going to be his lawyer.

"By that point, he'd read off Michael Horowitz and Bob Barker. Joanna was sort of in charge. She'd sort of alienated all the people who formerly helped Tim. The former support group was all alienated as well as the lawyers that had helped."

Ginsberg distrusted Joanna on sight. She snarled back at him, claiming that because Allen was a noted homosexual, "he hates women."

"What was Joanna's role?" Ginsberg asked later. "Isolating Tim from decade-old supporters and friends, using up all his crucial defense money?"

Allen came to believe that Joanna was some kind of "sex spy, agent provocoteuse, double-agent, CIA hysteric, jealous tigress . . ."

But Leary seemed oblivious to the increasing disillusionment Joanna caused among his best friends and supporters. For now he and Joanna seemed to have a world all of their own; it excluded everyone else.

Her initial motives may have been to entrap him. But it was apparent that, by the spring of 1973, Joanna Harcourt-Smith had fallen into a trap herself.

She was acting very much like a woman in love. She seemed to sincerely want to get Tim out and she'd use any methods to do it, no matter how dirty they might be.

Late in May, Leary became a gardener inside the walls of Folsom Prison. "He's working in the flowers," said one of the warden's assistants. "It's something that will probably be good for him."

In July, he abandoned such hearty outdoor activities and retired to his cell to begin a period of intense writing. He produced several magazine articles and wrote two "long-overdue" little booklets which summed up much of the Science Fiction (Sci-Fi) and Philosophy of Science (Phi-Sci) thinking he'd been doing over the past few years.

The two booklets were called *Neurologic* and *Starseed*. They were privately published by Joanna (who was listed as a kind of co-author).

Neurologic seemed to be the more useful work to such reviewers as Howard Pearstein who wrote in *City Magazine* that "*Neurologic* is to behavior science as Ecology is to the physical sciences."

This 40-page treatise on "conditioning, psychotherapy, modes of consciousness and temporal/molecular psychology synthesizes

these separate rarified subjects into one science, an interrelated study which incorporates the dynamics and elements of growth of the psyche into one discipline . . .”

(Pearstein felt that Tim’s best quality was his ability to bring disparate ideas together in an imaginative way and then to popularize them.)

Starseed proved to be of more interest to mystics and science fiction buffs.

It summarized Tim’s current theories on the “initial delivery” of human life to this planet by means of “seed-carrying comets.” Mankind, he proclaimed, was now ready to leave the trap Earth had become and was only waiting for a sign from heaven to begin the epochal journey.

Discovery of a new comet early in 1973 (named Kohoutek after the astronomer who first saw it) seemed to fulfill Tim’s expectations. He prophesied an imminent “spiritual awakening” as well as “karmic plague” all across the globe.

(Under such extraordinary circumstances, even the inmates of grim, old, maximum-security Folsom might be freed. A nice jailhouse fantasy.)

In late summer, a Sacramento television station sent over a film crew to interview Leary inside Folsom. He seemed to be his usual, optimistic self, full of interesting heresies, far-out prophesies, unlikely divinations.

“The best philosophers often end up in prison,” he told them. “If you’re a good baseball player, you often end up in the major leagues. If you’re a really successful politician, you end up in Washington . . . Most of the men that I model myself after have been lucky if they got away with just being in prison for their ideas.”

The interviewer wanted to get off this kick and onto the “true reason” Tim was in jail — namely drugs. But Leary remained evasive.

“I’ve had no more to do with drugs,” he told the incredulous reporter, “than Einstein had to do with the atomic bomb.”

“Didn’t you advocate the use of LSD?”

“No, I never advocated drugs,” said Leary hoping his tongue would not fall out. “I defended drugs, different drugs against unscientific charges . . .”

“Would you give advice on the use of drugs nowadays?”

“Yeah. I should do that,” said Leary. “And I’ll look right into the eyes of everyone that’s watching this and say that I don’t urge you

to take LSD in particular. LSD is the most powerful substance that the human being has ever developed for influencing the mind. I've used the comparison of nuclear energy or fissionable material. I think that in the right hands, the scientific and disciplined and hopeful people, it will bring about changes . . ."

"Have you suffered brain damage from the use of drugs?" asked the interviewer, echoing a question many of Tim's old friends were wondering about these days.

"Am I insane?" he responded. "Of course, that's a very tricky thing for anyone to answer.

"I've lived through the 1930s and the '40s and the '50s and the '60s and I think that anyone who's still erect after all those years has had his sanity tested.

"I'm 52 years old, facing the problems of maturity and getting old. I've been through a lot of rough times in the last few years.

"My career has been ruined. They took away my credit card at Harvard and I've been harassed by the United States Government pretty heavily. And I've been in four prisons, all without committing any crime that I know of.

"I've been in solitary confinement for four months. In addition to all of these pressures, I've probably pushed my nervous system as much as any human being living. I've taken LSD over 500 times. I have experienced a wide range of these biochemical and neurological possibilities. I think I'm the strongest, sanest person around."

"You're an optimist. A hope fiend?"

"Yeah," said Tim with his famous wrap-around smile. "I've been called an irrepressible optimist. The opposite of an irrepressible optimist is a repressive pessimist and I think that's what is ruining the country today."

The TV crew went back to Sacramento and Tim went back to his cell. It seemed a pretty fair stand-off.

Yet, despite his brave public front, Timothy Leary was damned tired of being "The Last Major Political Prisoner from the 1960s Still in Jail."

Folsom was really *getting* to him in a bad way.

The prospect of dying in stir seemed more real now than ever and Tim told several visitors late in 1973 he'd do *anything* to get out.

"He went through every possible way of trying to accomplish this," commented psychologist Wes Hiler who personally watched many of Tim's prison antics.

“First, he got all his friends to protest — and that didn’t lead anywhere. Then he decided to cooperate fully with officials and apple-polish and have a perfect record and make friends with everybody and he had all sorts of famous people thought the world write letters to the Parole Board to have him released.

“And that didn’t work. And then there was another step.

“He had a plan to sue the Department of Corrections and try and get some money on behalf of the other prisoners and himself and use this as sort of leverage saying that he’d drop the charges if they’d let him out. And that didn’t work.”

On November 28, 1973, Tim was moved from gloomy Folsom to medium-security Vacaville near Sacramento. This “medical facility” was both a prison where new inmates were classified and a research station conducting experiments in behavior control. Leary’s wide experience as a behavioral psychologist could be put to good use here.

Two days after his transfer, all 29 charges growing out of Tim’s involvement with the Brotherhood of Eternal Love were quietly dropped by Orange County District Attorney Cecil Hicks who rather lamely explained that he didn’t want to waste the county’s money prosecuting an old con of 53 “who’s no spring chicken and who should be out of circulation quite a time.”

Suddenly things seemed to be going a bit better for Timothy Leary. Neither Hicks nor Folsom officials would ever explain why. Yet the dropping of the charges and his transfer to a more open and comfortable environment at Vacaville could hardly be considered a form of “punishment.”

On December 12, Tim turned up in the San Francisco County Jail awaiting an appearance in federal court in that city which was hearing the case of chemist Nick Sand, last of the major Brotherhood of Eternal Love defendants being tried for his acid exploits.

Leary was a crucial defense witness and Sand’s attorneys were sure that Tim’s testimony would help to get their client off.

While he was waiting in county jail, Tim agreed to talk with *San Francisco Chronicle* reporter Tim Findley who found Leary strangely “repentant” about his “sins of the 1960s.”

“The mistake I made,” Tim admitted, “was to make LSD too popular. Some people were not ready for it, but who was I to say? What a lot of people didn’t understand is that these things are tremendously demanding. You have to have tremendous courage and you have to work at it . . .

"I left a residue of very dangerous images behind me. Those poses, postures and gestures I played as parts and I kept changing the act. People imprinted the images and now I'm horrified to hear people saying things I said ten years ago . . . We expanded consciousness in the '60s, but we didn't expand intelligence."

"Do you still believe in your Turn On, Tune In and Drop Out philosophy?" asked the reporter.

"I think of Drop Out in terms of getting out of prison," confessed a badly-defeated Tim Leary with pathetic dejection.

On the day before he was to appear as chief defense witness in the Sand trial, Leary went into extended conference with the man prosecuting the case, U.S. Attorney John Milano.

Leary came out of Milano's office with a whole new attitude.

He told Sand's lawyer that whatever he had to say at this point would not help his client; it would only hurt him. Tim said he'd rather not testify at all and the lawyer quickly agreed.

So Leary went back to Vacaville without saying a word on the witness stand. Nick Sand was convicted and got a 15-year sentence.

Chapter Twenty-Five

In the spring of 1973, Dennis Martino and Joanna Harcourt-Smith had a tender reunion in San Francisco.

They had not seen each other since the fatal bust in Afghanistan and Dennis had a lot to tell Joanna. He'd been busy learning to be a full-time fink and setting up his friends.

Dennis had been "recruited" as an informer back in Kabul by Agent Burke of the U.S. Bureau of Narcotics and Dangerous Drugs (BNDD). Faced with immediate extradition back to a California jail, Dennis had promptly identified photos of 30 members of the Brotherhood of Eternal Love with their true names. He hoped that he could then fly freely back to Los Angeles with his law-enforcement "account" settled. Dennis was in for a bad surprise; he was still heavily in debt.

Martino was greeted at the L.A. airport by a certain Detective Martin who spoke in a rather abrupt manner:

"Welcome back to the United States. You're under arrest."

"Flash, there's the handcuffs! There's the warrant!" Dennis recalled in an interview with Tom Thompson of the *Los Angeles Free Press*.

"Wait a minute!" yelled Martino. "I gotta make a fuckin' phone call. This wasn't supposed to happen. I was told I could cruise in here. Did Don Strange send you? Are you from BNDD?"

"The cop's got a grin on his face and he's a happy man . . . Now it looks like all I got was a free ticket home.

"It's Sunday. Where am I going? County Jail, Los Angeles? Fuck, no. You're not going to put me in that snake pit! No way! Just give me a phone. I've got clearance to get back in here.

"My mind says, 'Do you? You've been fucked, conned, jived.' "

Dennis found himself locked in the county clink.

"You like it here?" the narcs asked after a few days.

"Well then, can we finish our business?"

"What business??"

"Well, if you like, you can give us a full transcript of all these people, all the dope deals you've been involved with, all the drugs you've smuggled, everything that you know about Leary . . . Then we'd like you to locate some of those fugitives and work undercover for us. We'll pay you, sometimes. But you've got a lot of things to work out here. You think about

it. We'll be back."

Martino thought. He agreed to cooperate and, in the next few months, was responsible for the arrest of 25 "friends." Sixteen were convicted. On Easter Sunday, 1973, he helped to set up a big drug bust in the Northern California resort town of Santa Cruz which involved 40 Brotherhood members.

Martino had no regrets, nor did he like the term "informer." He preferred "transformer," meaning someone who has "transformed this network."

He explained that "you're stabilizing these people's lives in certain ways . . . I'm not patting myself on the back or anything, but I'm watching the flow of what I do and just how negative it is . . . These cats go to the joint. They're all out now and, quite frankly, they're all much happier. My feedback from them is they're glad it's over. They're tired of running . . ."

After his spring visit with Joanna, Dennis continued to make frequent visits to the Bay Area but his base of operations remained in the Los Angeles basin until late that year.

Joanna, in the meantime, was making a vivid impression on San Francisco.

In May, she got an amazingly compliant judge to "legally" change her last name to "Leary," although she was still married to Jean-Claude D'Amecourt of Washington, D.C.

The new last name worked wonders.

People she'd never met before offered her grass, acid, peyote and cocaine. She quickly discovered who was dealing what to whom and for how much. She compiled enormous lists of underground celebrity contacts. She gave a great many media interviews.

One writer from the underground magazine *Rama* fully believed all that Joanna told him and proclaimed her "the woman from Space City. A creative metaphysician. A woman from the future, from the instantaneous timespace, from the darkest reaches of the furthest universes. A technological sorceress of the infinite synthesis. She is the priestess of the We-Are-All-One Underground Empire within the global village. Here is the vast network of the ambiguously faithful . . ."

"Ambiguous" was most certainly the correct word for Joanna.

Such overblown tributes were thrown with great regularity at the lady's pretty little feet despite the fact that she often dropped clear hints as to who she *really* was.

She told *Rama*, for instance, that “the reason why I’m here today, too, is my imprint with Washington, D.C.”

But fervent Learyites ignored the obvious and did all that Joanna asked. They helped her promote a number of “defense fund” benefits. (She kept most of the proceeds, almost nothing went to help Tim.)

Early in May, Allen Ginsberg and Richard (Ram Dass) Alpert headlined one such affair in Los Angeles.

At month’s end, Allen joined in a Bay Area benefit by the poet Michael McClur, the Sufi Choir and musician Berry Melton.

On September 23, 1973 a thousand Learyites jammed a night club in San Francisco’s North Beach for a talk by Joanna and the showing of two films on Tim. They left over \$2,000 in her dainty hands.

A “Free Tim Party” was held in a Columbus Avenue movie theater and the rock group Hawkwind starred in a Berkeley concert. Then there was a poetry reading held in Santa Cruz and the publication of a “benefit book” (*El Perfecto Comics*) by underground cartoonist Robert Crumb and friends.

Joanna herself made a small fortune personally selling copies of the thin little *Neurologic* and *Starseed* pamphlets for up to \$10 per copy. She was doing quite well, thanks.

She rented a fashionable apartment on San Francisco’s Telegraph Hill and an even-more-expensive office nearby. Her telephone bills were “never less than \$300 a month . . . She called Europe a lot.”

When a few dubious supporters questioned these expenses, Joanna was quite straightforward about it.

She said she had a perfect *right* to spend the money as she wished. “I was brought up in a way that meant I cannot get my personal trip together other than by spending \$1,000 a month . . . I’m a chameleon. I can change colors. I can rearrange the schedule. I’m suvivory . . . Right now, I just see that I’m in a position where I can get in touch with things. I happen to be in a position of a person who can shoot off their mouth.”

Late in September, Joanna made the media-rounds with a brand new scam.

Quoting from *Starseed* and prison conversations with Tim, she predicted massive planetary change and Leary’s release just as soon as the Comet Kohoutek appeared clearly in the late December skies. She began to call her office “Starseed Information Center” and

went out to rustle up publicity.

Well-meaning little papers like *Good Times* in San Francisco ran her press releases verbatim. For instance:

"The Starseed Information Center has been synchronized to accumulate and transmit earthbound now-data that relate to Comet Kohoutek. We at the center believe that vibrations emanating from this comet are of vital relevance to earth life, perhaps containing interstellar communications from the Source.

"As it has been the history of homo sapiens to be uninformed on the nature and presence of these heavenly bodies (witness the phenomenon of hysteria during the passage of Halley's Comet), we believe that if observers are enlightened about the purpose of comets then there is no cause for fear but opportunity for great celebration."

Joanna went on to organize such celebrations for "The Arrival of the Heavenly Comet and the Release of Timothy Leary." She called the event "Aquarian Renaissance Theater" and visualized its components:

Kohoutek Day was to begin out on San Francisco Bay as "a pink barge surrounded by sailboats, motorboats and other ships of all types approaches the Golden Gate Bridge — in it sails headed towards Alcatraz.

"Hot air balloons carrying loudspeakers float overhead. Music is everywhere. Cooperation will give us a petition signed by scientists, doctors, psychiatrists, astronauts, psychics and spiritualists.

"A petition asking for a Presidential pardon for Timothy Leary so that he may participate in the celebration. EXPECT A MIRACLE!

"He will be released from Alcatraz. As the Barge docks, a large, inflatable Phoenix is blown up and burned, as it does hundreds of helium balloons and pigeons are released and soar skyward . . ."

The Comet Craze was to reach new heights on November 28, 1973 with a "Starseed Celebration" held in Berkeley and attended by novelist Ken Kesey, cartoonist Bob Crumb and other "underground" figures. Although she was billed as a star in advance publicity, Joanna did not show up.

Barb reporter Gil Gevens interviewed Kesey as he sat drinking a bottle of orange juice liberally spiked with vodka and LSD.

"The last time I saw Tim Leary was six or seven years ago," said the balding ex-wrestler. "But we're always in touch. We write. I've seen him a lot in this movie they're showing tonight (*Timothy*

Leary at Folsom Prison). He looks super-good; he's still the best ad for acid."

"Is Leary sane?" asked Gevens.

"Has old Leary finally friend his marbles?" said Kesey, pondering the issue for a few moments. "That's the question on everybody's mind."

He never really answered and the reporter went back to watching the movie (a re-make of footage shot by the Sacramento TV station the summer before).

"There was Leary," he wrote, "the undeniable genius who can and does talk on at least five levels at once. There was Leary, the philosopher, the prophet, the saint, the madman, the alchemist, the trickster, the megalomaniac, the escape artist, the martyr, the comedian — there was Leary smiling at us behind the bars of Folsom Prison . . . It was a show. Leary can slide in and out of identities faster and more easily than a cock can slide in and out of a well-lubricated vagina . . ."

Joanna got busy and organized her own road-show version of the Comet Kohoutek Fantasmorama.

She showed up in New York during November to babble at a press conference held in the "underground" Max's Kansas City Restaurant "where the walls are dark grey and the ceiling is low."

A writer from the *New Yorker* magazine noted that Joanna had promised him "a cosmic news development." He added rather wryly that:

"If Ron Ziegler were to make such a promise to the White House press corps, there would be a lot of excitement, but most of the journalists at the Leary press conference were from what is left of the underground press where 'cosmic news developments' are routine. There were in a wistful mood edged with a sort of affectionate cynicism . . ."

"Miss Leary, who is slim and has a wide, thin mouth and lank red hair, said that Dr. Leary has been receiving messages from intelligent life elsewhere in the universe."

"Dr. Leary and I have been very conscious of the arrival of the Comet Kohoutek," said she. "Six months ago, we renamed the Comet *Starseed*. It is clear to us that Dr. Leary and I were brought back to the United States to decode the message of the Comet Kohoutek. The *Starseed* Transmission was received by Dr. Leary six weeks ago in his cell in Folsom Prison. This is the transmission

translated into English:

“ ‘One. The Comet Starseed is to leave the Womb Planet Earth. The Starseed is a Comet of Prophecy.

“ ‘Two. Life seeds egg planets throughout the Galaxy. When life leaves the Womb Planet, it attains immortality in the Galactic Star School.

“ ‘Three. When the embryonic nervous system can decypher the Genetic Code, it receives instructions for leaving the Earth-Womb and contacting Higher Intelligence.

“ ‘Four. There is no choice. Life must leave the Womb-Planet to survive and evolve.’ ”

Neither the *New Yorker* nor other rational publications were much impressed, but they gave Joanna space as one of the currently prevailing oddities.

Despite “Miss Leary’s” extravagant build-up, Comet Kohoutek turned out to be an Also-Ran which was barely visible in the late-December skies of 1973.

Hardly anyone noticed it. Even worse, there were no flying saucers, tidal waves, karmic plagues or earthquakes. Timothy Leary stayed locked down tight in jail.

Joanna was understandably upset by this lack of Celestial Cooperation.

But by this time, she had the small but virile shoulder of Dennis Martino to cry on since Martino was now shacking up with her in the Telegraph Hill apartment and hanging out at the Starseed Office on Pacific Avenue where he gave everyone the creeps.

“Dennis is someone I froze on,” recalls Carol Tichner, a wide-eyed young volunteer who devoted herself to the salvation of her favorite acid guru all that fall and winter.

“It turned out that Dennis was wearing electronic equipment for eavesdropping on his body and was taping telephone calls so that the government would know what was going on with the Leary defense team.”

Carol also had long, sober second-thoughts about the location of Joanna’s apartment at the terminus of a blind alley where visitors could be carefully watched and photographed.

The Leary name and reputation brought out dozens of vulnerable admirers, a constant stream of left-wing political activists, underground filmmakers, acid dealers, many fugitives from the law. A good many found themselves under arrest shortly after their visits.

Word that Dennis was not only shacking up with Joanna but that he was a stoolpigeon for the narcs reached Timothy in prison and Leary urged his "Perfect Love" to dump the creep.

But she had other ideas. It was time to make a deal and Dennis might prove useful as a go-between.

"The relationship between Dennis and Joanna was close," says Carol Tichner. "It became progressively closer. When Dennis admitted to Joanna that he'd been a narc, he said that there was nothing to hide anyway so him being a narc didn't matter because he hadn't really given them anything and he was really always on Tim's side anyway.

"And Joanna and Tim finally agreed that was where it was at. Dennis was there gathering more and more power, more influence with Joanna. No one liked him."

After the Great Comet Floperoo, Joanna was down in the dumps.

"She was becoming extremely frustrated trying to deal with the counterculture and the hippies," says Carol. "Because she felt she couldn't mobilize them. So by the time January of 1974 arrived and there wasn't any bright comet in the sky, she decided to take a trip to Europe.

"A book had been published about her called *How to Become A Star* and it had been written by an Italian journalist. She wanted to be there to rake in the glory and she wanted to see her favorite rock group, Hawkwind, in England and also Pink Floyd.

"So in the very last part of January, she split for Europe and she was very, very hopeful.

"She packed everything in her apartment. What was left, she gave away and then she split. Dennis immediately vanished.

"I took her to the airport and she said, 'I'm going to Switzerland to ski and write books and *you* can talk to these hippies because you're so much closer to them. You were raised here. I can't understand them at all. This country was never anything but criminals, anyway.'

"But Europe was a bummer for Joanna. The book was a real disappointment. It said she'd gotten to be a 'star' by screwing all the heroes of the counterculture and ripping off Tim Leary's name.

"So she came back on February 15 after first stopping off in Washington, D.C. to visit her husband and son and take care of some 'business.'

"The first thing she did was to send off a telegram to Tim with one word on it, which was SUCCESS! So we figured she'd done pretty well. When she came back to San Francisco, she had money. A lot of it.

"In March, she rented this expensive house in Mill Valley. Obviously, she was living really well. She wasn't in poverty at all."

Martino had been severely depressed while Joanna was gone and threatened to kill himself. He was overjoyed by her return. He and his old lady, Robin Viertel, moved into Joanna's fancy new Mill Valley house where certain three-way amatory experiments began.

But it was not an equal match and Robin became Joanna's maid and secretary for awhile. She was clearly on the way out.

All through the late winter of 1973 and into the spring of 1974, Joanna had been working on Tim's slightly mushy head. She got him used to the idea of informing to get out of jail.

"What was the use of secrets?" she asked. "Why not be open and free? Why not tell everything?"

Early in '74, Joanna helped Leary publish the third of his little jailhouse pamphlets. It was an essay on Watergate entitled *The Curse of the Oval Room*.

It derided democracy, the entire concept of free elections and the "uselessness of secrecy." Those who read it carefully could see Tim was now quite ready to tell all.

"He'd become thoroughly disenchanted with the whole left radical movement," explained Tim's psychologist-friend Wes Hiler.

"This was partly the result of his experience in Algeria. And that was the reason he was perfectly willing to snitch on the Weathermen. Because, to him, the whole left wing movement is tyrannical. He was basically an anarchist."

Late in April, Tim was ready to tell the government what he knew. According to Dennis Martino, Tim decided that "after watching Watergate, he'd have no cover-ups."

Continued Martino:

"He said the only cover-up is prison. You've got to tell the truth. He said, 'I can't condemn Richard Nixon for shutting his mouth because I'm shutting my mouth. I'm not getting paroled until I'm rehabilitated. I'm not getting out behind the lawyers . . .

" 'I know some people might get hurt. But if I can tell my story and get it all out karmically I think I'm free within. And if I'm free

within, it will reflect without.' ”

Dennis said that Tim told him:

“ ‘I know I’ll suffer a huge ego loss and lot of support, but nobody is behind me anyway, really. They write newspapers about me. They talk to me about their friends. They have their pictures taken with me here in prison and they visit. They run around and get energy off me. They make me a martyr. They keep me in prison. They make me look like I’m operating their networks.

“ ‘I’ve got to clear all that out. I’m just a man with a lot of ideas. I don’t want to go down in history as a martyr. I don’t want a lot of people running around saying, ‘He’s Jesus Christ and he’s a martyr and he’s suffering for our cause.’ Because I’m doing no such thing.

“ ‘Like it or not, when you’re in the prison system, you come out through the system, unless you escape. And that didn’t work . . . ’ ”

As soon as Tim made this final decision to cooperate “fully,” Joanna sent a cryptic telegram to BNDD Agent Donald Strange in Los Angeles.

“I have information you would be interested in. Please contact me.”

It was signed “Timothy Leary.”

Martino said he got the reply personally.

“They said no promises,” he recalled. “ ‘We’ve got superiors upstairs involved.’ They said, ‘We’ll see what they’ve got to say.’ ”

Now it was only a question of who would gain the most from Tim’s “cooperation.”

How much of himself would Leary freely hand over to the government?

How much would they concede in return?

Chapter Twenty-Six

Writer Robert Anton Wilson visited Timothy at Vacaville a few weeks after Leary had decided to "cooperate."

Wilson observed that this prison (officially called the California Medical Facility) "has a reputation in some quarters that Dr. Frankenstein's laboratory can hardly beat.

"Gay libbers, radical therapists, civil libertarians and other sore-heads have commented, on occasion, that the methods of psychosurgery and aversion therapy that have been used here to 'cure' sexual 'deviates' have more in common with Bull Connors' cattle prods than with anything therapeutic; but that's the psychiatric side of Vacaville where they keep the people they think they are trying to help.

"The other side, the purely punitive side, is more humane; the inmates are merely caged until their time is up, and then let go. Nobody is trying to 'cure' them, and it's only a medium security set-up; getting shipped there from another prison is a reward for good conduct."

Wilson found Leary on the "punitive" rather than the psychiatric side of the prison (although he was working in the latter area). Tim seemed to be in good health and in high spirits.

"He looks younger, acts happier, talks faster than ever," a greatly-admiring Robert Anton wrote. "He is an intellectual volcano erupting constantly with new ideas, scientific, philosophic, occult, political, cosmic."

The two settled down to talk at a picnic table in a pleasant visiting section outside the prison buildings. Nearby they could see another famous prisoner, Black Panther Chairman David Hilliard (then serving time for his political actions — including a "threat" against Richard Nixon).

Tim wanted to discuss Aleister Crowley, the Tarot deck, travel to other planets and eternal life. He dropped in a few ideational bombshells which would enliven San Francisco newspapers for several weeks to come. Said Leary:

"I expect to be alive when the solar system has burned up 5½ billion years from now. Nobody in this generation has to die, unless they want to."

He'd concluded that, in the next three decades of human history, the three most important events would be:

1. Invention of a pill which will confer immortality.
2. Invention of another drug which simulates the death experience without actually killing.
3. Colonization of other planets by migrants from Earth.

Wilson and Leary began correlating Tim's theories on the "seven circuits of consciousness" with the ancient Tarot cards — a task Robert Anton would continue for several years while co-authoring a book with Leary to be called *The Periodic Table of Energy*.

Wilson had already encountered many of these ideas in the fourth little booklet Timothy had produced in jail (*Terra II*, a brilliant sci-fi excursion into outer space which showed that its author had given up on this world and now badly wanted to get off it).

In *Terra II*, Tim proclaimed that mankind must contact the "higher intelligence out there in the Galactic Center."

He urged construction of a giant rocket ship to carry 5,000 space voyagers off in search of other intelligent life in the universe. He even proposed an exact timetable for each stage of the project beginning with the opening of a "Starseed Center" in 1974 (never accomplished), continuing through construction of the space ship itself, its placement above earth in a "parking orbit" in the year 1984 and the beginning of a long flight to the "Center of the Galaxy" in the year 2000.

This enormous project was to be financed through private donations, research contracts and the sale of media rights. (Hopefully, Tim did not have Joanna in mind as Project Treasurer.)

Leary forecast his "Immortality Pill" would be perfected by 1990 and predicted it would extend the average life to a "youthful, vigorous 400 years."

He was also sure that people who joined the Terra II expedition would "never die" since they'd learn immortality from "advanced outer space civilizations" and because of the cumulative effect of Einstein time-relativity equations in relation to flight faster than the speed of light.

Robert Anton Wilson was absolutely enchanted by the free-fall flow of Tim's futurevision. He wrote:

"I have seen other people in the high-energy, high-consciousness states that Dr. Leary lives in these days," he noted. "They were

all Oriental gurus, expert in one way or another in the Buddhist, Hindu or Sufi training systems for expanded awareness.”

Before Wilson left Vacaville, he met Tim’s friend, the prison psychologist Wes Hiler who had recently helped the High Priest get a job in that institution’s psychology department.

Hiler recalls this period vividly.

“Tim was working in the research division under the research psychologist,” he says. “He was never in the psychiatric ward as a patient and he was never given any sort of drugs nor were any sort of ‘mind-altering’ techniques used on him.

“None of the staff people thought Leary was ‘crazy.’ I went through his whole record and his chart. I went through every little thing out there.

“At the same time, he wasn’t very ‘rational’ in the traditional sense. He was more intuitive, perceptive.

“I didn’t think of him as a scientist. I thought of him as an intuitive, artistic genius who was able to see relationships very accurately and was able to formulate new hypotheses and see relationships between things that nobody else saw.

“But as far as any scientific rigor or method was concerned, I just didn’t feel he was a scientist any more at all.

“As far as his social theories are concerned, he’s just not interested in social reform movements because he’s given up on this planet and feels that enlightened members of the species should be making plans to leave Earth and join beings who are on the same level as they are.”

But before Tim could leave the planet, he’d have to get outside the walls of Vacaville first. Hiler was in on his negotiations to “cooperate” and accomplish this first and most fundamental freedom.

“I know very well what happened,” recalls the psychologist, “because I was the intermediary between Tim and Joanna. She was arranging things with the federal authorities and with Governor Reagan and various others to have it done. And I was transmitting messages from her to Timothy and from Timothy back to her. He wasn’t allowed to use the phone more than once a week.

“Tim and Joanna initiated things. They approached the government.”

Hiler had no negative feelings about Leary’s actions; the psychologist had been working with cons long enough to clearly

understand their amoral urge to get out of prison at any price. (He was not even surprised when Tim, in the end, betrayed Hiler himself.)

Why would he do such a thing?

"He might feel that his life is much more important than those people he's snitching on," the psychologist observes. "He's very grandiose. I couldn't do it; I'm just not that grandiose.

"He's basically a grandiose psychopath and he has his head together sufficiently to be able to manipulate people. He would say things, like, 'I'm no longer a member of the human species. I've transcended that and I'm not at home on this planet because I've gone beyond the human species. So I have to go back to outer space from which the human species came.'"

In Hiler's professionally-trained eyes, Timothy Leary was a "Classic Meaglomaniac."

"Don't forget," he explains, "that the most successful people in history have been grandiose and that's what gives them the energy and the self-confidence to sway multitudes.

"Leary has all of this and an enormous amount of charisma. But he doesn't have much integrity.

"He has very little personal conscience. I felt he was basically self-centered and would only consider his own self-interest and he would do anything that would further his self-interest . . .

"He's basically irresponsible.

"The way he was using drugs at the time he was arrested — getting his wife and children into it.

"He feels he's persecuted but he fails to see that he was persecuted because he was irresponsible. In transactional analysis we call this kind of person a 'Natural Child.'

"Now a Natural Child can be very appealing. He's able to turn you on.

"I mean, to be around him for awhile is to get high. You don't have to take any drug or anything like that. He radiates a lot of joy and love.

"You see, there's a certain type of love that hasn't any responsibility or obligation associated with it. It's just an enjoyment of other people, that's all. A pure and simple enjoyment of other people.

"A Natural Child is always smiling; always a brilliant smile.

"I still like Timothy. I find him fascinating. Fine. Great. If he wants to get out of jail by snitching on his buddies, that's his business."

Hiler watched Timothy go through some incredible escapades inside the prison walls. At one point, for instance, Leary fell in love with a beautiful female psychiatrist who worked on the staff.

"She was an M.D. who was taking a psychiatric residence at Vacaville," he explains. "She fell madly in love with Timothy Leary and so they had a little affair.

"They weren't able to get together and have sex because of the limitations of the prison environment, but they would hold hands and kiss and do things like that. But they couldn't get off by themselves. Then Tim decided he wanted her to be part of his 'family.'

"He believed in group marriages and considered Dennis Martino, Robin Viertel, Joanna and himself to be part of this. And he thought that his new love would be a good one, too.

"So he sent her over to Joanna's to get acquainted and Joanna was terribly jealous and treated her horribly. So she came back and said that Joanna hated her.

"Well, it's true. Joanna was jealous of everyone. She was jealous of everyone Tim liked; she was jealous of me, too — extremely jealous. Tim admitted this was one of her defects.

"So through this whole time at Vacaville, Leary was full of unfulfilled desire for this extremely beautiful woman who was about 30 years old but who looked about 22 at the most. Absolutely gorgeous, both in face and figure and radiating sexual energy."

Another memorable Vacaville escapade involved the notorious Symbionese Liberation Army and the kidnapping of Patricia Hearst in the spring of 1974.

SLA had been founded at the Vacaville "Medical Facility" and several convicts there were still members, including famed old "Death Row Jeff," a black tough guy who believed himself to be the "secret boss" of the Bay Area urban guerrilla group.

Tim hoped that he could get Jeff to tell him where the revolutionists were holding the newspaper heiress. He'd trade this information for his freedom.

Leary even sent Joanna to negotiate the trade-off with Randolph Hearst, Patty's father. "Miss" Leary was her usual, highly-convincing self.

"Who could better understand Patty's predicament than Timothy Leary?" she asked. "After all, wasn't he 'kidnapped' himself by the Black Panthers in Algeria?"

Hearst and the FBI were hopeful. But Leary found that Death

Row Jeff was about as talkative as a clam with lockjaw. If he knew where the SLA was holding Patty Hearst, he sure as hell wasn't going to tell this drugged-out honkie.

Wes Hiler was the man who first put Tim in touch with Jeff. And as the extended SLA caper wound itself down, Hiler managed to get himself right in the middle of ticklish negotiations then taking place between Hearst and Jeff. Hiler's superiors wanted to fire him for all this meddling, as well as for his friendship with Leary.

The psychologist also incurred official enmity by donating his own time to work with certain "hopelessly psychotic" convicts the other shrinks had given up on. The most famous of these after-hours patients was convicted murderer Charles Manson.

Since Leary was his friend and Manson was his patient, Wes Hiler began to make mental comparisons between the two most notorious prisoners then locked down in the California Prison System.

The two men were alike in certain rather startling ways; they were totally different in others.

"They both laughed a lot," Hiler recalls. "They both were cheerful; but Manson was weird and Leary was never weird.

"But they were both on big power trips. They were both megalomaniacs and both felt they were, sort of, Supermen. They exaggerated their uniqueness; they believed in their powers.

"Yet they were quite different. Leary was not at all psychotic. he was very aware of what was going on, very realistic about everyday life. Manson was not.

"Manson was definitely deluded, had psychotic delusions, wasn't able to function effectively with people around him.

"Manson enjoyed being evil.

"He talked about being both God and the Devil at the same time. Leary would never say anything like that.

"He just felt that he was doing something superior and he wasn't concerned with good and evil. He was concerned with inferior and superior and he was doing something that reflected the Higher Intelligence.

"Manson was functionally illiterate and hardly ever read anything while he was in prison; Leary was constantly reading and writing things."

Their attitudes toward sex were like night and day.

"Manson had contempt for women," says Hiler. "He enjoyed manipulating them, controlling them. He felt that he didn't really love any of the women in his gang but he enjoyed being loved by them, enjoyed the power trip he was on.

"Both Leary and Manson were narcissistic. The difference between them was that Leary's relationship with Joanna was a more mutual one.

"He didn't have any contempt for her at all, but they had experienced what he called a 'fusion.' It was a symbiotic relationship in which they mutually idealized each other and felt very intense love as a result of mutual identification. They idealized each other to an unusual degree. You love somebody who is the embodiment of your ideals — aesthetic ideals or social ideals . . . whatever.

"I felt Manson had less of a capacity to love and for giving in a natural kind of way than Leary did. I felt Leary had a definite capacity for love."

(Hiler was sure that Joanna returned Tim's love in her own convoluted manner "I don't think she was trying to harm him in any way; she loves him very much. I'm absolutely sure of this.")

The prison psychologist brings this comparison of the two "Acid Cult Leaders" to its conclusion:

"Neither Leary nor Manson has a conventional conscience," he says. "Both of them are willing to do what is in their self-interest at the sacrifice of others. But, in addition to that, Manson has a whole lot of hostility in him which Leary doesn't and so Manson is destructive. Leary is not destructive at all.

"Whatever destructiveness comes out of him is either accidental or because he feels it's a necessary evil."

Hiler and Leary ended their walled-in friendship early in May of 1974. They would not see each other again until the following year — and then only as antagonists during a hearing at which the psychologist lost his job.

Tim's "cooperation" finally paid off.

He was taken out of Vacaville Prison during the pre-dawn hours of May 24 and secretly transferred to the custody of federal agents.

Then he was taken to the Orange County jail in Whittier, California (hometown of a certain notorious Richard M. Nixon).

Then — according to Dennis Martino — Leary was moved

to Whittier's Marriot Motel for questioning. Dennis Martino said that he and Joanna Harcourt-Smith met Leary and the agents there.

Dennis described this strange reunion in an extended (and taped) interview run by the *Los Angeles Free Press*.

Leary would later deny the accuracy of Martino's account, claiming that Dennis was a proven liar and that he held a strong personal grudge against his Old Guru because of their repeated fallings-out.

Whether or not Tim's allegations are correct, only history will prove. Enough details from Martino's account can be verified with the known facts, though, that portions of the *Free Press* story are here repeated. Dennis recalled the reunion as follows:

"We're sitting in a motel, on a king-size bed, and there's a brief embrace between Joanna and Timothy and I," stated Martino.

"Then we walk out on the streets of Whittier to a restaurant on Whittier Boulevard near the motel. Timothy is walking with his arm around Joanna down the street with all these government people and he goes, 'Well, this is certainly a step in the right direction.

"I'm OUT OF PRISON!"

"I'm walking down the streets of Whittier with the sun shining in my face and the blue sky, with traffic passing by me and horns honking. Breathing fresh air.

"And there's no convicts around. And I'm dressed in a suit and I'm taking my first free steps. I'm out of prison! Well, thank you, everybody!

"It's absolutely right!"

They went back to the motel and Martino said he sat through Tim's "debriefing" by the federal agents.

They wanted to know what he had heard about SLA and the Hearst kidnapping. He told what little he'd been able to get out of Death Row Jeff.

"Any information on prison organizations?" they asked.

"No," replied Tim. "I kept to myself and wrote. I didn't want to get involved with the revolutionaries."

Several agents from the Bureau of Narcotics and Dangerous Drugs (BNDD) showed Tim photos of fugitives who were members of the Brotherhood of Eternal Love. They asked what he knew about them, where they were, when did he see or hear from them last.

Now it was Joanna's turn. As Martino recalled the conversation, the feds said:

"Here's what we want from you, Joanna. We want a bust of George Chula. We want a bust of Michael Kennedy."

(Attorney Chula had defended Timothy in his original Orange County drug trial and Kennedy was a more-than-liberal San Francisco lawyer who supposedly helped to set up Leary's escape from the prison at San Luis Obispo.)

Martino alleged that Leary's questioning by the agents went on for several more days. He said that Tim told the feds what he knew about the Brotherhood of Eternal Love. He gave them details on his escape from prison. He discussed the time he spent in Algeria with Eldridge Cleaver and the Black Panthers.

As things turned out, Timothy could not provide the government men with very much they did not already know.

He'd been out of the country or in jail for so long now that they'd already gathered most of this data. (A lot of it could be had simply by reading what the man had written.)

Events and faces had changed.

Now the main thing the government wanted was Tim's help in setting up the arrests of both Chula and Kennedy. After that was accomplished they said (according to Martino) they would be willing to talk more freely about just what *Tim* was going to get for his "cooperation."

Leary was then sent back to a nice, safe cell in the federal prison at Terminal Island (in the Los Angeles area). He was there by June 5.

Joanna immediately went to work on the Chula matter.

Her excuse for the first contact would be a professional one. Tim was back in jail in Southern California — could Chula help to get Tim out?

Joanna drove over to Orange County's Saddleback Inn Motel. She checked in, then got on the phone and asked the lawyer to come right over.

(Martino said that he and half a dozen cops were on hand to organize Chula's set-up. Stake-outs were assigned to rooms adjoining that of Joanna. Her room was wired with a small radio transmitter which was taped beneath the coffee table.)

Joanna told the rest of the story (in public record) to the Orange County Grand Jury just a few months later:

"We got in touch," she said, "and 30 minutes later Chula showed up in my room. I told him that Timothy was at Terminal

Island and that was the reason I was now in Southern California . . . Then the telephone rang and it was the investigator . . . I think it was Dick Steward . . . He called from the next room.

"Chula pulled out a piece of paper from his pocket and he approached the night stand and he said, 'Would you like some cocaine, girl?' So I said quite loudly, 'Oh, cocania!'"

"What's that," asked the prosecutor handling this particular Grand Jury hearing.

"That's cocaine in Spanish," explained an extremely co-operative Joanna. "You know, I was just amazed. I didn't ask him for anything . . . Then I said he was a generous man and he said, 'Let's make some lines.'"

"Then he asked, 'Do you have something sharp so I can cut it?' . . . So I gave him a photograph . . . of Timothy and myself that was taken in the afternoon at Terminal Island . . . He takes the photograph and starts tapping the white substance . . . tap, tap, tap, you know what I mean . . .

"And then he gets up and says, 'Let's do this in style.'"

"And he pulls out a \$100 bill . . . Then he says, 'Put it in your nose and take it.' So I pretend to aspirate a little bit and I left him the rest and then I told him I would like to keep some for later . . . and I asked him at that point, 'Do you know how to fold a cocaine paper, because I don't' . . . So he made it into this flat piece of paper and then I said, 'Well, I will put it in my passport, because if something happens to me, this is the last thing they will take.'"

"And he said, 'No, that's not a safe place.'"

"So then I put it in a brown suede purse . . . So then we leave the room and go to his car, which is a black Fiat . . . And as soon as we start driving . . . he pulled out a blue Kleenex and said, 'Let's have a joint . . .'

"Then I said, 'Where did you get this?' because I knew he had been to Mexico.

"And he said, 'Oh, it is Mexican, of course.'"

"And I said, 'Did you bring it with you?'"

"And he said, 'Yes.'"

"And I said, 'It must be quite easy for lawyers to smuggle dope.'"

"And he said, 'Not as easy as that.'"

"I think you are at the point where you are about to arrive at the restaurant," interjected the prosecutor.

"We sat down in a booth," Joanna continued. "And he introduced me to the owner . . . And then I got up and went to the phone and I called the Saddleback Inn and let the police representatives know at what location we were . . . I went back . . . Then I got up again and went to the ladies' room and I met with Officer Carol Nease and I gave her the cocaine in the little paper that I just identified . . ."

Strike one.

Joanna then set up a second trap to catch Chula on June 20, 1964. A third set-up was also arranged on July 2 by cops who wanted to observe the attorney in the act of *selling* cocaine rather than just giving it away.

They got Joanna to hand over \$700 in marked bills to pay for half an ounce of coke Chula supposedly said he'd deliver later.

This trap failed because one of Chula's friends spotted the cops tailing him and tipped off the lawyer. Chula went back to the hotel and accused Joanna of setting him up.

"I took this opportunity to tell him that it was very bad to take this much cocaine or any cocaine," she would later tell the Orange County Grand Jury with sanctimonious self-righteousness.

"Because it just makes you see life in a crazy way . . .

"The first year I spent in this country, I met a lot of people who were part of the drug culture . . . I found 99% of them to be dishonest, lying people."

When the grand jury got through with Joanna, it was Timothy Leary's turn to testify.

He told them that on January 30, 1973, Chula had given him a chunk of hashish while Tim and his lawyer were conferring in the Orange County Courthouse.

More gratuitous hash was supposedly handed over the following day after the two had engaged in an argument about publicity tactics the attorney was using.

"After I blew up and spoke forcefully to him, Mr. Chula reached down and pulled his pants leg up and out of his stocking he produced a piece of hashish and he handed it to me," Leary testified.

"What did you do with it?" sked Deputy District Attorney Art Koelle.

"I took it and I ate it," said Leary.

Tim went on to say that he wasn't really angry with Chula, even though he was now testifying against him.

“He’s a very jolly person . . . It would be hard for anyone to be angry with him . . .”

Nevertheless, Tim said that he now felt “a certain responsibility for ending what I think is a coverup . . . I feel that lawyers — I call them two-ply lawyers — with their left hands are very friendly and, in some cases, profit by and encourage and sponsor activities which are illegal and then, on the other hand, they defend the people with whom they have been collaborating and cooperating . . .

“I think we are at a time now in this country when everybody has to tell the truth . . . If Watergate hadn’t happened, I probably wouldn’t be here today . . . I feel no shame or guilt for the things I have done in the past . . . I think the truth should be open for everyone to see.”

Attorney George Chula was indicted by the Orange County Grand Jury. Later he was convicted, served 45 days in jail and faced possible loss of his license to practice law.

While Joanna was down in Southern California setting up George Chula, Robin Viertel and a new boyfriend named Charles Dewald were busy up at Joanna’s house in Mill Valley burglarizing the joint.

They got two mink stoles, a stereo phonograph, two original Leary manuscripts, about 200 of his personal letters and 40 “very confidential” tape cassettes.

Robin and Dewald said they would return the whole works for a mere \$20,000. Joanna could keep Dennis Martino, as far as Robin was concerned.

On June 5, 1974, a meeting was arranged to swap money for the stolen goods in a downtown San Francisco hotel. The cops were there waiting to arrest Robin and her friend for attempted extortion.

They were booked over in next-door Marin County since the original crime took place there. They entered guilty pleas and Robin now seemed ready to tell all.

In newspaper and magazine interviews, she accused Joanna of breaking up her long affair with Dennis Martino and taking the little runt for herself.

She went on to accuse Martino of leading her into a life of sin. (She was a virginal maid of 15 when she first met the man in Laguna Beach. It was all *his* fault!)

In the meantime, the feds were keeping Tim Leary busy.

On August 6, they moved him from Terminal Island to Sandstone Prison in Minnesota where he was held until mid-September "conferring" with several U.S. officials, including Guy Goodwin, special Justice Department prosecutor who'd chased down a number of famous radicals for the Nixon Administration in preceding years.

Goodwin was then hot on the trail of the Weathermen and he wanted Tim to testify against them to a Chicago grand jury.

Further appearances were scheduled before a Los Angeles federal grand jury investigating Hollywood film people suspected of financing the militant underground which was, at that stage, tossing bombs around like Fourth of July firecrackers.

But Goodwin was not much impressed with Tim's testimony.

It was hard to verify a great deal of what he said. Many of his "revelations" were so old they were useless. Other "facts" were already common knowledge among law enforcement people.

Goodwin had a singular purpose in mind. The government wanted to prove that certain radical Chicago lawyers were working with the Weathermen. In this area, Leary knew almost nothing so his appearances before the Chicago and L.A. grand juries were put off. (He *did* talk a bit later to a San Francisco grand jury but the content of his statement was not made public.)

Now Timothy was promised a quick formal transfer from state to federal custody so he could start serving out his old Laredo drug bust sentence.

Although the feds wanted to keep all these activities secret until indictments were ready, bits and pieces of the news that Tim was "cooperating" leaked to the nation's press.

The story of Robin Viertel's arrest was reported in the June 7, 1974 *San Francisco Chronicle*.

On August 9, the *Berkeley Barb* asked:

HAS LEARY MADE A DEAL WITH FEDS?

The underground paper reported that, on July 25, Leary's personal files had been "seized" from the San Francisco home of his official archivist, Michael Horowitz.

Joanna Harcourt-Smith, accompanied by five plainclothes cops, drove up to the Horowitz apartment in an unmarked truck complete with a two-way radio. They convinced Michael that they'd use "any means" to get the Leary records — which contained the names of thousands of his drug-using Learyites.

Within these archives were about 100,000 items, including letters, manuscripts, tapes, clippings, photos, original documents and momentos of all kinds. They were packed in six, four-drawer file cabinets and a dozen cardboard boxes.

"Joanna said this meant Timothy's freedom," explained a badly-shaken Horowitz. "She said there was nothing to worry about because Timothy felt he had nothing to hide."

On August 18, the *San Francisco Examiner* reported that Tim "had blown the whistle" on former colleagues and associates "in hopes of avoiding further prosecution and getting speedy parole . . . Leary, now 54, has identified a San Francisco attorney, active in the National Lawyers Guild, as the man who, in league with members of the Weatherman organization, engineered his prison escape."

One week later, the government told a *New York Times* reporter that Tim was "fully cooperating" and that he expected to make a deal. They said he was in protective custody and that he refused to communicate with anyone — old friends, supporters, newsmen. Anyone.

On August 22, 1974, the *Village Voice* ran a vitriolic expose about the Brotherhood of Eternal Love called "The Acid Profiteers."

The article outlined Timothy Leary's involvement with the business of making and merchandising psychedelics and suggested that Tim was now "copping out" instead of "dropping out."

It said he was "turning in his friends" rather than "turning on."

Asked the August 23 *Berkeley Barb*:

IS LEARY GOING TO SING?

Two weeks later, this underground tabloid which had so long and faithfully supported Timothy Leary called him:

LEARY THE FINK

On September 4, Tim and Joanna testified before the Orange County Grand Jury and, on September 5, George Chula was indicted.

On September 9, writer Ken Kelley and former Movement activist Jerry Rubin announced they had formed a new organization called "PILL" — "People Investigating Leary's Lies."

They said they would hold a big press conference September 18 in the St. Francis Hotel to "reveal the truth about Timothy's role as an informer."

For Leary, this event would prove to be a bitter PILL, indeed.

Chapter Twenty-Seven

San Francisco's much triangulated downtown area has no true geographic center.

But for the past century, Union Square has been the main stage where all of the overlapping dramas of city life have been played to their predictable ends.

The grassy square is surrounded by a district of exclusive department stores, restaurants, theaters and luxury hotels like the Hyatt and the St. Francis.

It was at the St. Francis in 1921 that silent film comedian Fatty Arbuckle staged a memorable three-day orgy which wrecked his 12th-floor suite and fatally injured "The Best-Dressed Girl in Pictures," Virginia Rapp.

Two days later, Virginia died moaning that "Fatty did it . . . he hurt me!" And Arbuckle was accused of murder, rape and "something worse" by a prosecutor who blushed as he told the jury how Fatty rammed a cold, green Coca Cola bottle up Virginia's unyielding vagina.

Publicity generated by the murder brought Fatty's downfall and it was momentarily disastrous for the eminently respectable St. Francis which, from that day forward, closely watched its guests upstairs and carefully checked out the groups renting public rooms downstairs.

But on September 18, 1974 it was clear that someone on the hotel's staff had goofed.

On that morning, St. Francis administrators watched helplessly as 150 weirdly-assorted PILL Press Conference participants bopped through the crusty old lobby heading towards the elegant, crystal-chandeliered Georgian Room.

They looked more like a Gold Rush lynch mob going to a hanging than a gaggle of newsmen attending a press conference.

Inside, the audience faced a panel of counter-culture heroes including one-time political activist Jerry Rubin, journalist Ken Kelly (the moderator), holy man Richard (Ram Dass) Alpert, poet Allen Ginsberg and Tim's 24-year-old son, Jackie Leary.

Seated around the room, reporters spotted "realist" Paul Krassner, publisher/poet Lawrence Ferlingetti and Max Scherr, the

last remaining “Lord” of the underground press.

Over 100 other celebrities (who couldn’t attend) lent their names to the proceedings by signing a statement circulated by Kelly and Rubin which attacked Timothy Leary in terse, clear language:

Their “petition” said:

“We condemn the terrible pressures brought to bear by the government on people in the prisons of this country. We also denounce Timothy Leary for turning state’s evidence and marking innocent people for jail in order to get out of jail himself.

The list of signers was both impressive and sad — so many of them had signed earlier statements supporting Leary in the past.

They included politicians Phillip Berigan and David Harris. Writers Arthur Miller and Herbert Gold. Entertainers Dick Gregory, Judy Collins, Ben Gazara and Country Joe McDonald.

A short note from the exiled Rosemary Leary formally terminated any “karmic responsibility” she might bear for Tim’s actions.

Attorneys William Kunstler, Beverly Axelrod, Charles Garry and Michael Kennedy also signed the document to make this inquisition appear at least quasi-legal.

It was an attorney, in fact, who advised that the press conference be held so that any accusations Tim might make against “two-ply lawyers” could be publically “discredited” before they were even heard by a grand jury.

“There was a lot of paranoia loose at the PILL conference,” recalls Max Scherr. “There were people who were really afraid that Leary might blow their scenes; it was also rather schizoid.

“Others seemed to have complete confidence in Tim and they weren’t going to give up their feelings about it.

“He was still one of them — a dropping buddy, so to speak. They had faith he’d do the right thing in the long run. Some thought he was just involved in a very clever game and that he’d outwit the feds in the end.”

One such supporter voiced opposition to the “court-like atmosphere” right at the beginning. He stood up and yelled at the gathering: “Judge not, lest ye be stoned!”

But accusation and retribution seemed to be the order of the day and the “People’s Case” was summarized by “Prosecutor” Jerry Rubin who’d cut off his 1960s politics, beard and long hair and donned a green velvet day coat and bright paisley tie to match the decadent 1970s.

Jerry said that the feds were "making Tim fabricate elaborate lies" and that he was doing it just to get himself out of stir. Tim was more than willing to trade the freedom of his former buddies for his own. He was an out-and-out "traitor" to the cause.

"This ghost from the past never had a firm grasp of where the truth began and fantasy ended," said No-Longer-Merry Jerry.

"He used words and sentences for their effect, not for internal truth . . . Leary played a positive role in raising the consciousness of people in this country. He was jailed and punished because of his influence on the young . . .

"In breaking him in prison and turning him into an agent," said Rubin, "the government is consciously trying to spread fear, cynicism and despair among young people. 'See what kind of person your guru Tim Leary is,' they are saying. 'You cannot trust him.' "

Rubin read through a quick summary of the latest events in Leary's life, including his arrest in Afghanistan, his court trial for escape and his decision to "cooperate" with the jailers.

Jerry was interrupted by the appearance of a man-sized kangaroo which hopped down the center aisle holding a cream pie intended for Rubin's face.

"Stop!" yelled Jerry with outraged dignity. "This is a press conference!"

Ken Kelly ran over and grabbed the kangaroo. It proved, upon demasking, to be the famed "Doctor Hippocrates," medical advisor to the counterculture. The good doctor (long a columnist in the underground press) said he'd come to the St. Francis to protest against PILL's brand of "Kangaroo Justice."

Rubin ignored him and got back in stride but kept a close eye on the saran-wrapped pie (which never connected).

"Timothy Leary has broken down," Rubin continued. "He is now at the mercy of the very people who deprived him of his freedom in the first place . . ."

The next "testimony" came from a bearded/balding Richard Alpert who wore the white costume of an Indian "holy man."

He seemed considerably more compassionate towards Leary than Rubin had been. But it was apparent that Richard had finally made up his mind about a question which had long troubled him.

"Is Tim Leary only a rascal?" he wondered aloud. "Or is he an out-and-out scoundrel?"

He defined his terms.

"A rascal," explained Richard, "is only a mischievious, fun-loving prankster who doesn't really hurt anyone. But a scoundrel is malicious and people get hurt."

Jail, he concluded, had turned Leary into a complete scoundrel. Ginsberg was next.

He looked like a smaller and more-Semitic replica of Ram Dass. He was also bearded and balding and also wearing holy-man-white. But the poet seemed more intense, altogether the learned hedonic scholar and verse prophet who was, in the early 1970's, called "America's Most Famous Poet."

Allen posed 44 wry questions which challenged both Leary's integrity and the motives of his *PILL* accusers. The main question, he said, was that of trust — trust in ourselves, in our friends, in what we believe.

"Should we stop trusting our friends like in a hotel room in Moscow?" he asked. "Is he a Russian-model prisoner brought into courtroom news conferences blinking in daylight after years in jails and months incommunicado in solitary cells with nobody to talk to but thought-control police interrogators? . . . Is his head upside down?"

"Is he like Zabbathi Zvi, the False Messiah, accepted by millions of Jews centuries ago, who left Europe for the Holy Land, was captured by the Turks on his way, told he'd have his head cut off unless he converted to Islam, and so accepted Allah? Didn't his followers split into sects, some claiming it was a wise decision? . . .

"Isn't there an element of humor in Leary's new twist? . . . Doesn't he recently hear voices from outer space? Does he want to leave earth like a used-up eggshell? Has he given up on the planet?"

Ginsberg went on to suggest that Leary was trying to "clean the Karma blackboard by creating a hippie Watergate.

"Will he be pardoned by the next guru?" asked the sly old bard, referring to headlines only a few weeks old reporting that Richard Nixon had resigned from the presidency in disgrace and then been "pardoned" by the very man he'd chosen to succeed him.

"Will citizens be arrested, indicted, taken to jail for Leary's freedom?" asked Allen. "Doesn't the old cry, 'Free Tim Leary!' now apply as urgent as ever?"

Ginsberg's "Questions" added a badly-needed note of reason to the proceedings. But Jackie Leary (the next speaker) was neither amused nor sympathetic.

Jackie's starkly-white face was framed by a neatly-combed

cascade of coal-black hair. His grey-green eyes looked much like those of his father; he possessed the same tall, handsome, somewhat-dreamy charisma.

(And you wondered what he'd be like 10 years from now. In 10 years when he finally overcame all the anger and frustration of his youth and learned to live with his history.)

Jackie was dressed in casual Berkeley street clothes — a checkered shirt, wash pants, a light cloth jacket. He seemed rather embarrassed to be here and his soft, barely-audible voice was hard to hear until it finally rose in outrage and fury.

"This is the first time I have appeared to speak publicly," Jackie began. "I have always gone out of my way in the past to avoid publicity. But I feel compelled to come forward now because Timothy is engaged in very dangerous actions which can destroy the lives of many of his former friends and associates.

"Timothy's actions are not out of character with his personality as I have come to know it for 24 years. As incredible as it seems for many people to realize that Timothy has become a government informer, his actions come as no surprise to me. What does surprise me is that he didn't do this two or three years ago. What died in jail was not his soul, but his self-esteem and public image.

"Based on my past experience, I know Timothy Leary lies at will when he thinks it will benefit him. He finds lies easier to control than the truth. And he creates fantastic, absurd stories which he gets caught up in, and then cannot distinguish from the truth.

"By the federal government promising him his release in return for his testimony, it would not surprise me if he invents the most preposterous stories imaginable about things he knows nothing about, to expedite his getting out of prison . . .

"Timothy has shown he would inform on anybody he can to get out of jail and it would not surprise me if he would testify about my sister or myself if he could. He has already implicated my sister in his escape. Knowing this, I have avoided visiting him in prison in order to have as little to do with him as possible.

"As far as his new girlfriend, Joanna Harcourt-Smith, we know few actual facts concerning her status. Some people are convinced that she has been a police agent all along. My immediate reaction to her was that she is crazy. I was very suspicious of her, and I decided to avoid her as much as I could, thankfully.

"I do not believe by this statement that I am in any way

betraying Timothy's trust. Rather, Timothy Leary, by his deceit, is betraying the very meaning of the word trust."

Strong language coming from a man's only son. Many people in the audience were stunned by Jackie's furious attack and began to pity both generations of Learys. What a sorry public washing of dirty family linen.

By now most of the real "show" was over and the mass media reporters and cameramen had gotten what they came for:

Accusation. Denunciation. A nice, big, nasty, counter-cultural family fight which made *both* sides look awful.

Hopefully (they thought) the very last scene in the anti-establishment drama of Timothy Leary's life.

They took down their lightstands, wrapped up the microphone wires and headed for the nearest bars with smug self-satisfaction. They'd been waiting for this day for a great many years; it was *most* satisfying. The headlines were entirely predictable:

BITTER PILL SWALLOWS LEARY

LSD KING CALLED A FINK

HIPPIES OF THE LEFT (1960's VARIETY) DECIDE LEARY'S NOT RIGHT

The counter-culture heroes who'd lent their names to this sorry proceeding could do little to correct such foregone conclusions. To a large degree, they believed them, too. They believed more fervently in Timothy Leary's press clippings (and their own) than in real actions and ideas.

It was a sad afternoon.

The boiling, bubbling, magnificently energetic 1960's which spawned Leary seemed so distant. So much had been forgotten. So much was lost.

The 1960s seemed so far away on that strange afternoon in the St. Francis Hotel. It seemed a day of dismantled hope and lost expectation.

Ken Kelly summed it up neatly as the last spectators departed from the pretentious conference room, as the crystal chandeliers were dimmed and the great double-doors slammed shut:

"The 1960s," he said, "are finally dead.

"That was just the funeral."

And then . . .

On February 28, 1975, the California Prison System settled its account with Dr. Timothy F. Leary. In exchange for his "cooperation," the remaining 12 years of the combined drug possession and escape sentences were cancelled out. (He'd already served two years and eight months.)

Tim was then "officially" transferred into the custody of the federal government to begin serving his 10-year sentence for the smuggling of half an ounce of grass at Laredo, Texas in 1965.

Dennis Martino and Joanna Harcourt-Smith conveniently "disappeared" after the big PILL press conference in the St. Francis Hotel.

They travelled to Europe to visit Joanna's aristocratic relatives and a few friends.

On March 13, a Spanish chambermaid discovered Martino's body on the floor of a cheap hotel room in Malaga. The local coroner ruled that Dennis died of "natural causes" but his enemies back home in the States put it down to bad karma.

Joanna stayed inconspicuous though 1975. In '76, she showed up in San Diego where Tim was housed in a modern new federal prison which was also playing host to some of the Watergate conspirators.

He'd been seen in public from time to time during the preceding 14 months, once when he testified against Wes Hiler during a hearing of the State Personnel Board which reviewed the psychologist's firing by the prison system. (Hiler lost.)

Then at a meeting of the federal grand jury in San Francisco (July of 1975).

Ken Babbs, editor of *Spit in the Ocean* magazine, announced that Tim was working on a special "Probe for Higher Intelligence" issue and Ken Kesey organized the "Starseed Migration Company" and "88 Books" to publish six new Leary volumes beginning in March, 1976 with the semi-autobiographical *What Does WoMan Want?*

This would be followed by *Exo-Psychology*, *Interstellar Neurogenetics*, *Space Migration Now*, *The Sex Goddess* and *the Harvard Professor*, and *The Intelligence Agents*.

Two other books were also scheduled with Robert Anton Wilson as co-author — *The Periodic Table of Evolution* and *The Game of Life*.

On April 20, 1976, Associated Press reported that the U.S. Parole Board (meeting in Washington) had voted to free Tim after he'd served a year and a month in "official" federal custody. He walked out of the U.S. facility in San Diego on April 21.

On April 22, the *San Francisco Examiner* ran a two-column photo of Tim and Joanna embracing exultantly and reported that "a federal judge had granted the onetime high priest of LSD personal recognizance bond of \$5,000 pending appeal of his second conviction" (the Laredo grass case).

A month later, *People* magazine briefly interviewed Tim and Joanna at a rustic retreat high in New Mexico's Sangre de Cristo Mountains.

By July, "Miss Leary" had left him and returned to Europe where she was supposedly writing a book about her adventures.

That same month, the San Diego Superior Court granted Tim interlocutory dissolution of his 1967 marriage to Rosemary Leary. (He'd originally filed for divorce the preceding December while still in federal prison.)

By then, passage of time had eased the public hostility generated against Timothy by the PILL press conference revelations of 17 months before.

Many of Tim's old friends and followers had overcome their initial disenchantment with the brilliant theorist who'd once brought such fun and fantasy into their dreary lives. Even his enemies admitted that Leary would eventually overcome the earlier bad press.

High Times magazine asked Chief Boo Hoo Art Kleps if he thought Tim was truly "down and out" in 1976.

"Down, shit!" snapped the Boo Hoo. "That fucker will never stay down. That's the problem. He relies heavily on the famous short memory of the public."

Robert Anton Wilson remained one of Tim's most dedicated supporters and forecast that Leary "migh manage to pull off this informing trip without hurting anybody.

"The fact is that if he lives 20 years more — and he intends to live a lot longer than that — with the mind he's got, he's going to go on producing works of such caliber that he will influence a

whole new generation.

"If he finks out on his best friends, if he betrays people who have loved him, if he does the worst things that we can imagine, it just isn't going to matter. That's the terrible thing about that kind of creative genius. He's going to go on producing work that is going to make people admire him, anyway."

Archivist Michael Horowitz also defended his old friend, noting that "loyalty to old friends is Terra One mortality. And, of course, Leary committed this act on Terra One and that's why everybody denounced him. But he's into a new Terra Two morality and who knows where that goes?"

"He feels that too many people's nervous systems were trapped into the 1960s and we're seeing things through '60s eyes — political eyes, moral eyes.

"Tim always figured he could be anyone he wanted this time around. And he also figured he could do it in a masterful way, a more skillful way, a higher way.

"In other words, there's never going to be an informer like Timothy Leary."

Tim's daughter, Susan, tried to stay as far away as possible from the whole scene. She'd retreated with her two children up to an isolated little town in the Pacific Northwest after she broke up in 1974 with her husband, David Martino.

"I was not aware nor understood what my father was doing," she wrote in a sad little note which declined an interview with the author of this book.

"I was in my early teens and discovering my selfhood when most things happened. Later I went away to boarding school.

"I had a short-lived time in which I injected a few chemicals but, in the year 1966, I gave it up. Since that time, my interest in my father's work has only been the interest of a daughter and has not kept up with his experiences and learning.

"I don't consider myself a hippy or a flower child or whatever the followers of my father call themselves. I am a confirmed non-joiner and find myself a member of no groups and no societies."

Jackie Leary had already expressed his deep resentment towards Tim. But, in unguarded moments, he would admit he still loved his charming father. (Jackie got extended time in jail to think the matter out after a June, 1978 arrest for selling LSD to an agent.)

Poet Lawrence Ferlinghetti remained hostile to the "New

Leary” who bounced out of prison looking for new worlds to conquer. Yet Larry tried to be fair about it since he clearly remembered the good Tim had once done.

“I took him seriously from the point of view of what he was doing in the subculture,” Ferlinghetti observed. “At the height of his influence, there really *was* a psychedelic revolution. In the ‘60s, there was a major expansion of consciousness.

“It’s easy now to put a damper on his whole vision and say it was all wrong or something. But we forget how euphoric the ‘60s were.

“Leary didn’t invent the psychedelic revolution. It would have happened without him.”

Richard (Ram Dass) Alpert felt that the 1970s wave of interest in self-improvement, inner mental processes and the spiritual life was a direct product of what Leary and the Acid Movement had accomplished during the 1960s.

“I don’t think much of what we dreamed was realized,” Richard admitted, “because acid didn’t turn out to be the vehicle for doing it. But it sure as hell was a catalyst of a strong sort. It was a catalyst for a lot of people and we all started to see the possibility of other frameworks for living.

“I think it cut through a really overriding intellectual cynicism that was existing at that time. The promise of it certainly wasn’t fulfilled in every way and it turned into something maudlin and tawdry, really. But it certainly was not *nothing*. It sure as hell was not *nothing*.”

What did Leary himself accomplish? Alpert answered:

“Tim’s combination of intellect and charisma and peculiar neurosis combined to take the tool of psychedelics which was certainly known and available to lots of people prior to him and confronted society in a certain way with its own limitations. He was confronting the cultural fabric and the scientific community. And then the confrontation became his whole life. He became the confrontation rather than just using the chemical to do it.

“I think that he was genuinely interested in understanding how things worked. And I think he felt he had an important key.

“I think he was an important catalyst for what happened throughout the 1960s, for precipitating a transformation from what would have been called the beat mentality. The choice then was beat or the cynical intellectual. I think he created a new possibility

“But I think his historical significance was all over by 1965. I think he was most important in the early ‘60s. Those years with him

were incredibly rich.

"I think he was one of my greatest teachers. He loosened up a lot of my neurotic, compulsive fear of making any breaks with society and he had the kind of courage and a freedom of spirit that started my whole dance. It hurts my head to see what's happened to him."

Journalist Max Scherr felt that Tim's work was an essential ingredient in "The Greening of America."

"It wasn't a revolution he was leading," said Max. "It was just a greening."

"It softened us all up and made certain things more acceptable — made it possible to engage in diatribes against hypocrisy no matter how hypocritical we were ourselves. Because we were fantastically hypocritical in the 1960s. We were caught in the same binds our elders were caught in. But the thing is that he made it possible to change. Because, you know, acid does that to you."

"There never really was a 'Tim Leary Movement.' He was never really a leader; he was an instigator. He'd lead people into new areas of thought by hook or by crook, by one method or another. He was instrumental in it; his ideas were taken up."

"Some people called him The Greatest Con Artist in The World. But he was a con artist who was a visionary. There's no doubt about it — he was a man of vision. He knew how to con people into believing what he wanted them to believe."

"We the People really profited from what Tim did. Tim was the big salesman for hedonism. For a short while, we lived hedonically. There was a Journey to the East. There were solid values that came out of things that Tim did. We profited by them. He was charged the bill; he got the tab."

San Francisco Chronicle columnist Charles McCabe felt Leary had become "vieux chapeau."

"The whole movement with which Doc Leary's name was associated, the hippie drive, seems today almost as dated as the Arrow Collar Man," wrote McCabe, "or the Scripps-Booth automobile . . . It died partly of inanition, but mostly of overexposure. The telly and other mass media ruthlessly exploited it, and as ruthlessly destroyed it. It was a fragile growth. When it stopped selling detergent, it ceased to exist."

Timothy's loyal old friend Ruth Dettering had only pleasant memories and encouraging words:

"A lot of people who knew Tim had a marvellous time," she said. "They are probably much better people now for having left their jobs at the filling station or the bank. Tim never said, 'Follow me!' personally. He just said, 'Think the way I do and play your own game wherever it takes you.'

"It's true he ended up a leader but not in the conventional sense. He was the Pied Piper and we always sang and danced and had a marvellous time when he was with us."

Lisa Bieberman never forgave Timothy for the many "insults" she suffered at his hands. To her, the "Psychedelic Movement" was something sacred and he'd profaned it.

"The press made Leary leader of the Psychedelic Movement," she charged, "though it's doubtful that more than a small fraction of LSD users were led by him at any given moment.

"He had an extraordinary combination of the ability to attract followers and the inability to get along with them once he had them. Tim always had a circle of admirers (and exploiters) around him. But it was never the same circle for long.

"Tim couldn't stand permanent associates because they invariably expected him to follow through on his promises and announced plans — an intolerable constraint to Leary.

"Promises for him were not made to be kept; they were made to make the person addressed feel good at the moment . . .

"I have often wondered how the social reaction to psychedelics would have developed had it not been for this man. Would the establishment have been less frightened of LSD, and repression therefore forestalled? Or would the repression have been all the more complete because fewer people would have known about LSD?

"Would a different sort of leader have emerged who could have inspired a different and sounder vision — for Leary's philosophy is not, as most people suppose, the inevitable result of the LSD experience . . . The fact remains that those in power, who never knew the difference, have persecuted him shockingly, and would probably have done the same to me had I had his place in the spotlight."

After diagnosing Tim as a "Grandiose Megalomaniac," fellow-headshrink Wesley Hiler concluded that this was clearly the result of taking too much acid.

"If you're taking a drug that impairs your judgment, then you make stupid mistakes," reasoned Hiler. "You suffer from self-deception. The rational mind gets out of commission. You become

intuitive and emotional and jump to conclusions and you're affected way out of proportion by minor things that are going into your environment."

But Hiler remained convinced that Tim would go down in history as "the man who started the psychedelic revolution, of turning the young on and freeing them from conventional attachments, conventional value systems, of starting the hippie movement and, to some extent, the guru movement."

Charlie Manson was short and to the point:

"Timothy Leary," said Manson, "is God!"

Tim summed up his own attitudes about himself in the book *What Does WoMan Want?*

Tim Leary, wrote Tim Leary is "an arch-Romantic Alchemical Rebel, passionate, irascible, guilt-ridden but unrepentant . . . the lonely hero who, in proud moral hateur, defends his indomitable self against all social and bureaucratic encroachments . . ."

Tim Leary, added Tim Leary, is "the funniest man in world history."

The "aloof, arrogant, enigmatic image" which reporters so often recorded during his amazing career is only a mask created by the illusions and misrepresentations of the journalists themselves.

So here we have a number of "informed opinions" about Timothy Leary from the people who knew him best.

But what about the thousands of others who admire the man but have never met him?

Early in 1975, a dozen or so Bay Area Learyites organized a group called "Starseed II." Their writing and conversations are illuminating, for if there is still a "Leary Cult" these followers are at the heart of it.

"Want to go to the stars?" asked their first piece of promotional literature. "Want to contact and/or become a Higher Intelligence? Starseed II is the organization for you."

Their initial meetings drew an amazing collection of kooks, geniuses, pseudo-scientists, witches and warlocks, genuine visionaries, burned-out acid heads and Dirty Old Men. These people continued to admire Tim Leary no matter what he did or said.

Among them:

Was a psychiatrist who had recently become "a clown" after he took acid. He now wanted to "neurologically change the human race so that everyone else can become a clown, too."

There was a Hindu Mystic who said he belonged to a street theater called "The DNA" (Dread Nuerolical Army). He figured that Timothy could provide him with a direct psychic connection to "the Puppet Dali Lama our good friend Chairman Mao installed in recent years."

There was an expert on Astral Projection accompanied by three young men who called themselves "Immortalists." They sometimes demonstrated in front of Berkeley funeral homes with picket signs proclaiming:

DEATH IS A DISEASE AND CAN BE CURED!

**DON'T BUY THE LIE,
MILLIONS NOW LIVING MAY NEVER DIE!**

STOP THE DEATHEST PLOT — IMMORTALITY NOW!

The Chief Immortalist ran an organization he called "Trans-Time, Inc." and he was setting up equipment to quick-freeze deceased members of the group like ripe Birds Eye Peas just hours after their deaths.

He was sure that all of them could be resurrected in some future era when scientists had finally perfected cures to the diseases that killed them.

However, there was *one* major problem.

No deep-frozen human being had ever been returned to life.

But the chief theorist of Trans-Time, Inc. (a brilliant young University of California researcher) was working hard on the "nuts and bolts of the matter" and hoped to come up with a rapid solution. (He already held the "World's Record for Suspended Hampsters.")

At one Starseed II meeting, the high point was the appearance of a wrinkled old Indian lady called "Mellow" who claimed she'd recently been in touch with Tim Leary by mental telepathy. She complained her image of the man was blurred by too many "warped spaces" and she asked help from the group's members whom she asked to sit right down and hold a seance and "lend me a little chemistry so I can reach Tim again.

"It's a thing maybe the Western World don't see real clear," said Mellow with the sure authority of a Tribal Oracle. "But it's a thing that's taught among the Indian people. Used to be taught among the Owikis.

"It's just that when the body's chemistry breaks down, you've

got to loan them a little chemistry to get a clear communication from him."

Starseed members tried Mellow's "chemistry seance" with indifferent results, then went back to planning their first major public event, a big "Wake-Up Celebration for Timothy Leary" to be held February 5, 1975 inside the huge student union of the University of California, Berkeley.

It came off without a hitch and attracted over 1,000 of the semi-committed and curious.

Ken Kesey was there, speaking up strongly for his old buddy.

"Sure Tim's naive," said Kesey. "Sure he's romantic and prone to make mistakes.

"But long after people forget who Spiro Agnew was or G. Gordon Liddy, he'll be in the history books; his mark is ineradicable."

During a January 11, 1977 lecture in the same student union building, Timothy got a chance to more fully summarize his own achievements during the "Excitement of the 1960s."

About 1,200 young admirers had assembled to see and hear this Acid Saint from the Long Lost Past." Most were too young to have participated in the great "Cultural Revolution" of the preceding decade but a great many were taking LSD just as their predecessors had done. The psychedelic made a strong re-emergence all over the United States in the last years of the 1970s.

Few "bad trips" or any major social problems were reported in connection with its use which, by 1980, was considered "epidemic" by authorities.

This new crop of Acid Heads seemed fascinated by Tim Leary's legend. They were almost pathetically eager to receive his latest revelations on how to live forever while travelling to outer space.

The majority of these listeners had forgotten the great PILL flap of 1974. When a few recalcitrants dared to accuse Leary of "informing" during a question period, he relied with carefully-phrased indignation.

While Tim did not deny that he "talked" to the feds, he insisted that "no one's been indicted or convicted by anything I've told the government . . .

"I can look anyone in this country in the eye. I've never informed," he insisted. "No one's in prison because of me and I'm really not about to take Parlor Liberal and Parlor Radical

criticisms by people who set themselves up as judge and jury.

"I made no deals. I'm out on bond right now and I'm still fighting my federal case. There are still remnants of the Nixon administration in office and they're harrassing me.

"I was shot down on appeal just yesterday by the Fifth Circuit Court and my legal situation is as tenuous today as it was in 1965 when the case started."

Tim was not the only 1960s celebrity present that night at UC Berkeley who'd been accused of informing.

He was joined on the lecture platform by his old ally/enemy Eldridge Cleaver, also much criticised that month in radical circles for a "deal" he supposedly made the preceding spring on returning to California from exile.

Cleaver now claimed to be a "Born-Again Christian" and he was taking public political positions totally opposed to the 1960s militant Black Panther rhetoric which made him famous.

"Eldridge and I are now good friends," Tim explained to a somewhat stunned audience. "I spent some time with him recently in jail and we sat down in a prison cell eyeball-to-eyeball and looked at each other's souls and we have a great mutual respect.

"I now join Eldridge in becoming an extremely patriotic American," Leary added. "I think America is the country of the future. But that doesn't mean that Cleaver and I will form a trio with Patty Hearst to sing 'God Bless America.' "

Most of the lecture he delivered that night was devoted to Tim's favorite "three ideas whose time has come" — space migration, intelligence increase and life extension (all represented by the acronym "SMI²LE").

But the audience seemed as interested in Leary's colorful past as in his futurevision. Now that he was "home" in Berkeley again, Tim found it hard to resist talking about the 1960s, those years when millions of the young were his "followers" and the San Francisco Bay Area was his "scene."

"The 1960s," Tim admitted, "was an incredibly volatile decade. I like to think that more happened in the '60s — more cultural revolution, more total reformation, review and social change — than in any decade or even century in human history . . .

"I want to tell my fellow veterans of the un-civil wars of the '60s that we can't go back. I hope that no one expects me to lead a Charge of the Light Brigade back to Woodstock . . . It didn't

stop at Woodstock. The game goes on.

"I think we should do something about memorializing what happened then. The media will never tell you what happened. Maybe we should form an association like the American Legion or the VFW. Right?

"We can have a statue of a barefoot, long-haired hippie on every village square in every town.

"We could have annual conventions in cities like New York and Philadelphia, wear funny costumes and get busted for old times' sake.

"We could have clubhouses and sit around and smoke and play old Beatles records. I make gentle fun of myself and other '60s veterans, but I think there's a lot to be proud of. I'll list four or five things I think happened in the '60s. You gotta understand the past before you can move on to the future.

"One of the things that happened was a confrontation between the generations and that was interesting.

"It was unlike any cultural conflict in the past . . . It wasn't a territorial game, because everybody was involved in it . . . Nor was it basically a conflict about religions, although it had religious overtones.

"It wasn't an economic struggle because both the Haves and the Have-Nots were doing it.

"It wasn't a racial conflict, although there were racial overtones and a deeper understanding of the difference between and the incredible contributions of each race developed. That was all part of it.

"No, it was literally a mutational generational war. I think that's over now; there's a much better understanding between generations . . .

"The successful hippies of the last decade are now taking over the country . . . The educational process is a little more mature today — you have no idea how bad the educational system was, in terms of authoritarianism, in the late '50s and early '60s. They had to have riots and they had to have confrontations, but it led to a higher level of understanding . . .

"I'd say the most important thing that happened in the '60s was the clarification and deeper awareness of the differences between and the basic equality of the sexes.

"Sexual liberation and increased sexual honesty and deeper

understanding of the male-female relationships is something that's going to change society permanently and for the good . . .

"The cultural revolution of the '60s was, I think, at the bottom line a consciousness movement. Consciousness of the body, consciousness of the brain.

"That consciousness movement is now a great national industry . . . But before the '60s the human body was a kind of robot that was supposed to act productively for the state, a domesticated robot, if you will.

"You could bounce up and down a few times to procreate. But, outside of that, the notion of body conscioiusness was very, very sinful, if not psychotic.

"The discovery was made — with a little help from our Oriental friends — in the '60s, that the human body is a time ship with an incredible number of portholes and receivers and antennae and that there are literally hundreds of body somatic intelligence experiences that can be sensed . . . Now we realize that pleasure is an art. Pleasure is very complex. I think we all discovered that in the '60s . . .

"You did it!" yelled an adolescent fan from the audience.

"No," said Tim with unusually accurate modesty. "No one person did it. There's no creativity, no originality. We're surfers. We watched the waves coming in and we surfed on them; we didn't create the waves."

But such a heavy concentration of 1960s nostalgia was a rare retrogression for the "New Timothy Leary," a man who'd clearly decided the world was too small for him and that there were more interesting places to go.

These were his primary topics as he went out on the road in the fall and winter of 1979 billing himself a "Stand-Up Philosopher" and comedian.

Hitting about 50 night clubs and lecture halls during this period, Leary entitled his act "How To Joyfully And Profitably Survive The Collapse of Civilization In The Next 10 Years."

He was accompanied to many of the performances by his fourth wife, the petite, dark-haired Barbara Chase, whom he married in Los Angeles in December of 1978.

(During his very first engagement as a comic in L.A., Tim was arrested and charged with possession of dangerous drugs after he and his new wife were caught experimenting with ketamine, a children's anesthetic with strong aphrodisiac qualities. The charges

were dropped early in 1980.)

The new act put Leary back in the limelight and he publicized his appearances with a steady round of media interviews. In nearly all of them, he urged that “anyone who wants freedom should come to California.”

Taking his own advice, Timothy spent much of his time during late 1979 and early ‘80 in West L.A. and Beverly Hills close to the television and recording studios where many friends and admirers helped him make a kind of “media comeback.”

In L.A. Tim could more comfortably play the role of an “Inter-Galactic Starship Commodore,” a futurist who felt that talking about the past “slows down evolution and slows down intelligence.”

Out here on the edge of Hollywood, at the continent’s Pacific limit, such thinking seemed entirely natural. Freakville-By-The-Freeway would hardly notice for they’d gobbled stronger minds before.

The “Commodore” seemed right at home.

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2. *L.S.D.*, Pixie Records, New York, 1966.
3. *The Psychedelic Experience*, Broadside Records, New York, 1966.
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Background

... about the writer and how this project came about.

As a working newsman and publisher of several San Francisco literary magazines (*renaissance*, then *Notes from Underground*), John Bryan learned quite early about psychedelics, their uses and abuses.

The third issue of *renaissance* (produced in spring, '62) contained one of the best poetic descriptions of an LSD experience yet put in print (written by Alvaro Cardona Hine). California was buzzing with stories about acid and many of Bryan's friends were experimenting. Their text book was Aldous Huxley's *Doors of Perception*.

Bryan read the Huxley booklet half a dozen times and decided to try LSD himself late in 1962 after attending the last San Francisco lecture given by the great British novelist and visionary.

By early 1963, interest in psychedelics grew astronomically and several of Bryan's friends joined Timothy Leary's International Federation for Internal Freedom. He read their literature and grew quite interested in the adventurous Harvard instructor, made a point of attending his Bay Area lectures, read his early writings.

In November of 1964, Bryan quite his reporting job at the *San Francisco Chronicle* and used his severance pay to set up a small press upon which he began printing the City's first "underground" newspaper, the weekly *Open City Press*.

The tabloid was directed at a liberal/artistic readership and it provided extensive coverage of Leary, IFIF and other psychedelic activities (such as the early Palo Alto experiments which involved novelist Ken Kesey and his crew).

Many of those experimenting with the new "mind drugs" were admirers and friends of such "beat" writers as Allen Ginsberg and Lawrence Ferlinghetti.

A link between Ginsberg and the Kesey "Peninsula Scene" was Neal Cassady (hero of Jack Kerouac's *On The Road*) who took Bryan to visit Kesey in La Honda.

There he observed activities of the "Pranksters" and took a short trip with them aboard the bus "Further."

Bryan was living in L.A. (and editing a Sunday section on the million-circulation *Los Angeles Herald-Examiner*) when the Pranksters came south to stage their unbelievable "Watts Acid Test." He was there to gulp down a quart or two of Kool Aid and joined the festivities in a big way.

It was not exactly surprising that a few months later, Bryan quit the Hearst paper and joined the infant *Los Angeles Free Press* as managing editor. (The "Free Press" was the first "underground" weekly in America; *Open City Press* had been the second.)

It was December of 1966. The "intentional community" of the

Haight-Ashbury was setting styles and spreading ideas of cultural revolution through other "youth ghettos" all across America.

Bryan commuted north as much as possible to absorb ideas and energy. He helped transform the *Free Press* from a gangling little 8-page experiment into a major publication with an international reputation.

Early 1967 was an exciting time to do this; *everything* seemed to be happening.

Both in San Francisco and L.A., the great "Human Be-Ins" and "Love-Ins" were occurring before the dazzled eyes of highly aware populations who saw such events as the first stages of a spiritual and intellectual renaissance.

Papers like the *Free Press* did more than just "cover" the birth of the new intentional communities; they got involved, championed, helped *create* such communities.

The concept of "advocacy journalism" came into being — largely the result of the living effort of such editors as Bryan, Art Kunkin, Max Scherr, John Wilcock and Walter Bowart.

These were the founders of the "underground press." By mid-1967, the "exchange agreement" which Bryan, Kunkin and Wilcock initiated in '64 had grown to an international "Underground Press Syndicate" with hundreds of members. '67 was a fantastic year. '68 was even better.

The new experimental papers had three main topics: "sex, dope and revolution."

Needless to say, the activities of Timothy Leary (mostly in the sex/dope category) were always big news.

In April of 1967, Bryan left the *Free Press* and founded *Open City*, an extremely inventive, controversial Los Angeles weekly which had grown by the end of '68 to a broadsheet of 32 to 48 pages and wide circulation.

During 1967 and '68 Bryan frequently interviewed Tim Leary and such friends and supporters as Richard Alpert. (Bryan did not always agree with Tim. Some of their interviews — and arguments — were legendary.)

But Bryan usually supported Leary — especially when he was in a tight spot. He was appalled by all the arrests and jail time Tim was experiencing. He helped raise defense money and always gave Tim's benefits strong promotion.

By 1970, Bryan had returned to San Francisco where he continued to publish *Notes from Underground* magazine and a new biweekly newspaper called the *Phoenix*.

The *Phoenix* continued to cover Leary closely. It reported on his capture in Afghanistan, his forced return to America, the many efforts to raise defense money and get him out of prison.

Bryan was active in much of this and got acquainted with (and most distrustful of) Joanna Harcourt-Smith. He criticized her squandering of defense funds early in the game.

Nevertheless, *Phoenix* supported Leary in as many ways as possible and ran an extensive prison interview done by the paper's book editor, Robert Anton Wilson.

Bryan was well aware of the Brotherhood of Love prosecutions and finally broke the full story shortly after the *Village Voice* ran its "Acid Profiteers" expose.

He then ran replies from Wilson and other Learyites.

Late in 1974, Bryan decided to write the book you hold in your hands.

He'd just completed an extensive hardcover work for Harcourt Brace Jovanovich on the Symbionese Liberation Army (*This Soldier Still at War*) and his editor, Tony Godwin, was eager to have him do a major study on Leary.

Godwin never saw the completed work. He died two weeks before the finish of the second full draft. His successors at Harcourt decided to scrap this project (and several others Tony was preparing).

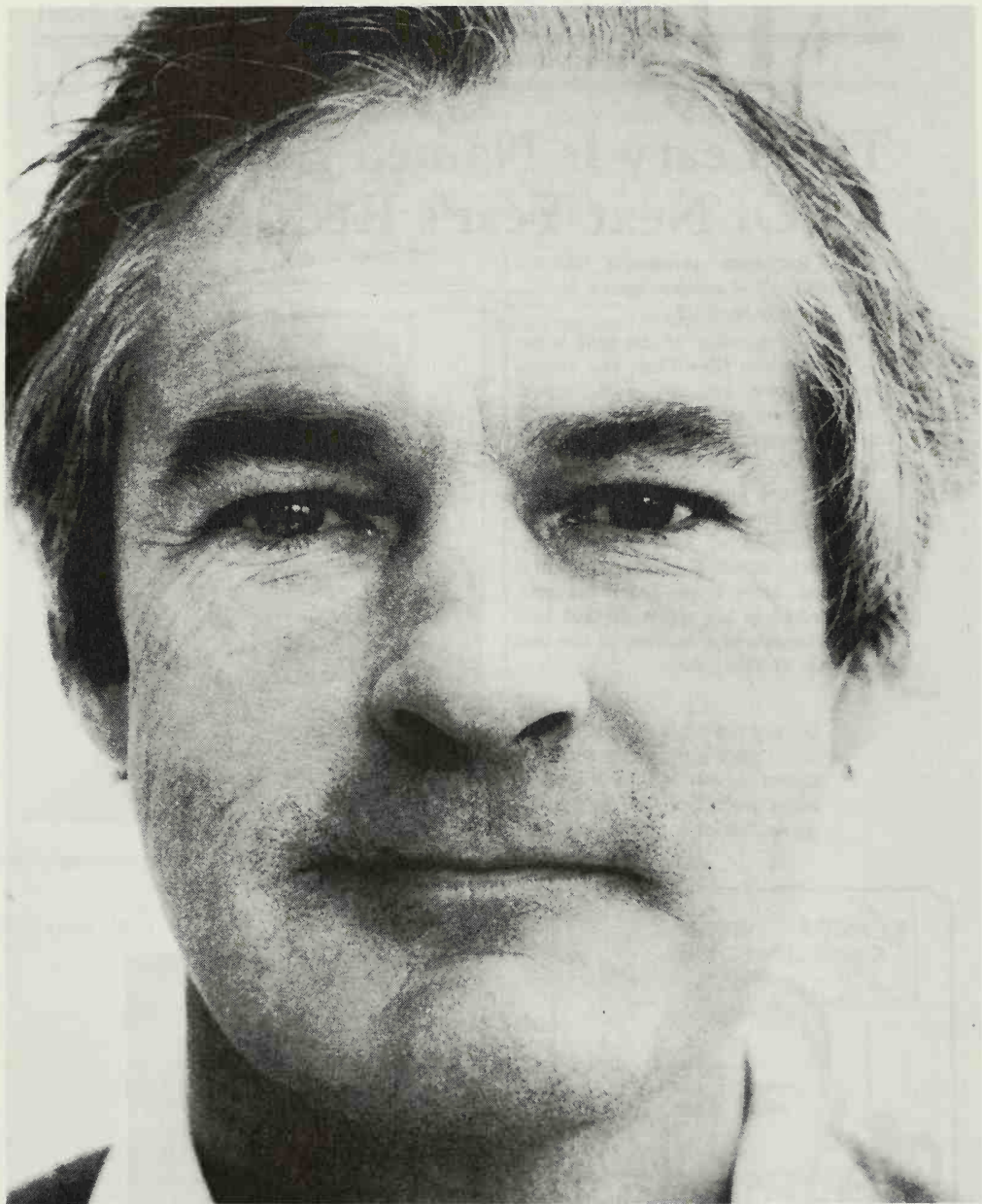
Since then, the book has been completely re-written, reorganized and updated.

The author has set this version in phototype, shot the negatives, stripped them and sent them off for publication. It seems a lot like the good old "do-it-yourself" days of the early underground press and, although it's been a huge job, he's loved every moment of it.

He hopes the effort has brought you understanding and enjoyment.

As Seen By

. . . 48 pages of illustrations
on Leary and the 1960s.



Leary in 1966.

**48 Pages of Illustrations
On Timothy Leary
And His Era**

Tim Leary Is Named Editor Of Next Year's RECORDER

THE RECORDER announces the appointment of Timothy Leary to the post of editor-in-chief.

Tim is a member of the golf team, the Senate, the Glee Club, the assembly committee, and the traffic squad. He is interested in journalism as a career, though he has hopes of being appointed to West Point.

During the past year Tim has distinguished himself as a sports reporter; a number of sparkling hockey, basketball, baseball, and intramural write-ups have come from his pen. He also has to his credit several lead news articles and a number of the best editorials of the year.



Timothy Leary

During his high school days, Tim Leary edited the school paper which led to a year-book prediction that he'd end up editor of a small weekly.



8 Yes, they're dancing

He was also a well known ladies man. a good dancer.

TIMOTHY LEARY

39 TERRENCE STREET

Holy Cross College

Riding Club [1]; Ring and Pin Committee [1]; Intramural Baseball [1]; Forensics [1]; Assembly Committee [1,2]; Class Dues Collector [2]; Student Treasury Room Agent [2]; Intramural Basketball [1,2,3]; Traffic Squad [2,3]-Lieutenant [3]; Senate [2,3]-President [3]; *Recorder* [2,3]-Editor-in-Chief [3]; Golf [2,3]; Glee Club [2,3]-*Caractacus* [2]-*Requiem* [3]; Secretary of Western Massachusetts League of Student Publications [1]; 12B Dance Committee [3]; Hi-Y [3]; Student Government [3].

Sigh no more, ladies; sigh no more.

Tim's yearbook listing.

GIANTS



Tim at West Point in 1941.



No. 48

"PRELUDE TO NOTHING"

A Drama in One Act

by

HAROLD COOPERMAN and TIMOTHY F. LEARY

Cover of his first "published" work, a college-written play.

DR. TIMOTHY LEARY PH.D.



In 1950, Leary received his Ph.D. and began to practice psychology.

ANNOUNCING THE OPENING OF

PSYCHOLOGICAL CONSULTATION SERVICE

DIAGNOSTIC TESTING OF PERSONALITY

TIMOTHY LEARY, PH. D.
HARVEY POWELSON, M. D.
PSYCHIATRIC CONSULTANT

1230 QUEENS ROAD
BERKELEY 8, CALIFORNIA
ASHBERRY 3-9376

Tim practiced in mid-50s out of his home in the Berkeley hills.

GETTING
ALIENATED
WITH THE RIGHT
CROWD
AT HARVARD



EDWARDS S. GRENNAN
Superintendent

The Commonwealth of Massachusetts.
Department of Correction
Massachusetts Correctional Institution, Concord
West Concord, Mass.

February 16, 1962

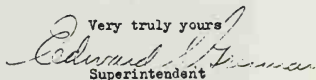
Mr. Edward Flynn
Community Service Branch
M.I.M.H.
Bethesda, Maryland

Dear Sir:

We are most pleased to endorse the Program here at the Institution sponsored by Doctor Timothy Leary of the Harvard Faculty.

We are naturally interested in any rehabilitative effort, but are impressed with this approach, bringing as it does, a fresh outlook and a new technique to a Program, which to date, presages, at least in some instances, most beneficial results. Wisely, no claims that this endeavor will revolutionize the treatment techniques of social failures or misfits, but rather a quiet professional approach embodying personality and character evaluations and re-evaluations coupled with controls, has been the choice of approach and the results hopefully will establish solidly any claims to follow.

It is the desire of this Administration to cooperate with Doctor Leary to the fullest and it is our hope that his experiment may continue and eventually make a major contribution to the behavioral sciences.

Very truly yours,

Superintendent

Tim's prison psilocybin program was highly praised.
In less "official" moments, he turned on artists, poets.

In the beginning,

Leary turned on Ginsberg



Millbrook mansion as it appeared in mid-1960s when Tim, disciples lived here.



Tim with daughter Susan in 1966 during their Millbrook residence.

Birgit Baroness von Schlebrügge
requests the honour of your presence
at the marriage of her daughter

Nena

to

Timothy Leary

on Saturday, the twelfth of December
nineteen hundred and sixty-four
at four o'clock

Grace Church
Millbrook, New York

'64 wedding to Nena, whose
mother was a baroness, was
a very "high" society affair.



love
eary
sd

In '65, Tim's affections had
turned to Rosemary Wood-
ruff whom he married two
years later in two ceremonies.

30 Years on Marijuana Charge

TIMOTHY LEARY DEFENSE FUND

"Whether the offense inspires less hatred than the punishment, the rigor of penal law is obliged to give way to the common feelings of mankind."

(EDWARD GORDON)



Executive Office: 78 Fifth Avenue
New York, N. Y. 10011

Treasurer: CHARLES C. RUSSELL, JR.
10 Exchange Place #1104
New York, N. Y. 10005
Correspondence Invited

1966



Herald Tribune—UPI telephone
SENTENCED—Dr. Timothy Leary, former Harvard lecturer, in Laredo, Tex.

WE, THE UNDERSIGNED, SUPPORTERS OF THE DEFENSE FUND BELIEVE THAT:

1. The infringement of constitutional rights of privacy, interference with religious and scientific practice, excessive enforcement and public anxiety have grown to the crisis stage, through the application of irrational marijuana statutes.
2. The long prison sentence given to the psychological researcher Dr. Timothy Leary, for the possession of small quantities of marijuana, illustrates the irrationality of present marijuana laws, and is a cruel and unjust punishment in violation of the Constitution of the United States.

TIMOTHY LEARY DEFENSE FUND

SUPPORTERS OF THE DECLARATION OF PRINCIPLE

Robert B. Abelson, Ph.D.	David Asch
Joe K. Adams, Ph.D.	Seymour Leary
Steve Allen	Paul Lee, Ph.D.
Richard Alpert, Ph.D.	Alfred Lewis
George Andrews	Lawrence Lipton
Allen Averill	Robert Lowie
John David Baldwin	Shawn H. Mager, Ph.D.
Howard N. Becker, Ph.D.	Norman Mailer
Arnold Beckman	Robert Marziano, M.S.
Eric Bentley	Richard F. Marsh, Ph.D.
Ernest F. Bernard, Ph.D.	A.J. Mathews
Peter Blue, Ph.D.	Maria McIntosh
LeRoy Buggitt	James Miller
Walter R. Buratt	Ralph Metzger, Ph.D.
Joe Burdett	Robert Merton, Ph.D.
Robert C. Butler	Ivan Murgatroyd
Elizabeth Auer Carris	James V. Murawski
Deleena de Sade	Felix Narrow
Robert S. de Ruy, Ph.D.	Anna Nis
Martin Dickson, Ph.D.	Charles Olson
Diane di Prima	John Portman
Angus M. George Riddle Duke	Norman Podhoretz
Gay Eklund	Ned Polner
John Eysenck	David Posner
John Fiedler	Al Richman
Samuel Flinno	Harold E. Richardson, M.D.
Peter Fomela	Stanley Ross
Douglas Forest	Gerald Rubin
Leif Fort, M.D.	Robin Zelmer Schacter
H. H. Friedman	Stephen M. Schwan, Ph.D.
Jack Garber	Robert J. Shes
Allen Ginsberg	Stephen Sherbell
Edward Glaser, Ph.D.	Robert Silver
Maxine Greenberg, Ph.D.	Carol Sturm Smith
Albert Grossman	Gary Snyder
Michael Harper, Ph.D.	Susan Sutag
Joseph Hayes, Ph.D.	John W. Sweeney, Ph.D.
Nat Hirsch	Karl Von Eckstein, Ph.D.
William M. Hirsch	Alan Watts, D.D.
Leary House	George W. Webb, M.D.
Michael Kahn, Ph.D.	Gardner Webb, Ph.D.
Bert Kasper	Benjamin Werninger, M.D.
Kenneth Kib	Philip White

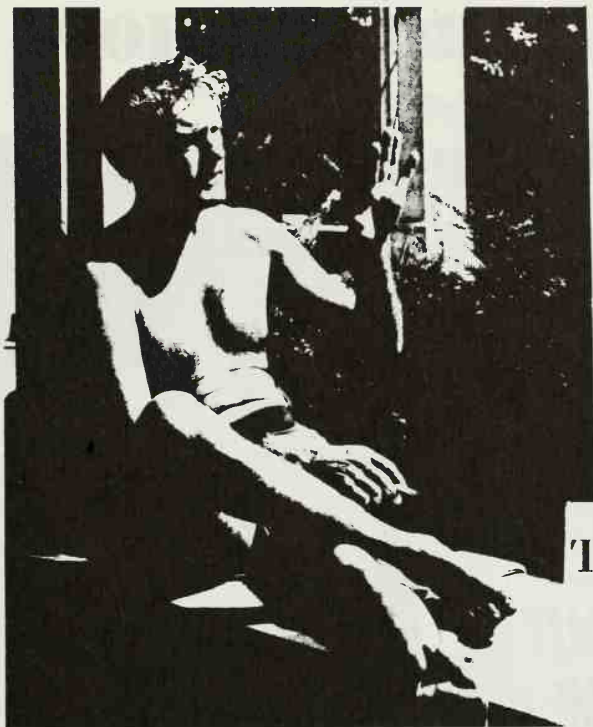
Please let us know if you would like to join these supporters of the Defense Fund.

The appeal of Dr. Leary, which may take up to three years if it has to go to the Supreme Court, and the information program necessary for a thorough public airing of the scientific and civil liberties issues involved is expensive. Financial contributions are needed.

For your convenience, use the enclosed reply envelope. Your help to defend basic constitutional rights is appreciated.

Leary's run-ins with the law (mostly for marijuana possession) were legendary. In '66, he was sentenced to serve 30 years for smuggling grass across border from Mexico the year before and he was arrested at Millbrook by a local prosecutor, G. Gordon Liddy.

"The Day I Was Busted by G. Gordon Liddy"



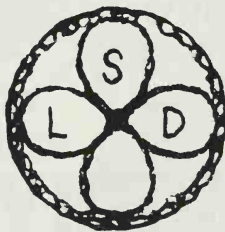
God and Timothy Leary

The Hallucinogenic Drug Cult

Leary was preoccupied with the topic of religion during 1966 and '67 when he headed his very own "church," the League for Spiritual Discovery (LSD) out at Millbrook.

LOS ANGELES FREE PRESS

LEARY: "OUR RELIGION IS HIGHLY ORTHODOX"



The seal of the LEAGUE is a mandala. The end-less circle circumscribing a four-leaf lotus made by the double infinity sign. This interweaving of the infinite universe of male (∞) with the infinite universe of female (g) forms the flower, symbol of life - centered in the eye of God.

SUN.....DELIGHT....LOVE.....SEED....DEATH.....LIFE

THE LEARY ROAD SHOW

LEARY TO "CELEBRATE" HERE

Leary Under the Glass --

*Some Impressions by a
Turned-Off Observer*

**LEARY DROPS OUT --
'NO MORE SHOW BIZ'**

The "Road Show" began, ended
in January, '67 on the West Coast.



**TURN ON
TUNE IN
DROP OUT**



*The GINEMANE
Love you*

At the GINEMANE No. 7-5787 Santa Monica Western & Monica

DR. TIMOTHY LEARY

OF THE LEAGUE FOR SPIRITUAL DISCOVERY
ON THE SCREEN FOR THE FIRST TIME!

**THE HALLUCINOGENIC EFFECTS OF
A LSD "TRIP"** WITH SPECIAL EFFECTS CREATED BY THE
AWARD WINNING UPA STUDIOS **COLOR**



Hip "Summit Conference" near San Francisco included Tim, Allen Ginsberg, Allen Watts, Gary Snyder. (From the *S.F. Oracle*.)



Join Lennon's Bed-In

Tim hob-nobbed with world's hippest celebrities during '67, including John Lennon and Yoko Ono (above) and poet/generational leader Allen Ginsberg (to the right).



LEARY TO RUN —

LUV FOR GUV

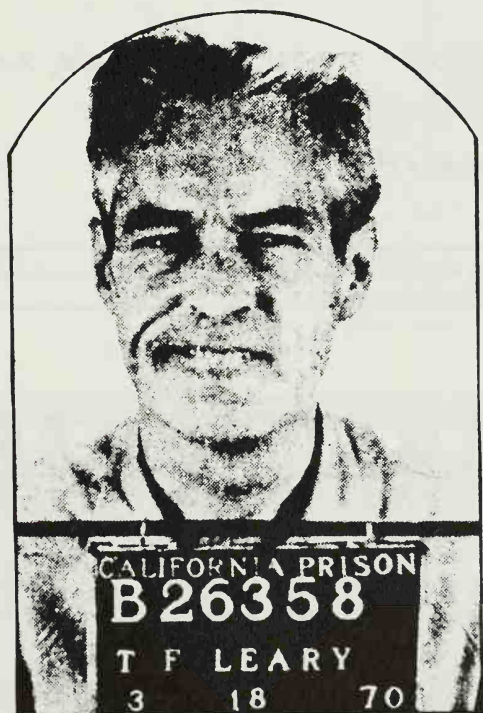


In '69, Tim declared his candidacy for California's governorship, said his party would be giving a party, stumped the state like he really was going to win.

PARTY

DO YOU WANT TO
HAVE A PARTY????

BRING ME THE HEAD OF TIMOTHY LEARY



Shortly after taking office in 1969, the Nixon Administration let it be known that they were going to "get" Timothy Leary. By year's end, Tim had been arrested (once again, on a grass charge). In 1970, he was convicted, sent to state prison.

ROSEMARY WEPT

~~I am innocent~~

these are times which
test the depth of our faith, our
trust, and love. we are all
free in love love cannot
be imprisoned.

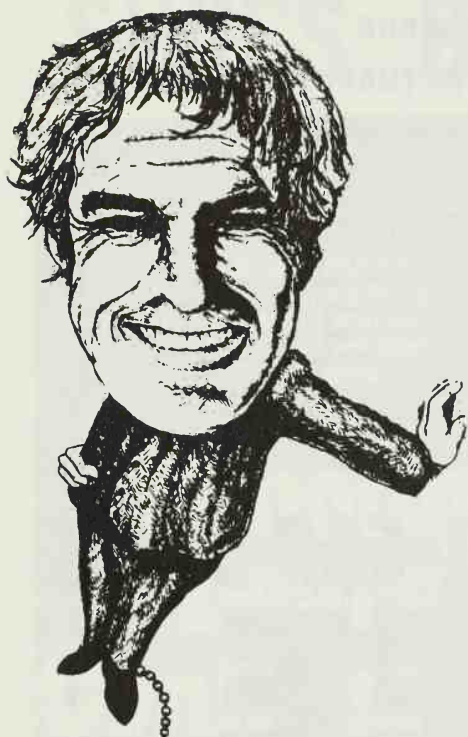
SMUDGED BY HER TEARS, Tim's smuggled note reads, "these are times which test the depth of our faith, trust and patience. Love cannot be imprisoned."

TIM TAKES TEN MORE

On top of his California sentence, Leary faced a 10-year federal conviction for smuggling grass across border in '65. He wrote note above after that conviction.

Free Timothy Leary





TIM'S FREEE IN ALGE- REEE!!!

Prison escape in '70, led to
refuge in Algeria. Tim/Rose-
mary used phony passport
photos below to leave U.S.



ABOUT THE REVOLUTIONARY BUST
OF TIM AND ROSEMARY LEARY
AND IN ANSWER TO
THE PUNKASSED SNIVELING
FROM MOTHERFUCKERS
WHO KNOW ME BETTER THAN THAT

Tim's stay in Alergia a short one. His host, Black Panther leader El-dridge Cleaver, put him uner "revolutionary arrest" for activities which offended the sensibilities of Marxist-influenced exiles in North Africa. Tim's supporters in U.S. were shocked by "bust,"demanded his freedom.

ALGERIAN ACID CAP-TIVES
FREE
TIM,
AGAIN

SWISS BUST LEARY

Now it can be
told—the amazing
story of one of
the great escapes
of all time!

Timothy Leary Confessions of a Hope Fiend

"Escape is the message of my life," Leary once said. But escape from Algeria to Switzerland led to still another arrest and eventual ejection. Nevertheless, during his stay in the Alps Tim managed to write his famous "Confessions of a Hope Fiend" which proved his best-written, most popular work.



Book may
lift Tim
from stir

JULY 23-29, 1971 BERKELEY BARD PAGE 2

LEARY IN SWISS DUNGEON



LEARY IN LIMBO

Leary Posts Bail, Goes to Swiss Spa

Companions
in exile included
Dennis Martino
(far left) and the
mysterious Joana
Harcourt-Smith.



CAPTURE OF TIM LEARY



photo by John Grissim



His forced return to America meant even more jail time for Tim. Above, he ponders problems raised by his trial for escape. To left, Joanna is pictured outside the courtroom. She seemed more concerned with becoming an international celebrity than getting him out of stir at this point in her rather devious career.

TIM LEARY AND THE LONG ARM OF THE LAW

LEARY, JAIL, AND BADA BEE

JOANNA
A JOY

**LEARY
BENEFIT
BOTH UP
N DOWN**

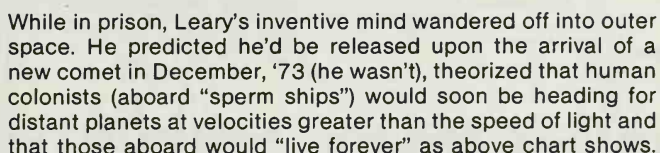
**LEARY
FLICK
READY**

**Has Ol' Leary
Finally Fried
His Marbles?**



Tim seen as a prisoner in the yard at Folsom (upper right). Outside a storm of queries, headlines. Ken Kesey posed the question above. Others wondered.

Tim's Star Rises



"TERRA II"

"THE UNIVERSE IS PERFECT!"

IS PERFECT!" Love
Timothy Leary

ONE TRIP

Use Before 1999

99

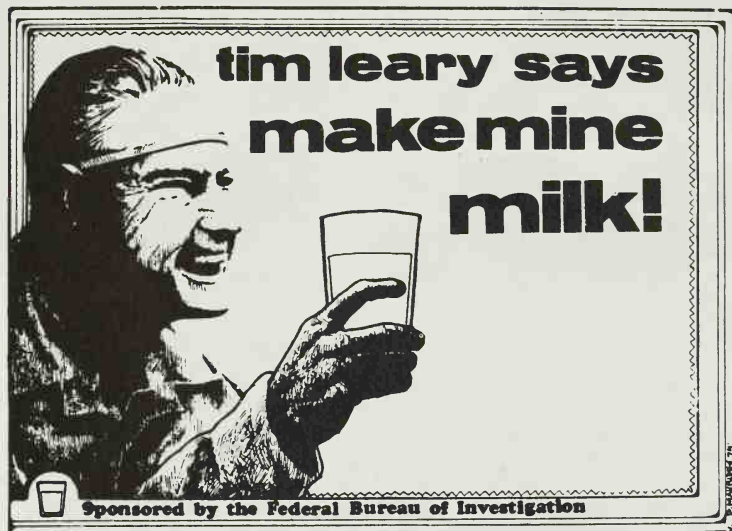
Only half in jest, Tim's supporters began to issue "Terra II" outer space trip tickets (named after Leary's book) like above.

Fizzled Comet Has 2 New Brothers



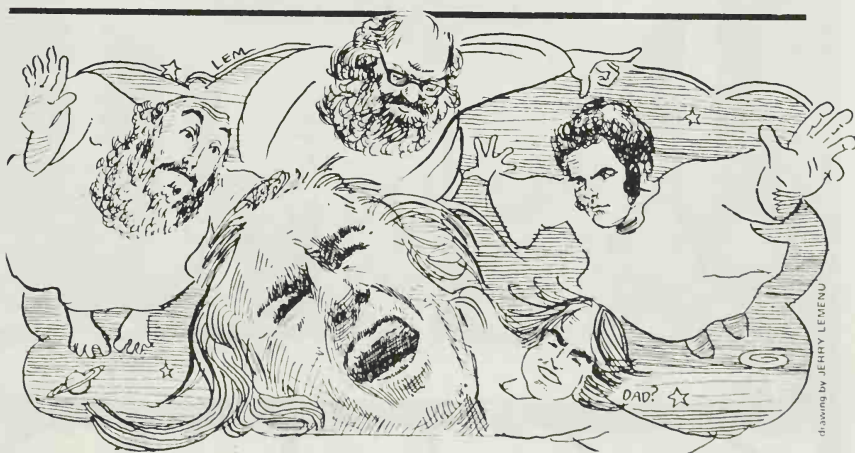
During 1973-'75, Joanna "Leary" organized many benefits to raise funds (supposedly for Tim's defense). Poster above is typical of those produced.

Is Tim Leary's Joanna a narc?



By fall of '74, old friends, supporters questioned role Joanna was playing and Tim's "cooperation" with numerous authorities. PILL press conference was organized to put Tim on the spot.

Leary gives secret testimony to Feds in San Francisco

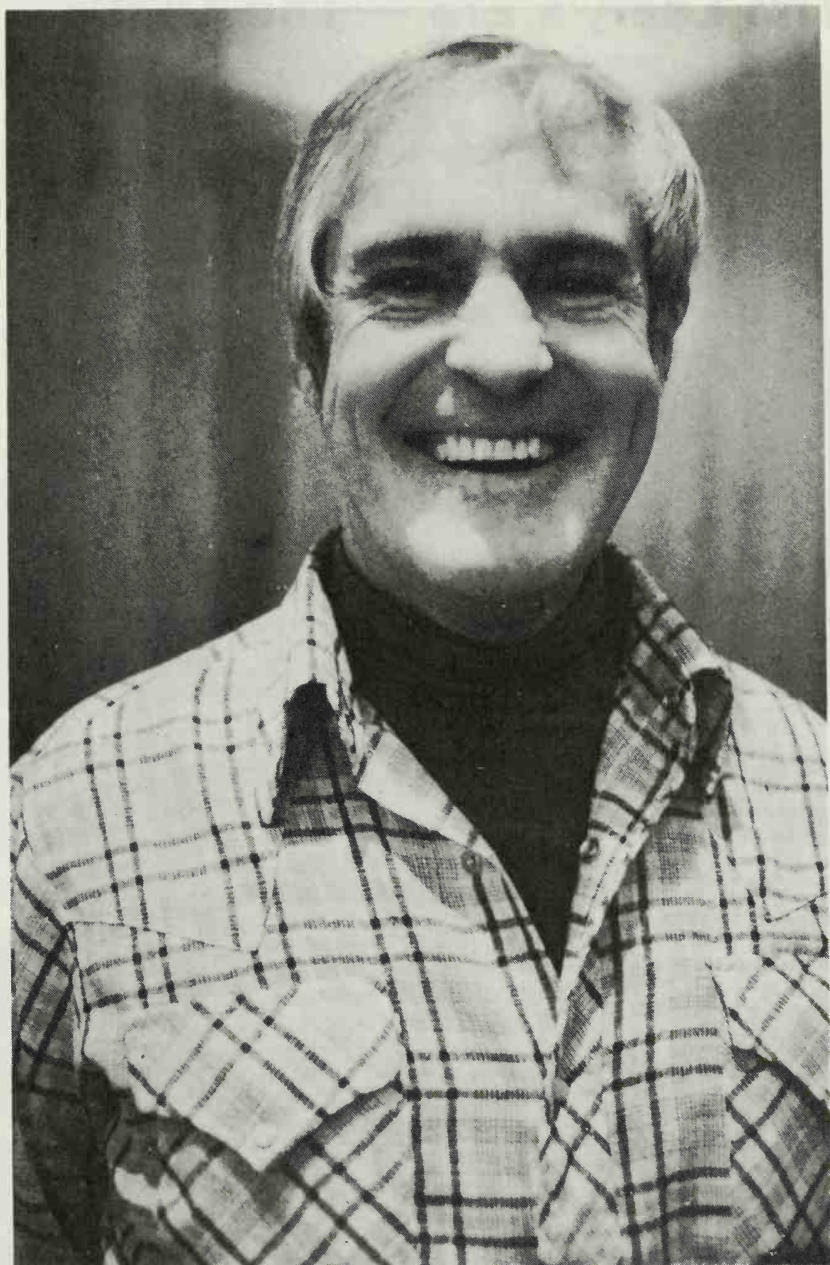


Bitter PILL Swallows Leary



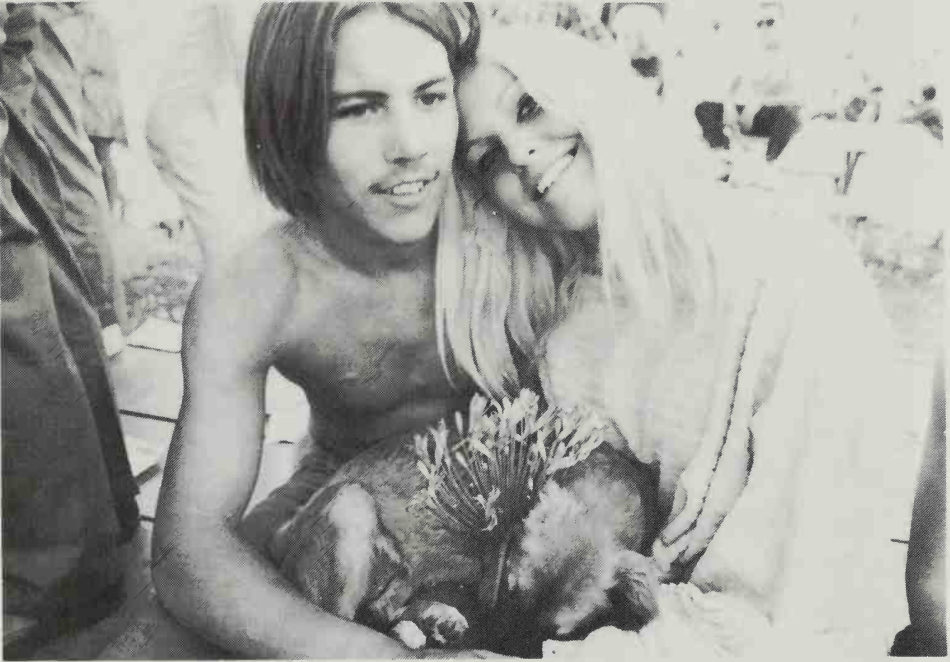
Longtime observers of the Leary legend were a bit startled in fall of 1974 to see publication of "Last-Supper-like" photos from the PILL press conference featuring such "hip" luminaries as Jerry Rubin (far left), Allen Ginsberg (center) and (to his right) Richard (Ram Dass) Alpert. Rubin and Ginsberg had appeared seven years before in a similar "Last Supper" setting in a promotional poster put out to publicize Tim Leary's first major mass circulation book, *High Priest*. Tim, at this stage, still in jail.





Timothy Leary in 1978

Tim Leary's Era — The 1960s

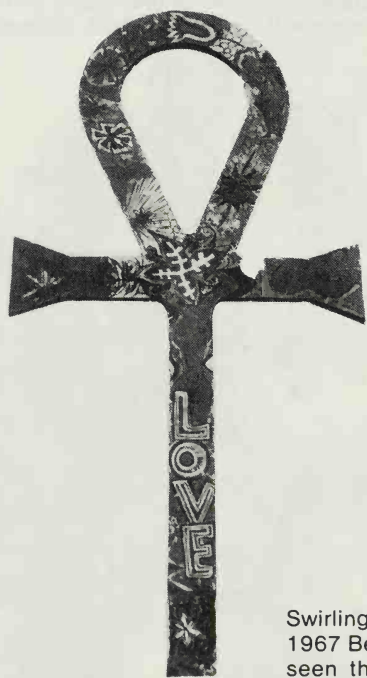


The '60s — Love-ins and Be-Ins





Handbill advertising the world's first "Human Be-In," January 14, 1967 in San Francisco.



Swirling movement and color of the 1967 Be-Ins and Love-Ins were often seen through special "trip" glasses which made them seem even more hallucinatory. Ancient Ankh was a favorite symbol erected at early Be-Ins.



Age made little difference in the early gatherings. Old dissidents, many veterans of "left" and "Bohemian" causes of the 1930's and '40s mixed freely with stoned-out kids, danced as well.



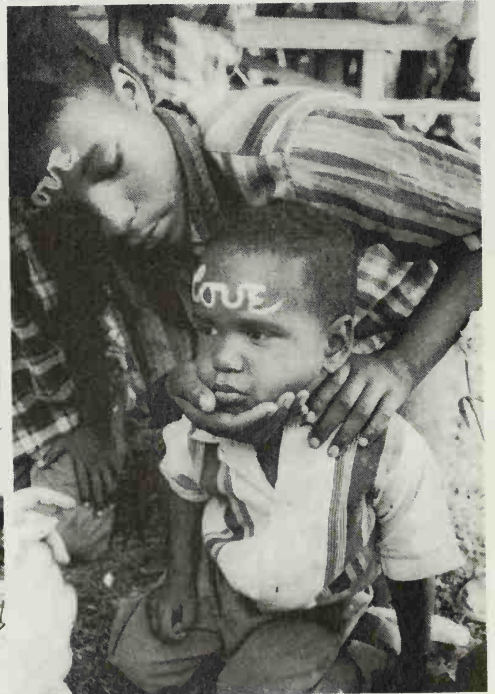


One of the most energetic and successful Love-Ins held in the Los Angeles area brought blacks/whites together in the Watts ghetto where angry mobs had burned, looted only two years before.





First two Los Angeles "Be-Ins" were held in large public parks near Hollywood.



Faces at California Love-Ins and Be-Ins.

The '60s — Famous Faces



Richard Alpert (above) as he appeared in 1967 when he still played part of prestigious former psychology instructor. That was the year he went to India and came back as "Baba Ram Dass" (in recent photo as seen to right).



Wavy Gravy and '68 candidate Pigasus.



Writer Jerry Hopkins with his buttons.



Chet Helms, dance hall impresario.



Allen Ginsberg lectures at Long Beach.



In the '60s, music/poetry mixed with rebellion to create the Fugs. (Ed Sanders at left).



Nutty Tiny Tim had huge following.



Poet/rebel John Sinclair after big bust.

The '60s — Rock-n-Roll Forever



Woodstock was the Mecca of a generation's pilgrimage to a rock-n-roll beat.



Frank Zappa of Mothers of Invention.



Rock dance halls cauldrons of energy.

The '60s — “Stop Beating The Flower Children”



“Flower Children” rebelled on the Los Angeles Sunset Strip late in ‘66 because heavy-handed local police would not let them use the sidewalks like other citizens. Soon a “hip community” developed in Hollywood area.

THE NEW YORK TIMES



Battle between cops and hippies escalated all through '67, '68. Shoving flowers into guns was not a very successful tactic the kids soon discovered.

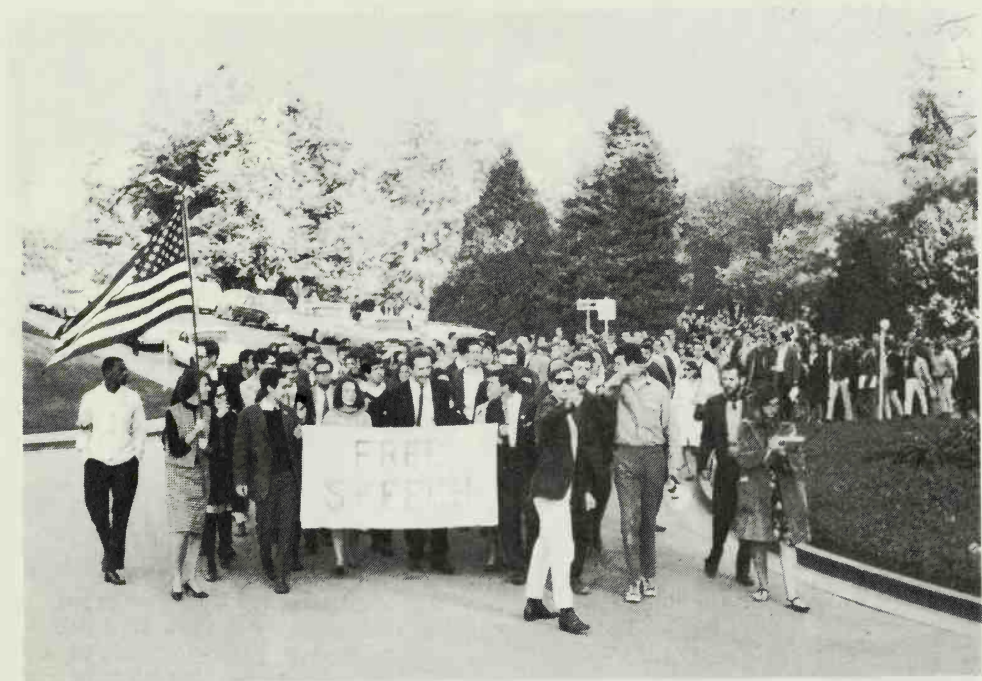


The '60s — Politics of NOW



SPONSORED BY THE APRIL 27 MOBILIZATION COMMITTEE

While hippies and flower children learned bitter lessons about the unchanging political realities on America's streets, a more realistic campus-and-ghetto-based "movement" grew up centered around opposition to the Vietnam war and determined to bring full racial and ethnic equality to the land. Poster above was for San Francisco rally, 1968.



In Berkeley, first seeds of resistance sown in Free Speech Movement of 1964-'65.





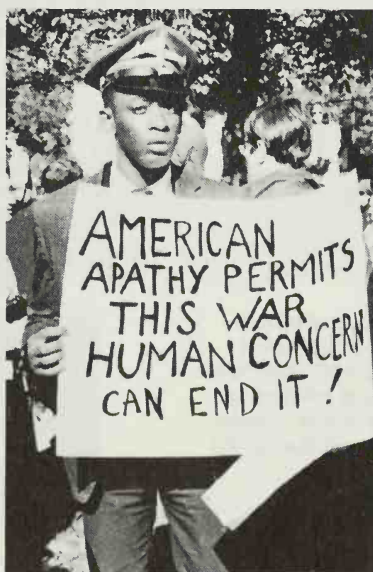
'60s slogans were often right to the point. Three themes of era, sex, dope and revolution often mixed in street gatherings.

Among students, resistance to the draft was probably the most popular cause. Draft card burnings were frequent on campus.





Most dramatic confrontation occurred in October, 1967 on the steps of the Pentagon in Washington, D.C. Above we see a student sobbing as he confronts armed MP and begs the soldier to "join us." Black anti-war activist carried placard which expressed opinion of many.





Reis Tijerina, Mexican-American (Chicano) leader from New Mexico, led demonstrations against system in Los Angeles during 1968.



In Los Angeles ghetto "Brown Berets" were the most militant, led walkouts in public school during '68.

LSD



Probably the most dangerous misconception fostered by "acid evangelism" was that tricky LSD was "good for children." It was administered to infants, caused horrible damage to a great many.

The 1960's Acid Evangelism

"Head shops" were more than a place to go buy gear for smoking marijuana, the latest buttons and posters. They were a meeting place for lovers, community forums in many "youth ghettos."





can YOU pass the Acid Test?

Featuring—

THE GRATEFUL DEAD

The Merry Pranksters
AND THEIR PSYCHEDELIC SYMPHONETTE

THE STROBOSCOPIC
BALLET MACHINE

ROY'S AUDIOPTICS — DEL CLOSE AND HIS PHANTASMAGORIA — HUGH ROMNEY MIGHT HUMN

and YOU

Midnight, Friday, Feb. 25

AT THE

Cinema Theatre

1122 No. WESTERN AVENUE

admission: \$2⁰⁰ - \$1⁰⁰ with membership card

an INTREPID TRIPS production



LSD voyagers
attended the
famous Acid
Tests held
up and down
West Coast
in early '66.
Head shops
soon began
to sprout
in L.A.'s
Fairfax area.

Price: \$10

John Bryan, newsman & contemporary historian, watched Leary's incredible escapades, reported on the "High Priest of LSD" all through the 1960's and '70s. This account is equally concerned with both the man and the era in which he became best known. It traces the development of psychedelics, discusses their uses and abuses, considers what might have happened without Leary, attempts to put the man and "his" era into the perspective of history.

Includes 48 pages of photographs and drawings, one of the most interesting pictorial retrospectives yet put together on the sixties.

Thoroughly researched, full of intimate detail and stories which still seem incredible.

This limited-run, first edition is definitely a collector's item.

More data: Renaissance Press, 5 Brosnan Street, San Francisco, California 94103.

